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HISTORY OF THE BROCKLESBY HOUNDS

1700—1901

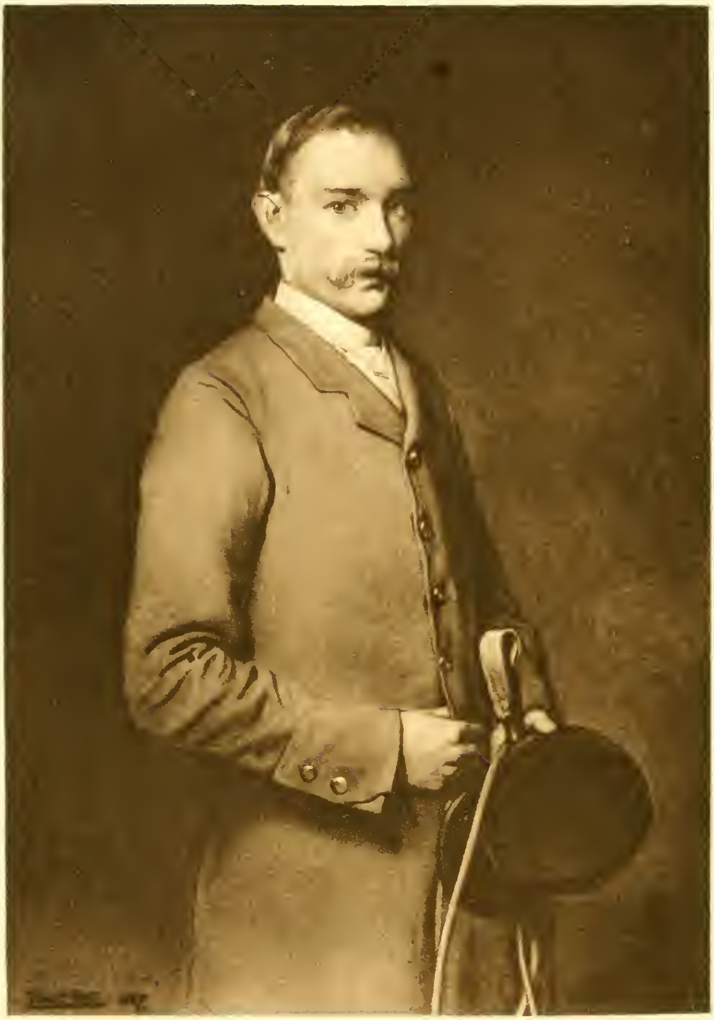

PLATE I.

Charles, 4th Earl of Yarborough,

The present Master of the Brocklesby Hounds.

Born, 1859; married, in 1886, the Hon. Marcia Lane Fox
daughter of the 12th Lord Conyers.

Presentation portrait by Frank Holl, R.A.

HISTORY

OF THE

BROCKLESBY HOUNDS

1700–1901

BY

GEORGE E. COLLINS

"NIMROD JUNIOR"

VINCIT
AMOR
PATRIÆ

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY
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1902

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DEDICATED
TO THE FARMERS
IN THE
BROCKLESBY HUNT.

PREFACE.

It will be evident to all who read this work that the task undertaken by Mr. Collins has been a laborious one, involving as it has done a large amount of research, and covering a long period of years. I hope he will be rewarded by finding that the history, as he has given it, of an old-established pack of fox-hounds, proves to be of interest to those who take part in this great national sport. That fox-hunting has as much right to bear that title to-day as it has done previously I have not the slightest doubt. You have only to glance at a Hunting Directory to see the large number of packs which now exist, while the money spent on their upkeep, and the number of ladies and gentlemen who follow them in the field, is larger than it has ever been before. Indeed, hunting may be said never to have enjoyed such general popularity as it does at the present day. Almost every Hunt is now kept up more or less by subscription, and the number of packs in private hands is very limited. It is a matter of no little pride to me to have succeeded to probably the oldest established pack in the kingdom, and I am pleased to think Mr. Collins, by producing this work, will enable those interested in "the noble science" to read how the Brocklesby Hounds have passed with the Estates, as an inheritance, from father to son, for two hundred years or more. Such a splendid continuity could not have occurred unless my predecessors and myself had met with a full measure of support from the occupiers of land in the Hunt. The reader will be able to gather from some of the chapters a good idea of the class of tenant-farmer who formerly occupied the large wold farms of North Lincolnshire, men who, holding their farms at reasonable rents, and making large profits from the high price of corn and wool, were able to spend practically what they liked in the enjoyment of sport. In those days the large farmers always hunted in pink, and they bred and rode excellent horses, which were often sold at high figures to go into more fashionable countries. In the last twenty-five years there have of course been great changes; the profits in farming have in some cases unfortunately developed into losses, while the number of farmers who hunt is smaller and their cattle not so good; one thing, however, remains the same, and that is the cheerful and cordial co-operation on the part of the occupiers of land with the owner of the pack. There are no better puppy-walkers, no keener fox-preservers, and no finer sportsmen than the tenant farmers in North Lincolnshire.

Those who have hunted in the Brocklesby Country will know how the field is composed to-day, as it was fifty years ago, almost entirely of tenant farmers, numbering sometimes as many as sixty or eighty, all good sportsmen and men who are anxious at all times to render every assistance they can to the Master and his huntsman.

It is for the occupiers of land in the Hunt that I entertain feelings of sincere gratitude for all they have done in the past, and it is their continued and cordial co-operation which inspires a hope that in North Lincolnshire, at any rate, the days of fox-hunting are not likely to be numbered in the future.

YARBOROUGH.

February 1*st*, 1902.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THIS work does not aspire to any literary dignity, being merely as accurate and complete a history of a famous pack of hounds as is possible to compile with the materials at hand.

To the many kind friends who have rendered me assistance in my task I am more than grateful, and to none am I more indebted than to the Earl and Countess of Yarborough.

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HISTORY OF THE BROCKLESBY HOUNDS.

THE MASTERS.

1714–1902.

The Brocklesby and Lord Fitzwilliam's are the last of the old family packs to maintain their ancient dignity and traditions as private packs. The Goodwood is no more; the Belvoir no longer has a Manners as its Master, and subscriptions are expected; and although the Duke of Beaufort still reigns over the destinies of the Badminton pack, a subscription of £3000 per annum is guaranteed. One of the oldest packs in existence, the Brocklesby may be considered the oldest, in that it goes back further than any other without break or dispersal sale, and that from the very outset to the present day the Master has been a Pelham. What other pack can show hound-lists going back without break to so remote a date as 1746? What other pack can produce such an unbroken record of Masters, huntsmen, and hounds? Its earliest records date back to the seventeenth century. A Pelham was joint Master in 1714, and a few years later became sole Master, since when the pack has always been in the possession of a Pelham, and a Pelham has been its Master. The bitch pack has never been sold, though in 1895 Lord Yarborough found it necessary to reduce his establishment, and so parted with the dog pack, retaining two stallion hounds; but three seasons later he once more began building up a pack of dog hounds that will compare to-day with any of its famous rivals in the past.

The Masters of the Brocklesby were—

Mr. Charles Pelham	from	1714*	to	1763
First Lord Yarborough (died in 1823) ...	,,	1763	,,	1816
First Earl of Yarborough	,,	1816	,,	1846
Second Earl of Yarborough	,,	1846	,,	1862
Third Earl of Yarborough	,,	1862	,,	1875
Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, during the present Earl's minority	,,	1875	,,	1880
Fourth and present Earl of Yarborough ...	,,	1880	,,	——

The following is an extract from the Brocklesby family history :—

> "The surname of Pelham, like that of many other families, has no doubt been derived from some original place of their family residence, and appears to have been assumed from one or other of the lordships of Pelham in Hertfordshire, there being three villages of the name of Pelham in the county, adjoining or near to each other, distinguished by the names of Pelham Brent, Pelham Furneaux, and Pelham Stocking, in one of which was anciently situated a castle, the owner whereof in 1265 was amersed in the then large sum of Forty Pounds for a contempt in not coming to an inquest to be taken concerning a trespass on the mint. As to the Lordship of Pelham Furneaux indeed we have it recorded as part of the possessions of Walter de Pelham, in the time of Edward I., and it is believed that his ancestors held that property prior to the Conquest.
>
> "From the earliest periods the Pelham family have enjoyed very high consideration, and its members have in different reigns distinguished themselves as warriors and statesmen."

In Burke's "Peerage" we find that—

> "The surname of Pelham was assumed from a lordship in Hertfordshire. This lordship is recorded to be part of the possessions of Walter de Pelham in the 21st of Edward I., and it is believed that his ancestors held it prior to the Conquest. From the earliest period it is certain that the family enjoyed very high consideration, and its members have in different reigns distinguished themselves as warriors and statesmen."

The coat-of-arms of the earlier Pelhams, as may be seen in the church of Pelham, was, as now, three pelicans. In course of time they became possessed of lands in Sussex, and Walter de Pelham, fourth Earl of Chichester, is the last of the main branch still living on the old family manors. A very distinguished member of the family was John de Pelham, and at the battle of Poictiers we are told that the French king gave up his sword to Sir Roger la Warr and John de Pelham, in remembrance of which the Pelhams were given as an honourable augmentation the buckle of a belt as a badge. John de Pelham accompanied John of Gaunt through subsequent campaigns, proving one of his most trusted followers, and at his death a stained-glass window, representing the soldier in full armour, with a surcoat embroidered with three pelicans, was placed in the chapter-house of Canterbury Cathedral in his memory. This honour was only conferred on distinguished members of the Church or State.

---

* Mr. C. Pelham had a pack of hounds before this date, but the earliest record is 1714, when Mr. Pelham, Mr. R. Vyner, and Sir J. Tyrwhitt united their packs.

The son of John de Pelham, also named John, was likewise a great soldier, and being from his youth a great friend of Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, followed him stoutly through the Wars of the Roses that broke out afterwards. He was made Constable of Pevensey in 1394, and when the Duke of Lancaster landed near Spurn to seize the throne, Pelham in return proved most active in his behalf. But his wife was even more devoted, for while her husband was away in the north, she held out stoutly in the Castle of Pevensey when besieged by the followers of Richard II., until they were forced to raise the siege. A letter written by her " to my trewe Lorde by yhowr awnn pore J. Pelham " is referred to by Hallam as one of the earliest instances of female penmanship in English, most people writing in Norman French at that time.

When Henry IV. came to the throne, he made Pelham a Knight of the Bath, and further granted the privilege of bearing the Sword of State before his sovereign at all royal functions. He was a Knight of the Shire for Sussex, and was allowed £14 4*s.* for seventy-one days' attendance in Parliament, and his rent-roll in 1403 was £870 5*s.* 3*d.*, or some £18,000 of our money. Henry IV. appointed him one of the executors of his will, and at the coronation of his son Henry V., he was present among the Privy

Councillors, wearing a scarlet mantle from the royal wardrobe. Being in the confidence of his sovereign and held in high honour by him, it is not to be wondered that he was frequently the recipient of royal favours.

Pelham was entrusted with the custody of the youthful James I. of Scotland, who was captured by the English in the second year of the reign of Henry V., and the sum of £700 a year was granted for his maintenance and instruction, he being taught how to handle his weapons as well as "the understanding of tongues." When he died, in 1429, John de Pelham left estates that exceeded one-sixth of the whole of Sussex, and a charter relative to one of them is still preserved, on which is his seal of three pelicans "vulning themselves to the breast," and his crest of a peacock in his pride.

William Pelham, a descendant of this John de Pelham, married twice, Sir Nicholas, his son by his first wife, inheriting the family estates in Sussex, and Sir William, his other son, became the owner of Brocklesby. Sir Nicholas was buried at Lewes, and his helmet still hangs over his monument, on which is an inscription containing the curious couplet—

> "What time the French sought to have attacked Seafoord,
> This Pelham did repel 'em back aboord."

This attempted landing was made in 1545, by Claud d'Annabant.

Thomas Pelham was created a baronet, and about a century later his great-grandson was made Baron Pelham of Laughton ; he married the sister of the Duke of Newcastle, and had a son called Thomas. This Thomas was adopted by his maternal uncle, the Duke of Newcastle, who had no family, took the name of Holles, and eventually became Duke of Newcastle. He was Secretary of State for thirty years, and Premier from 1754–1756, as head of the Broad Bottom Ministry, and from 1757–1762 as chief of the Government, of which Pitt was leader in the House of Commons. He was leader of the Whig party, and had an income of £20,000, which he spent with such effect that when he died, after nearly fifty years of official life, he was £300,000 the poorer. He was made rather a butt of, and Lord Wilmington said that he lost half an hour every morning, and spent the rest of the day running after it, without being able to overtake it. A younger brother, Henry Pelham, who died in 1754, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and statutable founder of the British Museum. Both brothers died without male issue, and the ducal title passed to Henry Fiennes Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of the late Duke, who was also uncle of the Countess of Lincoln, Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Thomas Pelham of Stanmer, who became Earl of Chichester in 1801, succeeded to the Barony of Pelham.

The Sir William Pelham before mentioned, who became the owner of Brocklesby, was a noted person in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He married Eleanor, daughter of Henry Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and saw service at the siege of Leith. He commanded the pioneer train, and invented a movable fort, with battering-rams, which he called Mount Pelham. He also commanded the pioneers at the siege of Havre, was wounded in a sortie, and was one of the four hostages handed over to Montmorency, Constable of France, when Queen Elizabeth surrendered the town. In 1567 he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and wrote a drill-book for the use of the Army. After a diplomatic mission to the Netherlands, Sir William went to inspect the fortifications on the frontier in Ireland—for at that time only the eastern side of the country was under English rule—and after being knighted and appointed Lord Justice, he commenced a campaign against Lord Desmond in Munster. It is said that during his rule the country was in a better condition than it had been for sixty years. In 1585 he joined Lord Leicester in Holland, where his skill as an engineer and artillerist was in great requisition, and he was at once appointed Field Marshal. He was present at the battle of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney was killed, and he himself died at Flushing soon after, a handsome monument being erected in Brocklesby Church to his memory.

Sir William's eldest son William was educated at New College, Oxford, and at the universities of Strasburg, Heidelberg, Wittenberg, Leipsic, and Paris; he became M.P. in 1597, and was knighted by James I. He was an accomplished scholar, and spoke French, German, Latin, and Greek fluently; and he saw considerable service abroad, and was several times wounded, before settling down at Brocklesby, where he was very popular, as witness an entry in the Grimsby Corporation Book of 1618, the Town Council sending him a rundlet of sack, "in token of the respect and affection which they bear to his person and character."

He married Anne, daughter of Lord Willoughby of Parham, and was the father of twenty children, of which ten survived him. His son, the third Sir William of Brocklesby, matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1607, and entered Lincoln's Inn two years later. He was knighted by the king at Newmarket, and married Frances, daughter of Lord Conway, of Conway Castle. During his earlier years he served abroad under his father, and he afterwards held several offices under the Crown. In 1623 there was great distress in Lincolnshire, and in a letter to his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Conway, he says, "There are many thousands in these parts who have sold all they have, even to their bed-straw, and cannot get work to earn any money. Dog's flesh is a dainty dish, and found upon search in many houses, also such horse-flesh as hath lain long in a dyke for hounds; and the other day one stole a sheep, who for mere hunger tore a leg out and did eat it raw." The reference to "dog's flesh" and the horse-flesh for "hounds" pretty clearly indicates that there were hounds kept for the purpose of hunting in 1623.

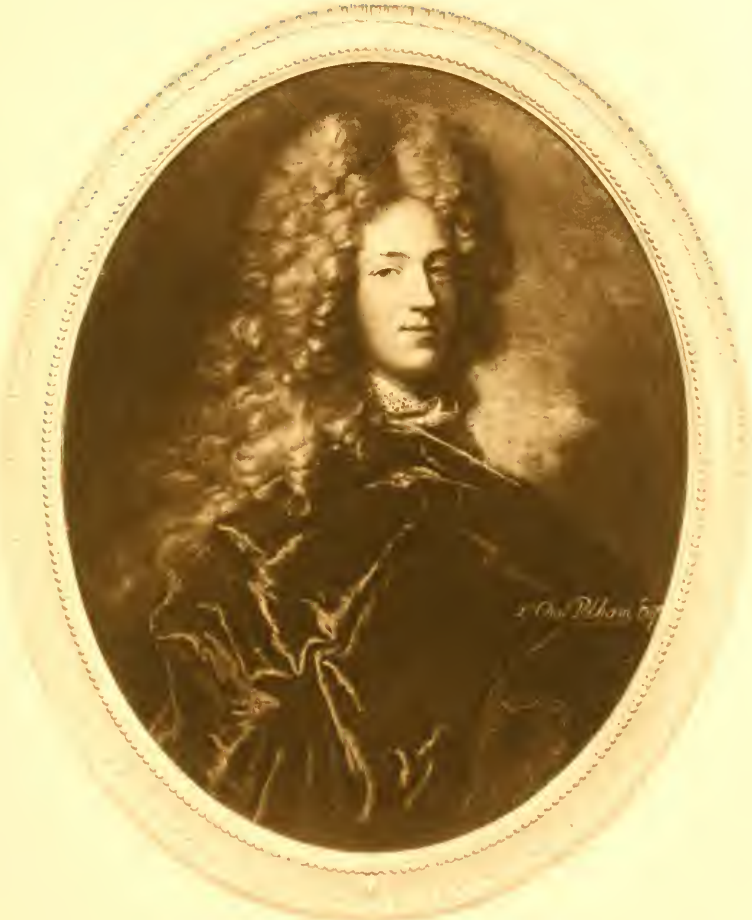
When the Civil War broke out, Sir William Pelham raised a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry in the county, and Brocklesby, in common with the homes of

PLATE II.

2nd Charles Pelham,
First Master of the Brocklesby Hounds.
Born, 1679; died, 1763.

He married, first, Anne, daughter of Sir William Gore, and, secondly, in 1742, Margaret Vyner of Gautby, and had no issue. He was succeeded by his great-nephew, Charles Anderson Pelham (1st Lord Yarborough).

Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.


Tho. Pelham Esq

other Cavaliers in the neighbourhood, was raided by bands of Roundheads from Hull. Sir Christopher Wray, who lived at Ashby-cum-Fenby, and his brother Hotham, who lived in Hull, were particularly active against such staunch Royalists as the Pelhams of Brocklesby and the Andersons of Manby. Sir William Pelham died in 1644, his end hastened by the hardships of the war.

Five of Sir William's brothers were entered at Lincoln's Inn, a knowledge of the law being considered a very necessary part of the education of a gentleman in those days, and another passed his life at Oxford. One of the brothers, Henry, who was a lawyer of some note, represented both Grimsby and Grantham in Parliament, and was for a short time Speaker of the House, till ousted from that position by Cromwell. He was, unlike his brother William, a Presbyterian, and was for a long time Recorder of Lincoln. Herbert, the Oxonian, was Fellow of Magdalen for over forty years, acted as proctor in 1634, and was made a D.C.L., Archbishop Laud being at that time chancellor of the university.

Charles Pelham, who entered Gray's Inn in 1640, and succeeded to the family estates on the death of his brother William, in 1644, was married three times. His first wife was Anne Hussey, and his second, Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Thomas Pelham of Holland, Sussex, was a connection of the family, while his third wife was the daughter of Mr. Wharton, one of the richest commoners in England. George, a younger brother, sat for Grimsby in three Parliaments in the reign of Charles II. Charles died in 1691, being succeeded by his son Charles, who in 1714, with Sir John Tyrwhitt and Mr. Robert Vyner, was joint Master of the first Brocklesby pack of foxhounds we know of. This second Charles Pelham was first married to Anne, daughter of Sir William Gore, and afterwards to Margaret, daughter of Mr. Robert Vyner, of Gautby.

Abraham de la Pryme, writing in 1697, says—

> "In Brocklesby is observable the seat of the Pelhams, formerly knights, though now the heir thereof, who is about twenty years of age, is only an esquire, whose income yearly is about £4000.

> "The Hall is a very fine, stately building, built in the year 1603, when the Pelhams first came into the country out of Kent, as I remember (where there is a knightly family of the same name). The hall is leaded upon the top, and most excellently furnished with all manner of rich goods and pictures within, of excellent painting. There are two carved chimneypieces of wood, of the finest workmanship that ever I saw. One represents Diogenes in his tub, speaking to Alexander, with trees, landscape, etc., all the sayd work with verses in golden letter underneath.
>
> "Here is also very fine gardens, with groves, pleasure-houses, etc., and all manner of fruit. Not far from this town was a place called Newsom, where formerly stood a famous priory with several houses about it, but now there is not so much as one stone above another to be seen, all to be pulled down and squandered, and brought to lay the foundation of the aforesayd Hall."

Mr. Charles Pelham sat for Grimsby in Parliament in 1722, and was also member for Beverley for twenty years. But it is as a fox-hunter that he will be chiefly remembered, and since his time the Brocklesby has always belonged to a Pelham, and a Pelham has been its Master. The joint mastership did not last long, and then Mr. Charles Pelham took sole command till he died, full of years, in 1763. Having no son, the family became extinct in the male line at his death. But his sister Mary had married Francis Anderson, of Manby Hall, a descendant of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Elizabeth, and their grandson succeeded to the family estate by the will of his grand uncle, the second Charles Pelham. In 1794 he was created Baron Yarborough, and marrying Miss Aufrers, of Chelsea, acquired through her a fine collection of paintings and sculpture, the most celebrated item being the antique bust of Niobe, brought from Rome. This handsome collection was placed in a picture-gallery, designed by Tatham, and built in 1807.

Previous to his elevation to the Upper House, Mr. Anderson Pelham sat for Beverley, and also for the county of Lincoln, representing the latter for twenty years. The handsome mausoleum, erected on the site of a tumulus, from which many valuable old relics had been dug, was designed by Wyatt, and consecrated by Bishop Pretyman in 1794. It took seven years to build, and in it is a beautiful statue of his wife, Mrs. Pelham, by Nollekyns (who died before her husband was raised to the peerage).

"Lord Yarborough has a pack of hounds. If he has a fall, I hope it will be into a furze bush. He is too good to hurt much." That is what Arthur Young wrote a century ago. He also makes mention of the vast tracts of gorse in the Brocklesby domains. We can realize how great a change has come over the face of the country when it is remembered that when Will Smith took the Brocklesby horn from his father in 1816, there were only two fences between Horncastle and Brigg.*

In the palmy days of agriculture there were no such tenants and no such farms as in North Lincolnshire. What other Hunt could put from sixty to seventy *scarlet-*

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* A foot-note in "Notititia Venatica," that valuable and interesting book by Mr. Vyner, says that "The Yarborough or Brocklesby Hounds (taking their title from the name of the seat of the Pelham family) were established considerably upwards of one hundred and fifty years ago; and it was under the auspices of the first Lord Yarborough that the character of the pack rose to the high pinnacle of fame to which it has so justly attained, his lordship being, at the time of his decease, 'the father of the field.' This nobleman was also a rival, although a friendly one, of the celebrated Mr. Meynell, of Quorndon. One of the not least remarkable features connected with these hounds is, that the office of huntsman has descended through the same family of Smiths for four, if not five, generations. The late huntsman to these hounds succeeded his father, who had filled the office before him for about twenty-five years, being killed by a fall in hunting, which fractured his spine, whilst leaping a ditch in the parish of Barnoldby-le-Beck, near Grimsby." "Notititia Venatica" was published in 1849, so this foot-note must have been added at a later date, as the first Will Smith died from the effects of his fall in 1845, and the second Will Smith above referred to was huntsman from 1845 to 1856, and from 1863 to 1864.

Doctor Vyner, a member of the great sporting family, was an intimate friend of the first Lord Yarborough, and spent the hunting season at Brocklesby for many years. Mr. Robert Vyner refers to him in "Notititia Venatica." "He was a prebendary of Canterbury," says Mr. Vyner, "and also held two livings in the neighbourhood of the Brocklesby Hunt, Withern and Authorpe, beside that of East Peckham, in Kent. He was also an intimate friend of the celebrated Mr. Meynell, with whom he occasionally hunted. Doctor Vyner was not only considered a first-rate judge of breeding hounds and everything connected with their work, both in the kennel and the field, but one of the most elegant and accomplished horsemen that ever steered a hunter across country, which was the more remarkable at that period, when every young man could not ride to hounds *a bit*, as most of them can at the present day. Amongst many good nags to be found in the doctor's stable, was a magnificent roan horse, which was a present from Lord Yarborough, and which had been given up by himself, his huntsman and his whips, as a dreadful and incurable puller; but the light hand of this resolute and sporting divine was a match for this Bucephalus, and he rode him gallantly for several seasons, by the aid of merely a plain snaffle bit. Doctor Vyner died in November, 1804."

coated tenant farmers in the field? The present Lord Yarborough's great-grandfather was once asked where he got his tenants from? "Get them?" replied his lordship; "get them? I don't get them; I breed them." And so it was: the same farms, the same love of high farming, and of sport of all kinds, descending from father to son, and from generation to generation. But things have altered since then, and the iniquitous burdens placed on the land, and the decline of prices, consequent upon foreign preference, are rapidly crushing the life out of England's oldest and once its most important industry. Gone are the landlords of the old school, "the backbone of England, the fox-hunting squires," are few and far between; gone are the sport-loving farmers of fifty years ago, and gone that charming old country life that made so many great Englishmen. Unless English agriculture is to be run as a trust by an American syndicate, that too will soon be gone, I fear.

The planting of the Pillar Woods, those ideal cub-hunting grounds, was begun in 1787, and was completed in 1823, twelve and a half million trees having been planted, as is recorded on the monument called Pelham Pillar, that landmark on the wolds that may be seen from any portion of Lord Yarborough's country.

The first Baron Yarborough's eldest son, "the Commodore," as he is generally spoken of, sat in Parliament for Grimsby and the county for twenty years. He married Miss Bridgeman Simpson, of Badsworth, in 1806, who inherited from her mother, the only daughter of Sir Thomas Worsley, Bart., the estate of Appuldurcombe, in the Isle of Wight. He was created Baron Worsley and Earl of Yarborough in 1837, was the first Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and died on board his celebrated yacht, the *Kestrel*, in Vigo Bay, off the coast of Portugal, in 1846. His brother George, who also represented Grimsby in Parliament, was more fond of field sport than he was, Lord Yarborough devoting most of his time to politics and yachting. The Hon. George

Pelham was somewhat of a character, and one of his sayings was that he wished he "had been tenting pigs in Habrough Field when his brother was born;" meaning that had he been so employed at the time of his brother's birth, he, George Pelham, would have been the eldest son, and heir to the title and estate. Another saying in connection with his brother was: "My brother, Lord Yarborough, is all right at pulley-hauley on a yacht, but he can't say 'Yoi, over, boys,' like me." He once kept a pack of harriers, and was a thorn in the flesh of old Will Smith, as he did not stoop his hounds *entirely* to nimble-footed puss. He was also Master of the South Wold from 1823 to 1826, residing at Legbourne at the time. The Brocklesby hunted that country up to 1795, having kennels at Ketsby, and till 1820 some trencher-fed harriers hunted fox and hare indiscriminately. From 1820 to 1822 they were called the Gillingham, and were hunted by Mr. Brackenbury from Scremby, and in 1822 the kennels were transferred to Hundleby, and the pack called the South Wold. Mr. George Pelham once took out a horse-dealer's license, and a board to notify the fact was affixed to the outside of his house at Laceby.

In his younger days Mr. Pelham was in the Army, and saw active service; but he had no yearning for military glory, and soon sent in his papers, much to his father's disappointment.

Mr. Pelham always had a good stud of hunters. He bred a few thoroughbreds, putting some into training, and occasionally riding, himself, on the flat; he rode Mr. Davy's brown mare Shepherdess at Caistor races on April 4th, 1826, and Mr. Charles Nainby, of Barnoldby, told the writer he remembered him riding Elsham Witch for the same owner at Caistor as well. This Mr. Davy was grandfather of the present Mr. H. E. Davy of Croxby Hall. At the above-mentioned meeting in 1826, Mr. Tom Brooks won the first race on his Weeper, Sir Tatton Sykes being second on Mr. Ferriby's Skinflint. In the other race, Mr. F. Isles's Black Dwarf, Mr. W. Whitworth in the saddle, was first, Mr. T. Brooks being second, on his Galen, and Mr. T. Marris third, on Mr. F. Nicholson's Heretic. Sir Tatton Sykes was fourth. The races were run in heats.

Charles, the second Earl, known in Lincolnshire as "Yarborough the Good," was first M.P. for the county, and after the Reform Bill, for North Lincolnshire, and it was in his time that the Grimsby Docks and the railway were made. He was Lord Lieutenant in 1857, and, like his father and grandfather, was Recorder of Grimsby, and it was to his memory that his tenants and friends erected, at a cost of over £2000, the handsome arch at the Kirmington entrance to Brocklesby Park. He married the Hon. Adelaide Maude, daughter of the third Viscount Hawarden. She married, secondly, in 1869, William John, Viscount Oxenbridge, and died in 1897. On the break-up of Appuldurcombe, in 1855, the celebrated Museum Worsleyanum was brought to Brocklesby. This wonderful collection of *objets d'art* was collected by Sir Richard Worsley while in Italy and the Levant, and an account of his travels is recorded in his manuscript journals. The third Earl sat as member for Grimsby while Lord Worsley, and commanded the first battalion of the Lincoln Rifles at the beginning of the Volunteer Movement. He married Lady Victoria Hare, the fourth daughter of the second Earl of Listowel, and granddaughter of the late Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg, Norfolk. He was a keen sportsman, and a popular and generous landlord, and during his mastership of the Brocklesby Hounds, with Nimrod Long as huntsman, the Hunt ranked second to none. No expense was spared. Long had a magnificent pack of hounds to hunt, and no huntsman in England was better mounted. During the minority of the present Earl of Yarborough, the management of the hounds was undertaken by his mother, who was ably assisted by Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, whom she married in 1881. A subscription was mooted at the death of the third Earl of Yarborough, in 1875, but the

VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

widow came forward in the most handsome manner, stating that the Pelhams had always owned the pack and hunted the Brocklesby country free of cost, and that she would continue to do so until her son came of age.

The Countess, in dainty habit, with just a suspicion of scarlet waistcoat as a distinguishing badge, marshalling a crowded field the way it should go, and controlling with skilful tact its ebullition of excessive enthusiasm, was a prominent figure in hunting history, more than worthy of a place beside the lady of Hatfield. When hounds ran, too, she could hold her own on Brilliant—the horse she is riding in her picture by Grant—and in later years on Birthday, with the boldest of thrusting strangers. Her ladyship's great popularity helped the Hunt through a period that in other circumstances might have proved almost disastrous.

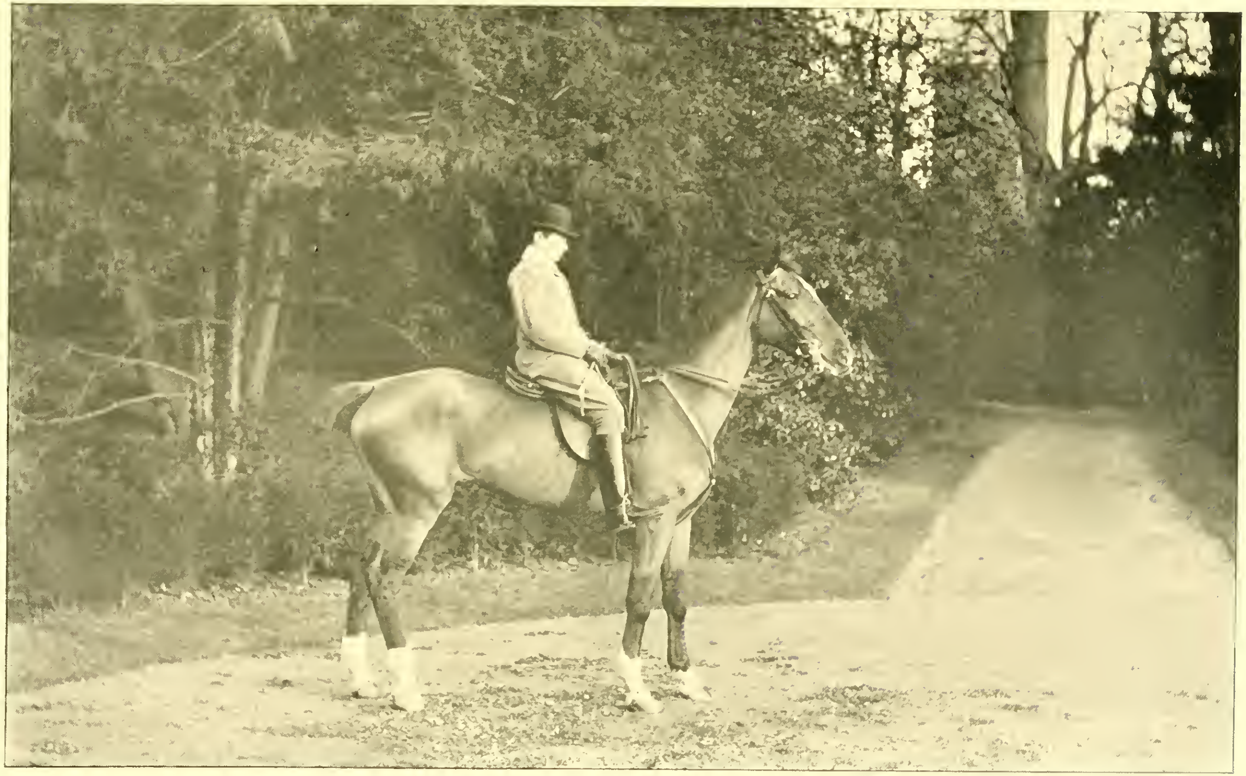
Lady Yarborough was then one of the finest horsewomen in England; and though not able now to take her own line over a country where hounds run their hardest, as of yore, she still takes the greatest interest in the pack, both in the field and the kennel, and contrives to get to the end of many a good run as well. No people could be more popular than the Squire of Healing and his wife, Victoria Lady Yarborough, and their son "Jack," though still a boy at Harrow, promises to be as fine a horseman as his father, for he can, even now, hold his own with the best of them when the pack runs fast and far.

Of the present earl little need be said, as he is too well known to need description. Popular as his ancestors have been in the past, they cannot have been more so than is the present master of the historic old pack. Courteous in the extreme, he rules his field with a gracefulness and tact that is the admiration of all visitors, and which is, in the end, far more effective than the vituperation that some masters of hounds think necessary to their office. Lord Yarborough realizes the fact that an Englishman, and especially a high-couraged sport-loving Englishman, is far more likely to be led than driven. As his great-great-grandfather said of Mr. Meynell, so it might be said of the fourth Earl of Yarborough: "His manners are so essentially those of a gentleman, that no man would wilfully or willingly offend him."

Lord Yarborough married, in 1886, the Hon. Marcia Lane Fox, eldest daughter of the twelfth Lord Conyers, and in 1888 she succeeded as Baroness Conyers in her own right, and so represents a very ancient barony. Lord Yarborough's family consists of three sons, Lord Worsley and the Hon. Sackville and Marcus Anderson-Pelham. The present Countess of Yarborough does not ride herself, and her tastes may be considered to be more literary and artistic than sporting; but the puppy-walkers in the Brocklesby country know how she is always ready to welcome them at their annual gathering at Brocklesby in the summer, and she always takes a warm interest in the doings of the pack in the field, frequently driving to the meet, and seeing what sport she can from the road. No one is more pleased than Lady Yarborough that her sons promise to be as fond of sport as their predecessors have been.

It was a terrible wrench to part with the dog pack in 1895, and every hunting man in the Brocklesby country must have felt it as keenly as the master. But bad times with the farmers mean bad times with all good landlords; and with the manifestly unfair death-duties in view, it became imperative to reduce the establishment. The dog pack was sold to Lord Lonsdale, who in turn sold them to Mr. Merthyr Guest, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Brocklesby hounds made the highest prices when the latter gentleman gave up the Blackmore Vale country and disposed of his pack. Nor is it surprising that Will Dale, Lord Yarborough's old huntsman, and the man who bred them, should secure some of the best for the Duke of Beaufort, and some of the daughters of Brocklesby Harper are among the most honoured matrons in the Badminton kennels to-day.

After three seasons Lord Yarborough commenced to



LORD WORSLEY.

get together a pack of dog hounds again. None of the bitches had been parted with, and Acrobat and Harlequin were retained as stud-hounds, while Warwickshire sires, full of Brocklesby and Belvoir blood, were most largely used from other kennels. There is now a pack of hounds at Brocklesby that will compare with any in the kingdom, and which reflects the highest credit on his lordship's young huntsman, Jim Smith; and the stud-hounds are rapidly becoming as popular with other packs as their ancestors always have been in the past.

The hospitality which begins at Brocklesby is continued to the humblest household, and no one who has had a hard day with Lord Yarborough's hounds need go hungry or thirsty or without a mouthful of gruel and a handful of hay for his wearied steed.

2nd wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Sandys, of the Vine. = **Sir William Pelham, of Laughton, Sussex.** = 1st wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Carew, of Baddington.

First Sir William Pelham, of Brocklesby.
Second Sir William Pelham, of Brocklesby.
Third Sir William Pelham, of Brocklesby.

a quo the Earls of Chichester and Dukes of Newcastle.

(1) Ann, daughter of Sir Edward Hussey. = (2) Elizabeth Pelham. = (3) Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Michael Warton, of Beverley. = First Charles Pelham, of Brocklesby. d. 1692.

Francis Anderson, Esq., of Manby. = Mary Pelham (heiress of Brocklesby).

Second Charles Pelham, b. 1679, d. 1763. First M.F.H. (*His issue all died young.*) = (1) Ann, daughter of Sir William Gore. = (2) Margaret, daughter of Robert Vyner, of Gautby.

Charles Anderson, Esq., of Manby. = Eleanor Carter.

Charles Anderson, of Manby, took the additional name of Pelham on succeeding his great uncle, created Baron Yarborough, 1794. = Sophia Aufrere.

Charles Anderson-Pelham, created Earl of Yarborough, 1837 ("The Commodore"). = Henrietta Bridgeman-Simpson, niece and heiress of Sir Richard Worsley, of Appuldurcombe, Isle of Wight.

Charles Anderson Pelham, Second Earl of Yarborough. = Hon. Adelaide Maude, Sister of first Earl de Montalt.

Charles Anderson Pelham, Third Earl of Yarborough. = Lady Victoria Hare, daughter of second Earl of Listowel.

Charles Anderson Pelham, Fourth Earl of Yarborough. = Marcia Lane Fox, daughter of twelfth Lord Conyers, and thirteenth Baroness Conyers in her own right.

THE BROCKLESBY HUNTSMEN.

Tom Smith	from	——	to	1761
Tom Smith II.	,,	1761	,,	1816
Will Smith	,,	1816	,,	1845
Will Smith II.	,,	1845	,,	1856
Tom Smith III.	,,	1856	,,	1862
Philip Tocock	,,	1862	,,	1863
Will Smith II.	,,	1863	,,	1864
Nimrod Long	,,	1864	,,	1877
Alfred Thatcher	,,	1877	,,	1881
George Ash	,,	1881	,,	1884
Will Dale	,,	1884	,,	1896
Jim Smith	,,	1896	,,	——

TOM SMITH.

THE first huntsman of the Brocklesby that we hear of is Tom Smith the elder; but little is known of him, though his portrait by Stubbs, painted in 1776, which would be after the old man had given up carrying the horn, tells us ever so much. His cheery red face and white curly hair make an ideal portrait of the old-time huntsman, while his erect but easy seat in the saddle denotes that not only was the old man a horseman, but that he possessed unusual vigour and health. The present Lord Yarborough's great-great-grandfather considered him a very fine horseman, but Will Smith thought that his own father, the second Tom Smith, was the better of the two. "Young" Tom started to whip-in to his father when fourteen years of age, and had two rare tutors in his Master and his father; he never took service with any other pack, nor did his son Will. In Stubbs' picture the old man is seated on a favourite horse called Gigg; but Brilliant, the cream-coloured horse which the younger man is riding, was never very good, albeit a thoroughbred. He was bought from the Duke of Grafton to carry Mrs. Pelham, and though a quick, pleasant, snaffle-bridle hunter to ride, was not so stout as he should be; and in those days, before the country was drained, and long slow hunts in deep ground was the general order of things, stoutness was a necessity. Brilliant ran fourth at Newmarket in the Duke's colours. The hound in the picture, Wonder by name, was a very good dog, and was bred in 1770, being by Tatler out of Trickster.

John Smith used to tell his nephew, Will Smith, that the painting was a perfect likeness of the old man, his father, and his exact seat on a horse. This John Smith was a very much younger man than his brother, the second Tom Smith, and whipped-in to him for many years. He carried the horn for Lord Scarborough one season, but that was the only place he took away from Brocklesby. He was a great martyr to gout, which eventually carried him off in 1824, but he had not then been hunting for many years. Will Smith considered him a good whipper in, though somewhat severe; but as he has something to say of him in his "Thoughts on Hunting," I will not make further reference to him here.

Old Tom Smith, like all the Smiths, was buried at Brocklesby. If the old man had but kept diaries, what interesting reading of fox-hunting in the first half of the eighteenth century they would have been.

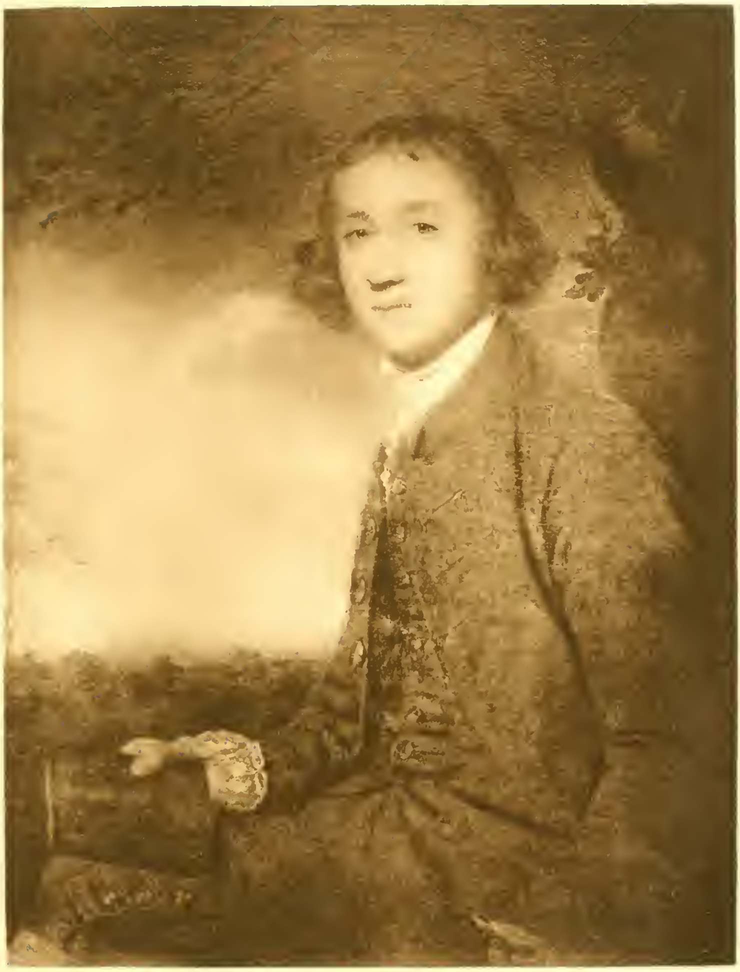
It is not known when Tom Smith first started to carry the Brocklesby horn, but that he was doing so in 1746 his carefully prepared hound-lists go to prove. It is believed that the Smiths were tenants on the estate before one of the sons took service under the lord of the manor.

PLATE III.

Charles Anderson-Pelham.

Born, 1748; married, in 1770, Sophia Aufrere.
Created 1st Lord Yarborough in 1794. Died, 1823.

Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



THE SECOND TOM SMITH.

"Young" Tom succeeded his father in 1761, and he carried the Brocklesby horn until 1816, having been whipper-in and huntsman for fifty-nine years, when both Master and huntsman retired together in favour of their eldest sons.* As a token of the esteem in which he was held by his Master, he was granted full pay for life, and was also presented with a handsome silver cup, which was handed to him by Master C. A. Pelham, the retiring Master's grandson, and the grandfather of the present earl. On the cup was the following inscription—"The gift of Lord Yarborough to his huntsman, Mr. Thomas Smith, after having been more than fifty years in his service, made as an acknowledgment of the indefatigable and unremitting attention to the business of his vocation, which may be recommended for a pattern to those who succeed him, and can never be surpassed, 1816." On the reverse side are the following lines from Somerville's "Chase"—

"With silent lead thy many coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See how they range!
Dispers'd how busily, this way and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice."

The second Tom Smith was a fine horseman and a great huntsman, but the breeding of hounds was his particular hobby, and during his tenure of office at Brocklesby the pack secured a reputation second to none in the kingdom. Most of the great hound-men of the day went to Brocklesby for crosses of this, by now, famous blood, and the note in "Young" Tom Smith's hound-list for 1790, concerning Ranter, gives one an idea of the high estimation in which it was held.

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* He was only fourteen years of age when he began to whip-in to his father, and was hard to beat over a country at the age of seventy-two.

Although the hound-lists go back to 1746, the first huntsman's diary that I have come across is that of the second Tom Smith, for the season 1814–1815, in Will Smith's handwriting, the first entry being that of nine brace of foxes killed during cub hunting. Regular hunting began on October 10th in the Nor Woods, where hounds spent the whole day, but failed to kill.

There was a capital run from Burnham on October 26th. The first fox did not provide much sport, but a second, found in Mr. Graybourn's turnips near Burnham Warren, proved to be quite one of the right sort. He went first through Mr. George Appleby's covert to Horkstow Warren, but turning to the left in the direction of Horkstow, he was headed back along the hilltop to Mr. Hesseltine's. He then ran down the hill to Mr. Hesseltine's Holts, where he waited, and, the hounds coming up with him, they ran him hard below Saxby and Bonby, till, turning to the left, he recrossed the road and went uphill again, Worlaby being on the right hand. On the hilltop came a check, but Mercury hit it off, and they ran left-handed to Middlegate, and then right-handed to Elsham Hillsides, where they once more turned down the hill, and then with Elsham Hall on the left, doubled back uphill again. Then the fox turned short back through Wrawby Moor and crossed the Brigg road in the direction of Worlaby, hounds eventually marking him to ground below Elsham. This is what Will Smith says about the run—

> "The hounds so well deserving him, we dug him out and gave him to them. It would not be doing justice to make any remark on any hound in particular, every hound endeavouring to excel each other, and better hunting never was seen. It was an indifferent scent, and my father said he thought he never saw a fox so well recovered and hunted so well in his life."

Two days later a Bradley Gears fox provided a capital gallop before surrendering his brush at Riby. Rattler found him, and after a couple of turns in covert, hounds dashed away at a great pace with a capital scent. Crossing the brook, the fox first pointed for Irby Holme, but he turned short to the right in the direction of Laceby, and a momentary check occurred at the cross-roads. Hitting him off "handsomely," hounds then turned to the left, and soon after their sinking fox began to run very short; then, coming up hand-over-hand, they rolled him over in the road at Riby. "I think," says Will Smith, "this was one of the smartest bursts I ever saw, and the hounds carried a remarkably good head. If any deserve to be called leading hounds, they are Charmer, Blissful, and Blowzy. Almost every horse was blown."

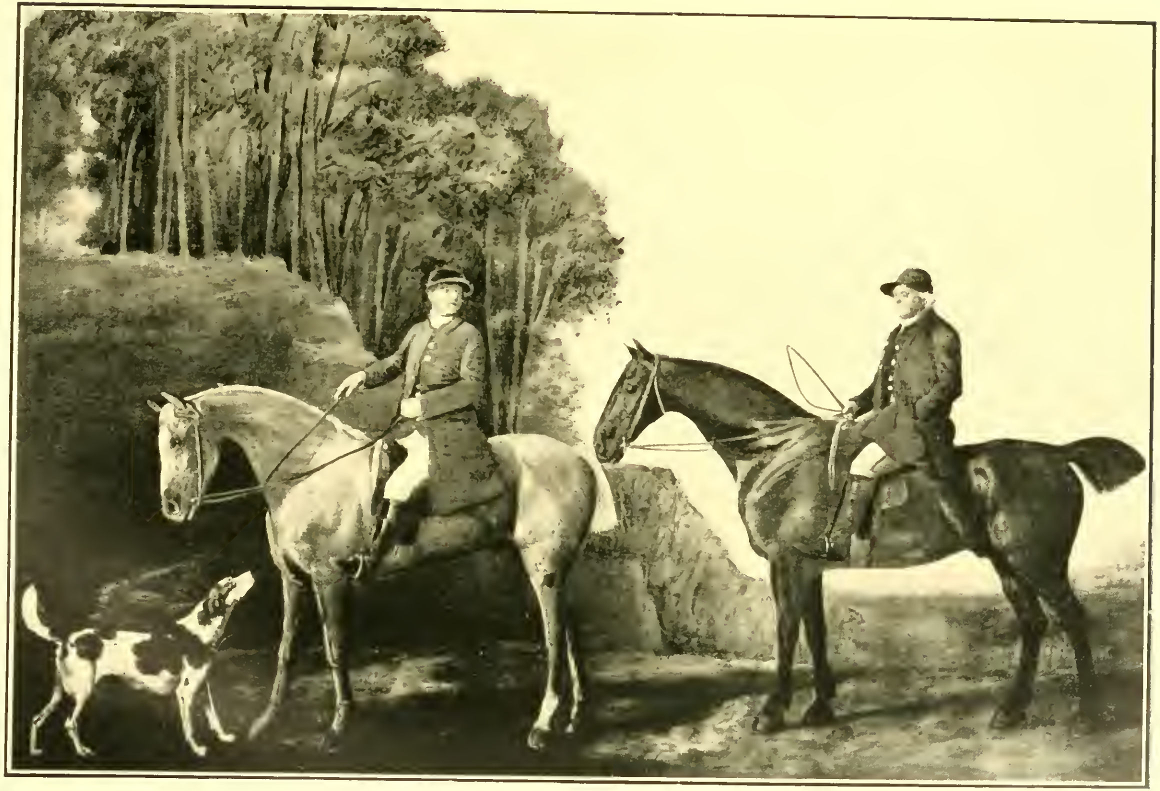
There was also a good ringing day on November 4th from Healing Wells, when a couple of foxes were killed and another run to ground.

Meeting at Chase Hill on November 25th, hounds were running hard all day over the East Halton marshes, and in the Barrow, Goxhill, and Thornton district, killing one fox but experiencing some ill-luck. Scent was fickle. but it was a good hard day's sport nevertheless. On the following day there was a pretty run from Barrow Blackmould to Ulceby Moor; but here hounds changed foxes, and were occupied in running from fox to fox for the rest of the day. There was also a good ringing run, ending with a kill, from Hell Furze on the 28th.

I regret to read that on December 12th Tom Smith lost an Irby fox near Riby Bratlands "in consequence of some of the company being very wild and carrying hounds on." Later on, the same day, hounds brought off a smart burst in the shape of a ring from Mr. Torr's covert over Aylesby and Riby back to Mr. Torr's yard, where they killed him.

On December 17th hounds lost a beaten fox on account of Messrs. E. and J. Holgate holloaing hounds on to a fresh one. They had found their fox in Mr. Appleby's covert, and run him over by Dunkirk, over Ulceby Field and through Ulceby Carr, where this sad catastrophe took place. Two days later came a very pretty run from Redbourne Beanlands over Redbourne and Hibaldstow to Brigg, and thence, with Castlethorpe on the left, to Broughton Vale, a storm of rain and a cur-dog being responsible for a lost fox. Seven days' frost at the end of the month kept hounds to kennels, and then came a hard day and a poor one, to be followed by a five weeks' spell of frost. The best thing of the hard day, December 30th, was a smart burst from Rough Close, Stallingborough to Irby Dales.

A very brief entry records the fact that on January 6th, 1815, hounds went to disturb the Limber coverts, and killed a leash of foxes, probably in the snow, but a more lengthy account deals with the doings on February 4th of fifty-six and a half couples in the Brocklesby and Roxton Woods, a fair handful for the huntsman and his lieutenants, so that one is not surprised to find that they started for home a couple short, but found them when *en route* for the kennels, on good terms with a fox in Rough Pastures Wood. On February 6th hounds killed a leash in the Beanlands Covert, and brought off a fine day's sport two days later from Riby Grove. After chopping a fox in Stallingborough Covert, they ran another from the same place to ground at Keelby Grange; he was dug out and let go, and saved his brush by shuffling his burdens on to another at Rough Pastures, hounds eventually getting heel-way on to a fox at Ulceby Moor and having to give it up. Then, on the 10th, came a very hard day from Kettleby Thorpe, the proceedings consisting of two hard gallops, the first of which was from Welhams. The fox went away past Barnetby and got to ground at Wrawby Moor, but hitting off the line of a disturbed fox immediately they pressed on towards Calta Furze, where, turning to the left, they placed Melton Low Wood and Barnetby on the left, and ran a zigzag course to Welhams. The fox only just poked his nose into the covert and then doubled back for Barnetby; but, being headed, he turned to the right and with Rigby on the left—hounds then running at great pace—went away to Creampoke Gorse.



"WONDER."

TOM SMITH, Junr.,
Huntsman to the Brocklesby from 1761 to 1816.

TOM SMITH, Senr.,
Huntsman to the Brocklesby for many years previous to 1761.

From the painting by G. Stubbs, R.A.

Turning short to the right, he then ran over the Boggs and through Wellhams to Barnetby, and hounds ran into their fox in mid-field between the Brigg Road and Wrawby Moor. Calta Furze provided the next, who, after a ringing run by Melton High Wood, Melton Low Wood, Barnetby, Wrawby Moor, and Elsham, came to hand near Dunkirk, when pointing back to Elsham again. Hounds ran hard the whole of the day, particularly in the second run, when they carried a wonderfully good head and succeeded in tiring a great number of horses.

Will Smith makes lengthy references to his father's capabilities as a huntsman and a horseman in his "Thoughts on Hunting," which will be dealt with elsewhere.

The First Will Smith.

Will Smith took up the reins in 1816, and for twenty-nine years showed the very best of sport, at the same time keeping the pack up to its hitherto high reputation in the kennel. A good servant, a popular huntsman with his field, he was equally adored by his hounds, and it came as a terrible blow to every one when a simple toss at an insignificant fence spelt such dire misfortune.

Will Smith did not take service with any other pack; he was born, lived, and died at Brocklesby, and no name is better known in the history of fox-hunting than that of Will Smith. Bred as he was, and with two such models to copy as the first Lord Yarborough and his own father, the second Tom Smith, it is little wonder he became the great huntsman, horseman, and houndman that he was; his "Thoughts on Hunting," to which further reference will be made, give ample proof of his indebtedness to his masters and his admiration of their methods.

Will Smith had the most perfect of hands, and no horse was known to pull with him. One of the best hunters he ever rode was Nailer, a son of Quicksilver; he was a hard puller, and very violent with every one but Smith, but in his hands he was gentle enough. Even with him he pretended to pull, going with his head turned almost to his rider's toe; and he wore himself out, long before his time, by his intemperate manner in the hunting-field, jumping his fences far "too big." He was a good-looking chestnut, and the blood was much thought of by North Lincolnshire men. The then Prince of Wales, through Mr. Mat Milton, gave Mr. Richard Nainby, of Barnoldby, four hundred guineas for a bay gelding by Quicksilver, bred by Mr. Phillipson, of Bradley. But Will Smith's favourite was a deep-bodied, short-legged son of Spartacus, called Sir Harry; he had beautiful action, but was as wild-looking as an untamed Arab. He was bred by Lord Yarborough. Another good horse was Ploughboy, by Hippomenes, who was bred by Mr. Richardson, of Limber, and who carried the huntsman for eight seasons. He had tremendous bone for so well bred a horse, and a curiously prominent eye, but, being short-sighted, he would seldom fly his fences. Will used to say that he feared no fence if he could pull him up and take it standing. Ploughboy came to a curious end. Mr. Tom Brooks, of Croxby, had often wished to ride him, and his wish was fulfilled at last; but it was also the very last time that Ploughboy went a-hunting. Smith was going away with his fox from Bradley Wood, and he called out to Mr. Brooks to say that his back hurt him, and that Ploughboy was pulling him. His concluding words were prophetic: "You had best take your ride now, Tom; old Ploughboy will never hunt another season." Hounds ran at best pace, and Ploughboy was striding along over Healing Field with his head down; he had just jumped some stiff posts and rails, when he put his foot in a grip, fell on his chin, breaking his neck, and turning over as dead as a herring. Mr. Brooks was standing over him as the huntsman swept past. "Not hurt, Tom, I hope. Well, it's an honourable death for old Ploughboy to die." Will pressed on with his hounds, and killed his fox in Lord Yarborough's private room at Brocklesby. As "The Druid" remarked, "It seemed as if he had struggled so far to tell his lordship that his race was avenged on Ploughboy at last." One of the pads was mounted as a paper-knife, and presented by Smith to Mr. Brooks as a memento of the day, April 6th, 1829. It is a curious thing, but Ploughboy's legs were found to be full of thorns, yet the old horse hardly ever went lame.

It was a Waverley horse that brought about the huntsman's untimely end in 1845, and I cannot do better than give "The Druid's" own account of the lamentable occurrence :—

> "But sixteen years more, and Will's own voice (which, like three generations of Smiths before him, had so often rung out a death-knell) was hushed for ever, while he was still in his prime. Some of the elder branch lie at Nettleton, and Will, 'aged 56,' is now the latest tenant of that grey row of flat-stone graves, in which rest fathers and sons, huntsmen and whippers-in, are garnered side by side near the chancel door at Brocklesby. On that day he was riding a shifty Waverley horse, and owing to a high thick hedge, was unable to get to his hounds, as they had some cold hunting up the ascent from Bradley Wood towards Barnoldby Church. 'Holloa, my lad! holloa!' he shouted to a lad in the distance, who had just viewed the fox as he skirted the village; and his 'Yoick, Ranter, boy!' as his favourite hound hit it off up the hedge-side, still seems to sound in the ears of the few who were up and heard it. It was the last cheer he ever gave to hound, and it seemed strange that the sad honour should fall on one of the blood which has been the special pride and stay of the Brocklesby pack. Over a hedge and into a plot of garden ground he went; but the leap out of it—a rotten hedge with a ditch on the near side of it—was to be his last. Will scarcely knew it was there, as he kept his eye on the hounds who flew to Ranter in the corner of the next field; his horse caught its leg in a binder, and was drawn back so suddenly in its drop, that he fell over on his head. He turned a complete summersault, and lay on his back with his arms and legs extended and powerless; and when he was picked up, perfectly black in the face, it was found that dislocation of the vertebræ had brought on paralysis in every limb. For nearly five days he lived a complete death in life, with his mind and his voice as clear as ever, and waiting calmly for his end. His fall occurred just beneath the shade of Barnoldby Church, in a field belonging to Mr. Nainby, at whose house he died; and we believe that a small granite obelisk, planted round with evergreens, has been erected to mark the spot. The lapse of years has not quenched the fondness with which every Brocklesby man still clings to his memory. Three more keen and steady sportsmen than 'Old Will,' Charles Uppleby, of Barrow, and Philip Skipworth, of Aylesby, never went to their rest."

A curious story is told of Jack Robinson, huntsman to Lord Scarborough's hounds, and the reception he gave Will Smith, who rode over from Manby one hot morning in August, when Lord Scarborough's hounds were at Grove. Jack Robinson was not a strict teetotaler, and six or seven horns of ale on a cub-hunting morning were not an unusual allowance. On the morning that Smith paid him a visit, his early potations seemed to have made him a bit sleepy, for when the Brocklesby huntsman arrived at the theatre of operations he would neither hear nor see anything of hounds. However, he espied a scarlet object at a gateway, and galloping up a ride to investigate, discovered Robinson fast asleep on his back, and his horse grazing quietly hard by. "Halloo, old boy!" said Will, "where are your hounds?" "Hounds!" said Jack, not half awake, "all right, I expect. How should I know? They were here half an hour since—that you, Will, is it? All right, old fellow; I was just a bit drowsy." Will made sure that he had got his brother huntsman awake, and then cantered off home, "never more ashamed in my life."

Will Smith tried several daring experiments while at Brocklesby. On one occasion he clipped a hound, and he once took out a pack of bitches, all in season. Yet as a hound-breeder he was particularly successful, and the Brocklesby sires at that time were in great demand by other kennels. According to Mr. Robert Vyner's "Notititia Venatica," published in 1849, Smith possessed the recipe of a certain cure for hydrophobia, which had been handed down from father to son for several generations.

> "Whether it is infallible or not, I cannot pretend to say; but it is a well-known fact that it has been frequently used with supposed success; and amongst other patients who have availed themselves of it, we may mention Jem Shirley, huntsman to Sir J. Cope, who was bitten by a mad dog some years since in Ireland."

Will Smith is spoken of as a man of superior education, of gentlemanly manners, a first-rate sportsman, and a famous judge of hounds. He was a contemporary of

Goosey of the Belvoir, and both had the same idea of what a foxhound should be, so that at the time of his death the two packs were as much alike as it was possible for two packs to be. That fatal accident at Barnoldby came as a terrible blow to North Lincolnshire; and there was a continual pilgrimage of heart-broken sportsmen to the bedside of the stricken huntsman in Mr. Richard Nainby's house. Smith's last words to Mr. George Skipworth, brother to Captain "Jack" Skipworth, were, "Mind my successor, wherever he may be, never loses sight of Ranter or his blood;" this was his favourite, and actually the last hound he cheered. He was out of Rosebud, the dam of Rallywood, to whom the Belvoir are so indebted. In spite of this, I find only two couple of his puppies were put forward, and he was practically lost sight of; he died in a strange kennel. But he leaves a famous stream of blood in the Brocklesby kennels through his son Noble, whose great-grandson Hymen founded the family of Grove Harkaways and Brocklesby Harlequins, and the Duke of Beaufort has a hound called Nelson in the Badminton kennels that is also a direct descendant of old Ranter.

The following is the inscription on the obelisk at Barnoldby-le-Beck:—

> "In memory of the late William Smith, of Brocklesby, Lincolnshire. This monument was erected by his many friends as a token of their regard, and to mark the spot where William Smith, huntsman to the Earl of Yarborough, fell on April 11th, 1845.
>
> "His gallant horsemanship, and his management of hounds in the kennel and in the field, were never surpassed. His horse falling over a small leap, while Smith was cheering on his favourite hounds, he was thrown on his head, and from the injuries he then received he died on the 15th of April, 1845, at the house of his friend, Richard Nainby, Esq., of this village, by whom the site for this memorial was given, on the 8th day of April, 1861."

The following lines were also written for the obelisk, by Sir Charles Anderson, I believe—

LINES FOR THE OBELISK TO BE ERECTED AT BARNOLDBY-LE-BECK, IN MEMORY OF THE LATE WILLIAM SMITH, HUNTSMAN TO THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH, ON GROUND GIVEN FOR THE PURPOSE BY RICHD. NAINBY, ESQ., TO WHOSE HOUSE HE WAS TAKEN AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND UNDER WHOSE FRIENDLY ROOF HE DIED, 1845.

"THIS stone the name of 'WILLIAM SMITH' records,
The Huntsman skilled of two of Yarborough's Lords:—
Honest and true, of temper well approved,
By 'Master' honoured, and by 'Field' beloved!
No need to paint that well-known form and face,
Which, stampt on memory, find a welcome place
In the warm hearts that knew him,—*they* recall,
By covert-side—in cottage, farm, and hall,
(When friend meets friend beside the yule-log's glow,
And kindly feelings swell and overflow,)
Those happy days, when on the breeze were borne
'WILL'S' tuneful holla and his echoing horn,
Cheering his gallant pack, so stout and bold,
A perfect horseman as e'er crossed the Wold!
And as the vision fades, too bright to last,
They sigh to think those days are now 'the past.'
No need of aught for such as knew him best
To keep in mind their valued friend 'at rest;'
But, for posterity, this stone shall tell
The fatal spot where, midst his friends, he fell,
And bid them ponder, both in Faith and Fear,
How frail the tenure of Man's sojourn here!
"CHJA."

Will Smith kept no account of his first season's cub-hunting, but a brief note says that they were very much confined to the woodlands owing to a late harvest; there were, however, "several very smart bursts," and they killed "a great quantity of foxes; to speak within the number, I shall say twenty brace."

The season opened on November 4th, at Ormsby, there being a nice run from Ackthorpe Wood to ground in Withcal Brackens. But the first good day was from Kingerby Wood, hounds running smartly from there over Toft Newton, and marking their fox to ground in Hackthorn Gorse. However, a fresh fox went away immediately, and going first to Hackthorne village, they ran back, with the gorse on the left, to Rise Plantation. The fox waited here, and the pack, starting on good terms, sent him back with a rattle to Hackthorn Gorse, where they marked him to ground.

On December 2nd hounds hunted a Bradley Wood fox to death, killing him at Irby Dales. Scent was not particularly good at first, but it improved wonderfully afterwards, enabling hounds to bring off a brilliant burst from Irby Holme, through Henholes and over Swallow to Cabourne Parva, left-handed towards Swallow, and right-handed towards Cuxwold; but the fox was too beat, and hounds too close to him to continue to run straight, so he doubled back to Swallow, where hounds ran from scent to view, and killed him.

There was a very hard, ringing day from the kennels on December 14th, hounds covering an immense amount of ground, and having to be stopped at length when all the horses were beat. They found in Mr. Fox's covert, and, after a turn or two in covert, went away to Habrough Field and left-handed to Killingholme, which they skirted *en route* for Thornton. Next came a ring through Mr. Bygott's covert, Mr. Fox's covert, and Habrough village in the direction of Roxton Wood, from which point the fox was headed and turned short back to Habrough, placing the church on the left as he ran to Houlton's covert. Here they had four foxes afoot, going away with one over the marshes to Jenny Hill, thence through Chase Hill as if for Killingholme, and left still through Burkinshaw's covert to Jenny Hill again. Hounds placed this on their left, and ran on to Houlton's covert, and with Burkinshaw's covert on the right, ran through Chase Hill to the Humber bank; then they swung round right-handed down the marshes, placing Jenny Hill and Immingham right and left as they pointed for Roxton Wood, till a turn to the left set them running straight for Stallingborough. But Smith then learnt that he had a fresh fox in front of him, and so he stopped the hounds at the first opportunity. It was an exceedingly hard day, but the pack ran very stout indeed, Granville, Valiant, Blowsey, Charmer, Monitor, Redrose, Joyful, Empress, Eleanor, Flourish, and Mercury doing particularly well.

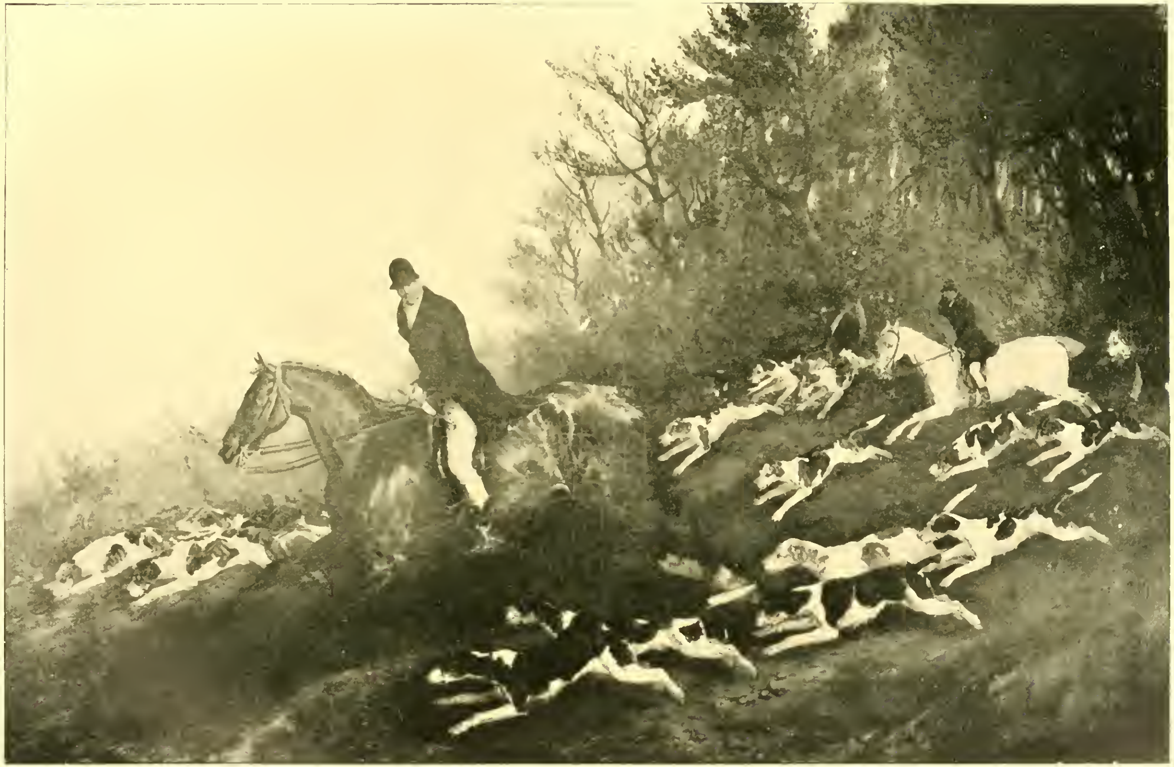
A frost kept hounds in kennels from January 13th to 18th, but they had a very hard day from Rye Hill on January 22nd, when a great many horses were tired out, and even one or two couple of hounds who were short of work. They were running between Killingholme, Houlton's covert, Roxton Wood, and Little London the day through.

January 24th was productive of a smart burst from Bradley Gears, through Bradley Wood, and over Laceby and Aylesby to Healing, where they ran into their fox; and on the following day there was another, without a check, from Melton Gallows, through Barnetby and the Welhams, to Bigby, right-handed to Wrawby Mill, where the fox was headed and turned, still right-handed, through Wrawby Whitehill Covert to ground at Welhams. The fox, as he bore a bad character, was got out and given to the hounds.

Hounds had a regular field-day on the 27th, for there was a grand scent, and they killed no fewer than two and a half brace of foxes, each gallop being without a check. They met at Audleby, found their first fox at Fonaby and killed him in covert, and ran another round the Fonaby and Hundon hillsides till they killed him at Caistor. Next they found in the Audleby plantation, and after running in covert for half an hour, went away over Fonaby to run a ring in the moors and return to Audleby, where they killed their fox, dead beat. Number four was found at Grasby Bottom, and soon came to hand, and the last fox of the day went away to the Mausoleum, where, after some woodland hunting, hounds killed him too.

There was a long, hard day from Long Close Wood on January 29th, hounds killing a Dunkirk fox in Ulceby Carr, and one from Wotton Gorse at Bonby, both after long twisting hunts.

Meeting at Thoresway on February 17th, hounds first drew several coverts blank; next killed a Stainton fox after some brisk work round the woodlands; and then



WILL SMITH,

Huntsman to the Brocklesby from 1816 to 1845.

WILL MASON,

First whipper-in.

brought off a fast gallop from Claxby Wood, running at such a pace that no horse could live with them. The fox went away through the wood towards the low country, but doubled back through the wood for Nor Woods, turning left-handed short of these round the brow of the hill to Otby, and with the house on the right running to the Stainton plantation. Hounds ran straight through the coverts and killed their fox in orthodox style at the other end. They had run with no end of dash, but displayed the greatest steadiness among the many hares in the coverts.

Two sharp bursts are noted on February 19th, from Kirmington Vale, one a smart ring round Hendale, Cottagers' Dale, Little Limber, Kirmington, and Croxton Moor, back to Kirmington, where they killed their fox in Mr. Cartwright's yard ; and the other from Somerby low covert, by Cream Poak, with Somerby and Bigby on the right ; over the hills to Searby, where the fox went to ground in a drain. He was dug out, and, after a ring or two on the Somerby hillside, was caught and killed.

The 28th, too, was productive of a very fine hunting run, hounds unfortunately changing when they were on the point of catching their first fox, and having to be stopped from the second, just when he was coming to hand, owing to the darkness. They had met at Goxhill Cross-lanes, and finding in Mr. Goulton's covert, took two or three turns in covert before going away to the Burnham Warren Lane, thence to Kingsforth House, and right-handed, with Barton on the left, through Mr. Uppleby's plantation to Barrow Haven. Here the fox turned to the right towards Barrow, skirting the lower part of the village in a line for Goxhill, where hounds hunted up to him, lying in some fallows, and so got a view. Then they ran, skirting the Allands, between Goxhill and Tunnard's plantation towards Thornton College, but turning short to the left, with Littleworth on the left, they ran the bank, with the main drain on the right, to Halton Skitter. Another turn to the left and the fox took the Humber bank and ran over the mud. There was not a scrap of scent, but the huntsman was not to be beaten, so tracked the print of his pads in the mud for over a mile, till he took to the bank again. Hounds once more started to run, hunting in fine style towards Goxhill Haven, and left-handed over the marshes as if for Barrow Hand. It was slow but most perfect hunting. Near Barrow Hand, unfortunately, a fresh fox jumped up in view out of a hedgerow, and hounds raced him away to Goxhill Haven, where he was headed short back to the right along the green lane towards Goxhill; then he turned right-handed over the enclosures to Littleworth, and after two rings there, ran short back through Layburn's plantation towards Langmere Furze, hounds being stopped before reaching the covert. Smith thinks that, had daylight held out a little longer, he could have killed his fox.

There was a very hard day and a good sporting day, too, from Houlton's covert on March 5th, hounds finding at once, and with Immingham close on the left, racing away to Roxton Wood, where, after a turn or two in covert, they killed their fox. They then went back to Reeds Mere, ran towards Little London with a brace of foxes in front of them, turning right-handed back through Immingham, and left towards Roxton, and thence to Little London again. Here hounds changed on to the line of the other Reeds Mere fox, which led to the left of Stallingborough, the bulk of the pack coming to a check, while two and a half couples went on with their fox unobserved. Turning to the right, the fox crossed Healing Field, and with Wyber's Wood on the left ran to Coates Bogs. Turning to the left, hounds then hunted on through Great Coates village, where the fox was headed towards Grimsby, and hounds got into difficulties. They next found in Riby Slingsmere and killed their fox; and from Keelby Sprothorns, after two or three turns in covert, went away to Roxton Wood, where they had several lines and killed a fox. They ran hard in covert for some time, and then went away towards Stallingborough, turning right-handed over the brook, and going through Keelby, went back to Roxton Wood again, and splitting up into several lots, were stopped there.

On March 14th Will Smith took a nasty toss in Clixby Moor, and had to go home; nor was he able to hunt the next day.

A meet at Peeks then, as now, was generally productive of good sport, and March 17th was one of the lucky occasions. They found directly, but unfortunately chopped their fox; however, Smith at once took hounds to a holloa on the Scartho side, at which village the fox was headed and turned down the boundary fence between Scartho and Waltham, and through Bradley Gears as if for Laceby. Turning left, hounds then swung round by Barnoldby towards Waltham, but being headed, the fox led them close past Brigsley, and right-handed round to Waltham again. With the village on the left, they pressed on to Peeks, but turning with the coverts on the left, they swung round, placing Holton and Waltham close on the left as they ran to Bradley Gears once more. And once more the fox doubled back to Waltham; but hounds were coming up hand over hand, and, running from scent to view, rolled him over there. There was a capital scent, and hounds ran hard all day; there was no important check.

Poor sport marked the close of the season, the country being very dry and scent indifferent. Hounds killed 129 foxes in all during the season, which opened for regular hunting on November 4th, 1816, and closed on April 18th, 1817.

The cub-hunting season of 1817 was not productive of good sport, the country being very dry, and scent bad; but the huntsman was satisfied at the way his youngsters had entered to the chase, aad he killed twenty-three brace of foxes. The regular season opened on October 27th at Foxdales, there being poor sport in consequence of the bad scent, though hounds killed a brace of foxes.

The first noteworthy item was a fast run from Bradley Wood on November 17th, first between the Gears and the Southwells, and towards Barnoldby beck, till the hounds turned at the drain dividing Waltham and Barnoldby, and ran over Welbeck Hill as if for Beelsby. Crossing the Irby road with Beelsby on the left, hounds, after momentary pause, went away nearly to Swallow and marked their fox to ground. Smith says that they went a great pace, and that Fleecer, Warble, and Sanguine led the pack. Hounds killed no fewer than five foxes that day, but this was the best gallop.

There was a very hard day from Chase Hill on November 28th, hounds running from fox to fox, till it was time to stop them, and the next day was equally fatiguing for hounds and horses, the former being stopped at Barrow when it was quite dark, and after they had killed two brace of foxes.

From December 10th to 15th frost stopped hunting, and then a good hunting run from Irby Dale on December 20th is recorded. After a few turns in covert the fox went away past Laceby to Laceby Cottagers' Plats and back again, with Laceby on the left, to Irby Dales, where hounds changed and ran from fox to fox for some time. The pack faced the open again on the Swallow side, and after running in and out of the Dales for a while, where the fox took several short turns, hounds divided, the body of the pack being on the line of a fresh fox. There was some delay in getting them together again on the track of the hunted animal, who led them nearly to Barnoldby, then close up to Laceby, and, with Irby village on the left, back into the Dales again. The covert was very foiled, and hunting difficult, but at length hounds forced their fox away to Riby Park, where Smith stopped them, owing to so many of them being tired. He had taken out thirty couples of hounds, including a lot that were short of work, in the belief that it would be an easy day; but, as often happens, it proved a very hard one indeed.

The Grainsby House fixture, two days later, also proved a good one, for they began with a sharp burst of exceptional brilliancy, and followed this up with a good hunting run, hounds killing their fox on each occasion. The first was with a fox found at Waltham Lingmere, the pack in hot haste running to Grainsby Healing, where the fox was headed and turned, with Fenby Wood and Ashby Cottagers' Plats on the left, over the Barton Street to Ravendale. The fox took two or three turns round the village, and hounds then ran into him in the open, when heading for Croxby.

The Gunnerby fox ran in covert for some time and then went away towards Thorganby, but being headed, came short back to Mr. Brown's covert, where other foxes were found afoot. They ran in covert hard for half an hour, and then went away towards Hawerby and came round right-handed towards Gunnerby to the covert again, where they continued to run till nearly dark, when the beaten fox went away towards Ravendale and lay down in a hedge bottom. The hounds ran right over him, and the fox then proceeded to drag his weary limbs back towards the covert again. But Smith soon had the pack on his line again, and succeeded in catching him before he could gain its shelter. It was quite dark when they killed. There was a good scent the whole day.

Frost again stopped hunting from December 22nd till January 2nd, and the first good run after was from Stallingborough Hall on January 12th, when the hounds had a very long twisting hunt with a fox from Scrubb Close over Roxton, Healing, Aylesby, Laceby, Irby, and Great Coates to the Humber bank. The fox was viewed on the mud from the Humber bank, so Smith took the hounds down to him, but he went into the water and was drowned. It was a very bad day for hounds indeed.

But a still more remarkable day was January 14th, the best that Smith had seen up to that time, and he says he never saw hounds work better or run stouter. They began with a very fast burst from Barrow Hand, first going through Goxhill nearly to Langmere Furze, right-handed along the bank to Littleworth, and right-handed through Goxhill churchyard, with the Allands on the left, to Barrow. Here the fox turned short to the right as if for Barrow Hand, but bearing to the right he crossed the road to the Allands, and from thence went through Tunnard's Plantations, and left-handed, with Goxhill on the left, towards Langmere. But a short turn brought the field to Goxhill village again, and the first check in the run occurred beyond it, for the fox was sinking fast, and running very short in consequence. But he could not shake off his pursuers, and after sundry short turns he lay down under a haystack, and there hounds killed him.

They then went to Langmere Furze, where they found at once, and after a few turns in covert, went away over the brook, and right-handed to Laybourne's Plantation. Scent was not so good as in the first run, but it held well enough for hounds to maintain a good hunting pace. Turning left-handed over the bridge from Laybourne's Plantation, they ran by Littleworth to East Halton; but the fox being headed at the village, he kept to the left and ran back to Langmere. After another spell of covert work he then went away to the East Halton road, and skirting the village, crossed the Thornton College road and then swung round left-handed towards Chase Hill. Placing this a field to the left, the pack pressed on to Houlton's covert, where they had two lines; but they kept to one that had the covert on the left and led to Immingham, turning right-handed at the church to the Priest Hill earths, where they again, unfortunately, divided, one—the larger body—turning towards Killingholme, and the other towards Foxhole Close. Believing the latter to be the correct line, Smith had the body of the pack stopped, with some difficulty, as it turned out. They then ran past Foxholes nearly to Roxton Wood, and there, with the assistance of Mr. P. Skipworth, Smith stopped them, as nearly every horse was done to a turn, and he had no whippers-in with him. Hounds carried a most beautiful head, and no one but Smith, Mr. P. Skipworth, and Mr. Walker were with them after leaving Chase Hill.

Except for three, who were short of work, every hound did remarkably well, and Blowsey, Trojan, and Dover finished as fresh as when they started.

There was a quick burst from Wrawby Moor to Ulceby Mill, without a check, and hounds killing their fox in the open on January 16th; and then frost again stopped hunting from January 31st till February 16th, the first item after the rest being a very fast run from Swallow Wold to Cottagers' Dale, after which came woodland hunting and repeated changes. Smith says he never saw hounds go faster or saw so many blown horses. There was also a good day from Grainsby House on March 9th, beginning with a very fast run from Waltham Ling mere through Holton Cross towards Peeks, and back through Holton and Waltham towards Brigsley, where the fox turned right-handed to Bradley Wood, in which, after a turn in covert, hounds killed him. This was followed by a run from Wybers Wood to Great Coates, thence through Little Coates Decoy and left-handed into the marshes. After first making nearly for the Humber bank, hounds turned left-handed down the marshes, with Great Coates, Healing, and Stallingborough away on the left, to Immingham. This is a fine line of country; but I wonder how they got over the main drains, and if there were as many hunting bridges as there are now.* After leaving Immingham the fox crossed a corner of Habrough field *en route* to Killingholme, turned right-handed by Houlton's covert, thence past Killingholme Manor, and past Burkinshaw's covert nearly to Chase Hill, where hounds were stopped, it then being quite dark. Smith said that with a little more daylight he must have killed his fox, for he was twisting about as if quite lost, and he must have been very beat.

Yet another fine burst came off on March 11th, when hounds ran without the slightest check or hesitation from Barrow Hand by East Halton, Habrough Field, and Newsham to Watermills, where they killed their fox. The whole pack ran splendidly, but Blucher led them all the way. Will was magnificently carried by Sir Harry, the horse already referred to.

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* According to Mr. Charles Cary Barnard the drains are bigger now than they used to be.

A real good fox took hounds a long journey on April 4th, the extreme points being Bradley Wood and Claxby Wood, thirteen miles as the crow flies. He was found in Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and went away through Bradley Wood and the Gears towards Waltham, and, with the village close on the left, towards Brigsley. Then he turned right-handed over the Barton Street, and with both Hatcliffe village and Croxby Pond close on the left, led the way over Croxby and Thoresway Warren to Normanby, where he was headed, and turned towards Nettleton, and then left-handed to Claxby Wood, where he ran hounds out of scent.

Smith was not out on April 17th, the last day of the season (he had also been absent on two or three occasions before), on which day two and a half couple of hounds got away from the rest of the pack with a fox which they hunted from Buslingthorpe, through Wickenby village, and with Holton Beckering on the right, to Nor Woods. Smith learnt this the next day from a farmer who went with them to the Nor Woods without check, but his horse being so beat he left them there. Blowsey, Marplot, Gimcrack, Woldsman, and Sprightly were the hounds, and from the farmer's description the latter was leading all the way. It had been an indifferent day's sport, but this would have been a grand gallop had any one been there to enjoy it.

In spite of one or two blank days, it had been a most excellent season, full of good things, and the huntsman placed 132 foxes to his credit.

The cub-hunting season of 1818 was a very bad one, one of the worst in Will Smith's recollection. The country was very dry, and scent so bad that they frequently had to stop hunting; consequently little was known of the merits of the young hounds, and only twelve brace of cubs were killed.

The regular season started very early—on October 12th, in fact—in the North Woods, Linwood; but there was too much wind for good sport, and the first bright item was a fast gallop with a fox from Dunkirk, on October 17th, by Wootton, Ulceby Field, and Bow Bridge towards Skitter, and thence in the direction of Newsham, where hounds ran from scent to view in the grass fields and killed their fox.

Tory, a very good hound, was killed by a kick from a horse on October 19th, and on November 14th young Will Smith unfortunately broke his collar-bone at Thornton.

The sharpest burst in Smith's recollection came about from Grimble Wood on November 16th, and he says he never saw hounds run faster nor so many beaten horses. The fox went away through Ormsby Wood to the village, and towards Wyham, first turning left and then right to Wold Newton, and then swinging right-handed through Beesby Wood towards Hawerby. But both the strength and the heart of the fugitive were failing him, and, with the hounds in hot and close pursuit, he doubled back to Beesby Wood, where they killed him. They had run the whole way without check or hesitation.

There was a very good twisting hunt, on December 5th, from Keelby Sprothorns to Stallingborough Scrubbs, and up and down the marshes, till the exhausted fox was drowned in the Grimsby Haven.

Smith records the death of his favourite horse, Sir Harry, on December 14th, the old horse having to be shot on account of inflammation of the kidneys or a hurt that he received on the 11th. Smith says, "I never expect to ride his equal; a better I never can."

I find the first record of a timed run on December 21st, "a pretty run of an hour and a quarter" from Reeds Mere. It consisted of a ring towards Roxton, close past Immingham Church nearly to Houlton's covert, right-handed by the Humber bank, Stallingborough kiln and Stallingborough, and through Wise Garth to Reeds Mere again. Hounds ran him straight through towards the kiln, left-handed to the battery, and along the warp—it then being low water—till they hunted up to him and killed him. It was then quite dark.

There was an exceedingly hard day on January 11th of the new year, and a lot of country was traversed. They found at once in Beesby Wood, the fox going away through Hell Furze; but, being headed, he turned short back towards Wyham, where he was again headed back to Hell Furze. He then went on to Beesby Wood and Mr. Wright's covert, and turned right-handed, with Hawerby on the right, as if for Ashby. Here hounds swung back left-handed over Ravendale, and, with Peterhills on the right, again pointed for Hawerby, but doubled back towards Ravendale, where a holloa got hounds into difficulties and robbed them of their fox. The next fox was found in Waltham Ling Mere, hounds going away with him, leaving Holton Cross on the left, towards Peeks, and right-handed past Humberston, with Tetney on the right, to the Humber. Here the fox was headed and turned back towards the village, where hounds were checked by a storm, for the fox was shaping a straight course over good scenting ground. They then skirted the village, and went away over Grainsby Healing, and over the brook to the middle of Thoresby field, where hounds again came to slow hunting through sheep having foiled the line. Near Thoresby village the fox was headed two or three times; but being eventually set going over Ludborough, the hounds got on much better terms with him, and went at a great pace through Damwells nearly to Utterby Furze. The fox was now running very short; but it was quite dark when hounds were stopped near Damwells again.

For several days now scent was abominable, and it was not till February 24th that there was anything approaching a good day. Hounds met at Barrow House that morning, and after drawing the gardens for a village fox, found him lying in a hedgerow at the north end of the village, and in hot haste sent him to Barrow Hand covert, in which he ran for some time before returning on his foil towards Barrow again. Short of the village he

THE BITCH PACK IN 1897.

turned away left-handed through Goxhill Allands, and from thence, with Thornton village on the left, went over Wootton Park, past the house, and through the village towards Dunkirk. Being headed on the road, the fox turned to the left as if for Ulceby, and then right-handed across Ulceby Field to Croxton and pointing for Yarborough Camp. With the covert on the right the fox ran past Kirmington Vale as if for Hendale, but he turned back short to the left, and, with Kirmington village on the right, ran to Ulceby Moor. Hounds then had three or four lines ; but the leaders neither swerved nor paused, and pressed on steadily through Newsham, with the pond on the right, to Habrough Field. Close to Habrough village the fox was headed, and turned right-handed through Waterhills and Rough Pastures to the plantation behind Mr. Robert Barton's house, where he lay down, too exhausted to proceed, and the hounds hunted up to him and killed him there, he being scarcely able to make an effort to escape. Scent in the morning had not been particularly good, but after leaving Goxhill it gradually improved, and though hounds never went very fast, they kept pegging away and never left the line for an instant.

On March 5th Mr. Barton's horse kicked Lightfoot on the head, killing him instantly. The season came to an end on March 26th, much earlier than usual, on account of the very dry state of the country ; it had been a very satisfactory one on the whole and quite as good as most packs enjoyed. Hounds killed one hundred and four foxes and ran forty-six to ground.

Equally unlucky were they as to climatic conditions when a fresh start was made, and the cub-hunting season of 1819 was hopelessly bad, there not being one good scenting day. At times hounds were taken home and given walking exercise, and it is the old huntsman's opinion that hunting under such adverse conditions does more harm than good to the young hounds, and that they are better at home. They killed eighteen brace of cubs.

The season proper began at Roxton Wood on October

25th, a stormy morning that was not productive of holding scent.

The first good thing was an hour's twisting hunt from Great Limber to Stallingborough, where they killed their fox, on November 20th; and they followed up this with a run from Stallingborough Covert through Maud Hole and Wybers Wood to the Humber bank, thence to Roxton Wood, where hounds changed foxes, and then ran in the Brocklesby woodlands till dark.

But this was not a particularly brilliant affair, and the run of two hours and forty minutes from Reeds Mere on December 3rd must be considered the first great run of the season. Hounds went away with him over Habrough marshes to Stallingborough kiln, turning right-handed, with Stallingborough and Healing on the right hand, and skirting Healing Field as they ran to Great Coates. To the right of this village hounds checked on some fallows, having come thus far at a great pace and quite outdistanced the field. Then the huntsman arrived and proceeded to make his cast, hitting off the line of his fox through Coates Bogs, and hounds pressed on with him, with Laceby Cottagers' Plats on the right, and then turned left-handed towards Grimsby, and right-handed to Bradley Wood. Here they changed foxes, and ran hard to Laceby, and by the brook, through the plantations, to change again and run by Irby Dales, and, with the village on the left, round towards Aylesby. Headed here, the fox ran back towards Washingdales, but, being again headed, he turned right-handed, with Aylesby village close on the right, and ran nearly to Wybers Wood, turned right-handed again, and, with the beck and Laceby close on his left, ran back to Aylesby. Unfortunately, hounds once more found a fresh fox in front of them, and with Laceby on the left they sent him nearly to Irby Holme, Smith stopping them from entering the covert as it was then quite dark, though they were on good terms with their fox and hunting him beautifully. Mr. Cropper and Mr. Isles saw the run fox at Aylesby, and very beat he was; but though they holloa'd, they could not make Smith hear, as he was then making the best of his way to Irby Holme.

Not content with this, the other pack brought off an equally fine run the next day from Croxby Pond. They found at once, but killed their fox at Cuxwold; he had been in a snare, and had got a stiff knee. Then they found a brace of foxes in Peterhills, and, after hustling them round the covert for a while, went off on the line of one that had stolen quietly away. Crossing Ravendale Field, and leaving Ashby Cottagers' Plats on the right, hounds turned short to the left through Bacon Holt, and by Mr. Brownlow's house, turned right-handed on the brook side nearly to Hatcliffe mill, and went over the brook, with Beelsby Covert on the right, towards Irby Holme. The fox turned short back one field from the Holme, and with Beelsby Covert on the right, ran right-handed round Welbeck Hill towardy Irby, and then left-handed to Laceby. In the gardens here they changed, hounds going away with their fox in view. They had then been running an hour and twenty-five minutes, and now settled down to go at a tremendous pace, right-handed by the brook and straight through both Laceby Cottagers' Plats and Bradley Wood. Skirting the Southwells, they pressed on hotly towards Holton Cross, near which village the fox was headed and turned back, with Waltham on the right, to Barnoldby. The fox was now sinking fast, and finding the hounds to be rapidly overhauling him, he doubled back to Waltham, and with the hounds catching him fast, went to ground near the road. They had been running this fox hard for fifty minutes, and all the horses were well beat, some being terribly exhausted.

March 27th provided a good three hours' hunt from Bradley Wood to Coates Bogs, and up and down the marshes as far as Jenny Hill and Burkinshaw's covert, till the fox went to ground under the boards of the Battery. He was bolted, hounds ran him in view for nearly a mile, and then killed him.

The season finished on April 28th, a bad, hot, dry, and scentless day, and Smith thinks they would have finished with greater credit had it been brought to a close a week earlier. The total of the slain this season was one hundred and thirteen.

A somewhat dry, scentless cub-hunting was not productive of good sport at first, but October brought a change for the better, and the young entry then gave every satisfaction to their huntsman. Forty-one foxes came to hand during the educational period of 1820.

The season opened on October 25th, at Beelsby Covert, but scent was bad, though hounds managed to kill two brace of foxes.

Smith took a toss near Bradley Wood on November 6th, which kept him out of the saddle for a day or two; and on the 13th of the same month he lost a Grainsby Healing fox because "the hounds were shamefully overridden by the sportsmen;" a similar thing happening on the 20th, when "hounds were shamefully overridden by several gentlemen—particularly Mr. Thomas Brooks—and carried quite off the scent, and most of them went into the plantation without a scent."

The first good day was from Peeks on November 27th, when they began by running two Peeks foxes to ground, and did likewise with one from Holton Cross after a smartly run, but twisting, burst by Waltham and Brigsley, first towards Grainsby Healing, and then over the Barton Street to Ravendale, where, with the hounds in very close attendance, the fox went to ground in the main earths. They found their next fox in Fenby Wood, and, after two or three rings in covert, he went away with Ashby and Brigsley villages on the left, and Waltham and Bradley Gears on the right, through Bradley Wood to Laceby Cottagers' Plats. Hounds changed foxes here, and went on past Aylesby mill, and, with Laceby on the left, to Blindhills, where they were overridden and brought to a check. When set going again they ran through Washingdales to Irby Dales, dividing into three or four lots there, and, when reunited, being stopped from the chase as it was too dark to go on.

December 23rd was a very good scenting day, the sport consisting of a series of four bursts, and hounds killed their fox at the end of each. The first was one of twenty-five minutes from Johnny Grotts;* the second one of thirty-five minutes from Rough Pastures to the Brocklesby Woodlands, and back nearly to Roxton Wood, where hounds killed in the open; and the last a very fast eighteen minutes from Barrow Black Mould to Bonby Furze, hounds running from scent to view and killing before the fox could reach its shelter.

Frost interfered with the sport fixed for the last few days of the old year, and hounds only once went out between December 23rd and January 9th; the first good thing coming off on January 20th. This was a very fine run indeed of an hour and forty minutes from Keelby Sprothorns, the fox first crossing the brook as if for Stallingborough mill, and then turning right-handed to Riby Slingsmere, and placing it on the right as he turned away towards Maud Hole. Here he was headed left-handed in the direction of Healing, and yet again right-handed through Wybers Wood, which sent him away to Aylesby mill. Crossing the brook and Coates Bogs, hounds then placed Laceby Cottagers' Plats and Bradley Wood on the right, went on through Tennyson's Holt, and, with Scartho on the left, towards Holton Cross. Headed near the toll-bar, the fox turned left-handed nearly to Peeks; but continuing to bear to the left, he went back with Scartho on the right, as if for Bradley Wood, till a short turn to the right brought hounds to Bradley village, where they ran from scent to view, and killed him in the dark. It was a very hard day for hounds and horses.

February 2nd was responsible for a really fine run—perhaps one of the best that old Will Smith ever saw. Hounds met that day at Swinhope House, and after some indifferent sport, found a good fox in a patch of gorse near Stock Furlong, and went away through Beesby Wood to Hell Furze. Here the fox took two or three turns in covert before going away with Wyham on the left, over the wolds towards Wold Newton. With the village on the right, hounds then turned right-handed for the Thorganby Coverts; but the fox being headed, he went short back on his foil towards Swinhope House, and then turned right-handed on to Louth Road as if for Thorganby, where they appeared to have got on the heel-way of a fox, and so soon came to a standstill. Then they found in Grainsby Healing, going first to North Thoresby and then to Hell Furze, where the fox doubled back with Thoresby village on the left, and went over the lordships of Ludborough, Fulstow, Cawthorpe, and Yarborough, towards Little Grimsby Covert. He next made a point for the sea, but, bearing to the left, was headed when going to the left of Cawthorpe village. Once more the fox was headed and hounds came to a check, but Smith lifted them to a holloa in the village, and though he failed to hit off the line where indicated, a wide cast was more successful. Then hounds followed a zigzag line to Quonam Grange, where the huntsman's horse was so exhausted that he bled him, and left him, and went on with a borrowed gee. At Fire Beakon the fox was viewed and headed, not five minutes in front of hounds. It was now nearly dark, but Will meant killing his fox if possible, so he pressed on over some strongly fenced enclosures, principally plough, in a zigzag line with Cawthorpe on the right, and the fox sinking fast. But at a quarter to six Smith's horse fell, and remained fast in the ditch; and, as it was then quite dark, he called to the few remaining members of the field to stop the hounds, they then being twenty-three miles, as the crow flies, from their kennels.

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* John o'Gaunts.

Three days later there was another good gallop—an hour and thirty-five minutes from finding, and an hour and twenty minutes of it in the open. It was with a Weelsby fox, who first led hounds by Humberstone village, over the Humberstone and Tetney marshes to Tetney village, thence by Grainsby Holme to Thoresby Field, and right-handed in succession to Hawerby, Fenby Wood, and Ashby Cottagers' Plats, and, with that covert on the left, first towards Ashby village and then towards Grainsby, where the pack ran from scent to view, and killed.

On the 26th there was another good run of an hour and twenty-five minutes, hounds killing their fox "handsomely." Captain Forbes had a bad fall that day at Healing, and had to be carried to Mr. Parkinson's house.

On March 2nd came yet another good run—this time an hour and a quarter—from Stock Furlong, by Peterhills, Thorganby, Ravendale, Ashby Cottagers' Plats, Grainsby Healing, Waithe, and Holton Cross, nearly to Humberstone, where hounds caught their fox and killed him. "No hounds could have worked more to perfection," says their proud huntsman.

Every day seemed to bring good sport now, and the early part of the second half of the season appeared to have been exceptionally good till the dry fallows, at the end of March, spoilt the wonderful sequence of red-letter days. Then came a spell of stormy weather, which did not improve scent; and although there were one or two hard days for hounds and horses, the season fizzled out on April 28th, so that Will had not the chance of killing a May fox, though one hundred and thirteen came to hand in all. Both ends of the season were bad, but the middle was good enough for any one.

The cub-hunting season of 1821 was a very successful one, thanks to the wet; but the corn was out late, and hounds had often to be stopped in consequence, when on good terms with their fox. They killed eighteen and a half brace of cubs, and would have killed more but for the late harvest. October 15th saw the curtain go up at Hundon, and hounds had a busy day in the woodlands, killing a brace of foxes, the second after a good forty minutes' burst.

But the first good run came off on November 23rd from Irby Dales, when hounds ran for an hour and twenty minutes, and killed a dead-beat fox. They found at the

Swallow End, and went away over Rush Hill and through Irby village to Irby Holme, running straight through this as if for Beelsby Covert, and then left-handed over Welbeck Hill to Laceby; a most excellent run so far. But now the sun came out, and hounds were reduced to slower hunting, and, the fox having been headed at the village, they came to a check for a minute or two. Then Boaster hit it off in capital style, and led the way over a twisting course towards Irby Holme, and round right-handed to Laceby again,—all beautiful hunting over foiled ground. At Cropper's Plantation the pack got a view of the fugitive, but he escaped by threading the gardens in the village, and with a substantial lead headed for Irby Holme. Then he turned left-handed over the brook towards Bradley Wood, and right-handed again through the Southwells, hounds running from scent to view, and killing him just short of Welbeck Hill. The last part from Laceby was at best pace.

There was also a good run from Beelsby Covert on December 3rd, and the pace was so severe that Mr. Philip Skipworth's horse dropped down dead. It was quite dark when hounds were stopped, but the huntsman was confident of killing his fox, and persevered to the last. Hounds had run by Barnoldby, and with Hatcliffe on the left to Gunnerby, thence through Ravendale to Brigsley, back to Beelsby Covert, and away again over Barnoldby nearly to Bradley Wood. Left-handed next past Irby Holme towards Bowlands, right-handed to Irby Dales, and left-handed back over foiled ground with Beelsby village on the right towards Hatcliffe, near which village they were stopped. It was a very twisting run, but a very good one.

On December 19th a fox took shelter in the ivy on the ruined walls of Thornton College, from which place a whipper-in evicted him; and on January 7th hounds scored another good run of two hours thirty minutes. Hounds found in the Weelsby Plantations, and went away first nearly to Holton Cross, and then left-handed to

Humberstone, placing the village close on the left as they swept round to Tetney. After placing this on the left as well, the pack then swung right-handed past Holton Cross to Brigsley, skirting it and running to the Barnoldby road. They had come all this way in fine style, but for some unaccountable reason they now checked in the road. Smith's cast then hit off a line which led through Bradley Gears to Bradley Wood, where hounds had a brace of foxes in front of them and unfortunately changed, following the fresh fox through Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and, with Laceby village close on the right, nearly to Irby. A left turn brought hounds to Irby Scrub Close, where they ran in covert for some time and then went away to the Laceby Plantations, having either changed in Scrub Close or changing here. The pack then ran hard to Welbeck Hill, where a storm pulled them up dead, and an extremely fine run came to an end near Hatcliffe.

"One of the prettiest day's hunting I ever saw," says Will; "nothing could exceed the industry of the hounds (every hound). I really never saw them hang longer on a declining scent, and they never more deserved a fox." This was on March 18th, when hounds ran from Bradley Gears to Bradley Wood, and after hanging there for some time, went away to Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and, left-handed, to Scartho village. With this on the left, the fox then headed for Pecks, turned right-handed, with Waltham on the right, to Brigsley, right-handed through Waltham Gorse, then towards the Southwells, through Bradley Gears, Bradley Wood, and Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and by Aylesby mill to Stallingborough Covert, where he ran hounds out of scent.

There were two very hard days on April 20th and 23rd; hounds were running continuously for four hours and a half on the first day, and the second was the last of the season, of which this is the summary :—

Went out one hundred and five days after cub-hunting. Killed one hundred and twenty-eight foxes, ran forty-one foxes to ground, stopped hounds from thirty-three foxes, lost eighty-four foxes, and had one blank day.

A very good season, the sport of January and February being particularly good. Hounds did not lose one day by frost, for though they could not hunt on January 16th, they did on the morrow, and the whole pack gave their huntsman the utmost satisfaction.

Cub-hunting at the beginning of the nineteenth century must have commenced very early in the year, as I find the following note in Will Smith's diary for 1822: "July 16th.—Though we have killed several foxes, yet we have done no good with the young hounds before this time. I shall therefore date our cub-hunting from this day." Of course there was very much more grass, woodlands, and moorlands than nowadays, as cub-hunting, even round Brocklesby, is impossible till the corn is cut. Smith complains that scent was bad up to that date (July 19th), but it seems to have improved afterwards. October 19th was the last day of cub-hunting, hounds having killed eighteen brace of foxes and marked ten and a half brace to ground. The young hounds seem to have entered well, and particular mention is made of Artful, Captive, Constant, Conqueror and Collier, while Tarquin is mentioned as being free of tongue, and Brusher and Caroline fairly so.

Unfortunately the diaries of the regular seasons from 1822 to January, 1832, are missing, though the volume dealing with the cub-hunting up to that period is still preserved. Consequently I can but touch a faint line as far as cub-hunting is concerned, and then clap forward for ten years, and open with fresh material.

Hounds did little good in July and August, 1823, for, in spite of a considerable rainfall, scent was very poor. There are only two entries of September's doings, one a fair day for hounds, and the other a bad one, and there is no summary of the slain.

During the summer of 1824 hounds were only out three or four days, taking advantage of the rains, and regular cub-hunting began on August 30th at Roxton

PLATE IV.

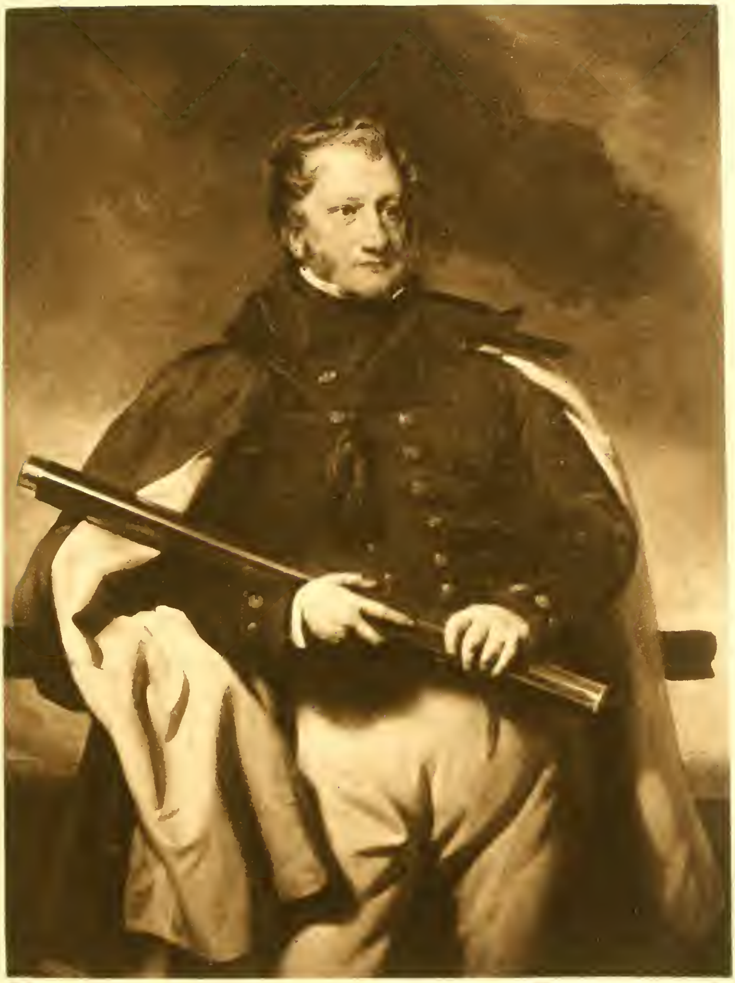
Charles Anderson-Pelham,

2nd Lord Yarborough.

Born, 1781; married, in 1806, Henrietta Bridgeman Simpson. Created 1st Earl of Yarborough in 1837. Died, 1846.

Commodore of Royal Yacht Squadron.

Portrait by H. P. Briggs, R.A.



Wood, finishing on October 16th with a moderate scenting day from Wootton House. The young hounds gave their huntsman satisfaction on the whole, killing twenty-seven cubs, and running nine to ground. Warble, Wisdom, Bowler, Platoff, Hector, Archer, Tyrant, Turban, Fearnought, Novelty and Limner earned the greatest commendation.

Owing to the very hot, dry summer of 1825, it was not possible to start cub-hunting till August 15th, and then operations were commenced in Ulceby Wood, the first time hounds had been there since it was enclosed. In spite of very dry weather, a very fair cub-hunting season, which included several very sporting runs, came to an end on October 15th. Sixteen brace of cubs were killed, and four brace marked to ground. Smith makes lengthy reference to the young hounds that had performed creditably, to those that are free of tongue, those that are shy, and those that are wild in their work. As one reads his diaries, one cannot help noticing that good hound-work is the special pride of the huntsman, and not the bringing off of great runs, for he will frequently devote more space to a moderate day, when hounds had to work on a bad scent, than to some brilliant scurry, when all hounds had to do was to drive ahead with a burning scent.

The summer of 1826 was also very dry, and it was not till September 8th that a nice rain set hounds at liberty to disturb the litters in the woodlands. There is no regular diary during this season, which proved a very dry and scentless one, and there is not a record of the killed. In spite of fewer days of education, however, Will says he never saw hounds enter so quickly and satisfactorily, and comes to the conclusion that one may begin cub-hunting too soon. There was never one really good scenting day, but much pretty hunting, and the huntsman appears to be most proud of his entry. He gives a list of those who show most promise.

Cub-hunting in 1827 began in Newsham Chase on August 20th with only a moderate scent, and hounds missed a day or two afterwards "in consequence of Will Mason getting married on August 21st." The period of education finished on October 20th, and was "by far the best cub-hunting season I ever saw in my life. We have had many hard days for hounds in covert, and pretty runs over the country, with beautiful kills." Hounds were out thirty-two times, killed forty-one foxes, and run eight to ground, many of which hounds must have killed had they remained above ground a little longer.

In 1828 Smith managed to make an earlier start than he had been able to do during the last few years; but there was no scent to mark the commencement of the season on August 4th, though by the 8th they settled down to a short spell of good scenting weather. However, the diary comes to an abrupt conclusion on the 11th, so I conclude that the huntsman was far from satisfied with the season.

August 24th is the first cub-hunting entry in 1829, and beginning in Newsham Chase, they spent three hours there and in the neighbourhood, with a moderate scent. Hounds only seemed to enjoy moderate sport, and the best entry is on September 14th.

Of 1830 there is no record, and August 19th is the first entry for 1831, when the dog pack spent a busy morning in Newsham Chase and killed a cub.

On October 11th hounds slept out in order to meet at Thonock House on the morrow. Soon after one o'clock huntsman and whippers-in were aroused by the alarm of fire at Gate Burton House, the residence of Mr. Hutton. I take it that Thonock House was the house of Sir C. Anderson, for Will talks of calling him up, and that he and his two whippers-in set off with the fire-engines from Gainsborough to render what assistance they could. The fire seems to have originated from the laundry stove, but little damage was done, though some of the ladies were nearly suffocated by smoke before they could be rescued from their rooms. October 15th was the last day's cub-hunting, which had been a satisfactory one on the whole, and Will was very satisfied with the way the young hounds had entered. They were out on thirty-one mornings, killing thirty-six foxes and running twelve to ground.

The cub-hunting of 1832 is the most fully reported in the volume, though it was only a moderate scenting autumn, and they killed thirty-one foxes in thirty days, besides marking four brace to ground. Education commenced on August 14th, and concluded on October 13th. This day also saw Will Smith the second installed as second horseman to his father.

On September 12th Smith went to Burton to see Sir Richard Sutton's hounds, stopped the night, and hunted with the bitch pack on the morrow. Kelsey New Covert, given by Sir Henry Nelthorpe and Mr. Wright, of Brattleby, was drawn for the first time on October 8th. Smith started the regular season with forty couples of old hounds and seventeen and a half couples of youngsters.

There are only two or three entries concerning 1833, when cub-hunting began, on September 2nd, at Roxton Wood.

I must now cast back a bit, and take up the thread of regular hunting on January 21st, 1832, when a good hunting day was brought off from Swallow Cross Roads, an hour and thirty-five minutes from Swallow Vale being the best thing of the day.

On February 1st hounds met at Scotter Thorpe and had a good two hours' hunt, forty minutes of which from the Gorse to Warton Wood was very fast.

But the best run of the season was from Wybers Wood, on February 4th, "the prettiest run of the year and the worst finish," as the huntsman says of it.

The fox went away at once towards Great Coates, but turning right-handed through the Little Coates Decoy, he recrossed the beck and ran with it on his left to Laceby. With the village on the left, he then pressed on to Aylesby, and turned right-handed back through Maud Hole to Great Coates, where hounds probably changed, for they had three foxes in front of them, and subsequent proceedings showed that no one fox could possibly have stood up before hounds all the time at the pace they maintained throughout. Short of the main drain at Little Coates the hounds then turned left-handed into the marshes, and still bearing gradually to the left, crossed the Old Fleet, and went on over the Stallingborough and Immingham marshes nearly to Houlton's covert. Here they turned short to the left through Primrose Holt to Foxholes, and still to the left over Mr. Drewery's large Walk, where hounds got into trouble, the why and the wherefore I will leave Will to explain. "I think I may say it was entirely through Will Mason holloaing hounds from their line of scent." This was in consequence of information received from a man who had seen the fox go over the Walk, who said that he could not possibly have got out of the field by the time hounds entered it. It was an hour and thirty minutes from finding, and all the horses were run to a standstill; the fact that the huntsman's horse was reduced to a walk at Immingham no doubt accounted for the loss of the fox, for when he got to his hounds the mischief was done, and although Smith tried his best to recover his fox, he failed to do so. His own opinion is that the fox turned up the Immingham road till he met some of the stragglers of the hunt, and then the ground was too foiled by horses to allow hounds to pick up his line again. Neither of the whippers-in nor the bulk of the field had been with hounds after leaving the Old Fleet drain till they came upon them in the field, where hounds lost him.

There was a good run of two hours and ten minutes from Reeds Mere on February 7th, which finished in orthodox fashion with a kill in the open. Hounds got a good start with their fox down the marshes to Stallingborough kiln, and turned right-handed over the main drain towards Healing, Stallingborough being on the left. They then swung right-handed over the Healing Field towards Riby Slingsmere, at which point—the covert being on the left as hounds swung right-handed—Smith viewed his fox, and continued to view him as he ran straight across the middle of the fields, first towards Keelby Sprothorns, where he was headed, and then right-handed along the brook till he crossed and made straight for Roxton Wood. The hounds were gaining on him fast, and Will says that had the wood been half a mile further off hounds must have killed him. The fox ran the middle of the rides, and hounds soon had two lines, and took the wrong one, though Will Mason, the first whipper-in, saw the run fox, closely pursued by two couple of hounds; but he did not tell the huntsman, and stopping the hounds, turned them to the body of the pack, then running in grand form over the brook to Rough Pastures. In Carr Leys hounds got a view of their fox and nearly killed him, and Smith for the first time became aware of the fact that he had a fresh fox in front of him. Thinking that he had changed in Carr Leys, he tried for him there, and on finding his mistake, clapped on in pursuit of the Roxton Wood fox. Hounds hunted him back through Rough Pastures Wood towards Brocklesby, and then left-handed back to Roxton, from which place they ran a ring through Carr Leys, Thomas' Wood and Waterhills, back to Roxton Wood. And here luck befriended the hard-working pack, for they divided, and were reunited on the line of their first fox, ran to Immingham, and there killed him, quite dead beat.

There was a very big gathering at Thonock House on March 2nd, and the field included such celebrities as Lord William and Lord Charles Manners, Lord Henry Bentinck, Sir Richard Sutton, and Mr. Foljambe; but there was a shocking scent and very poor sport.

March 3rd was the first time of drawing Great Coates Covert, the gift of Sir Richard Sutton, and hounds found a brace of foxes there. It had been sown with gorse some few years, but all but two acres had missed, so it was filled up with privet and thorns; there was excellent lying in the gorse part, and one of its occupants that day provided a good, though ringing, hunt.

The season, a very moderate one, particularly since Christmas, came to a close on March 31st, hounds having killed one hundred and six foxes and run thirty-nine to ground. It was one of the worst scenting seasons in his recollection, Smith says, but avers that he never saw hounds work better or be more steady from hares.

Regular hunting in 1833 began on October 15th, the period of education having yielded twenty-nine foxes, while eight were marked to ground. There were a great many foot people out at Hundon, who considerably interfered with sport, but a moderate day finished with a brace of foxes eaten. Will Smith records the fact that on November 3rd Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, "the hero of Navarino," as he describes him, was out, he being on a visit to Brocklesby. He describes him as being a fine-looking old gentleman, fond of seeing hounds work, and quite a sportsman of the old school.

Two days later Will took a toss at Waltham, hurting his neck and ribs, and keeping him to his room for a week; and on the 9th Will Mason's horse—" the hollow-backed mare"—was so badly staked at Willingham, letting her bowels out, that she was put out of her misery. Will says she was no great loss as a hunter, but it was a shocking death.

The first good run was on November 10th, from Beelsby village, the first part being provided by an Irby Holme fox. He first led the way, with Bowlands Covert on the right, towards Cuxwold, but was headed and turned short to the left by both the Beelsby Top Farms, where he again turned to the left, and, with Beelsby on the left, headed for Barnoldby. Here he turned short to the right over the brook by Colonel Tufnell's farm, and, with Bacon Holt on the left, wheeled to the right to the corner of Ravendale Field. Then came a turn to the left to Ravendale, and one to the right to the earths there, pressing on from thence, with Peterhills and Hawerby right and left, to and through Stock Furlong. And here hounds left the run fox, being holloa'd away to a fresh one "by that wild man, Mr. Towler, of Swinhope," and they hunted on by

Thoresby Field, with Grainsby House on the right, close up to Ashby Cottagers' Plats, having come from Beesby Wood at a tremendous pace. At reduced speed they ran through Ashby village, and by the Moor House Farm crossed the brook to Barnoldby, through which they hunted very slowly; and they were eventually run out of scent between Barnoldby and Bradley. It was a capital hunt of just on two hours, and both were good foxes, running straight across a good line of country in each case. The hounds did their work very well.

From Waddingham Banks, on the 21st of the same month, there was a sharp burst of twenty-five minutes, with a kill in the open; and this was followed by an hour and twenty minutes from Blyborough Covert, hounds killing their fox in Lea Wood. While taking refreshment at Lea House, Pillager managed to get some horse-medicine which killed him, and Nelson was also made very ill with it, but managed to get rid of it.

November 30th saw Smith in the saddle again, he having been laid up since the 5th.

December 5th was a very hard day, for hounds were running three hours and ten minutes, and Smith says he never saw a day so full of difficulties, through people crossing the line of scent, through it being foiled by sheep and cattle, and through the many and repeated holloas to fresh foxes. Yet he never saw hounds perform more creditably, and he makes particular mention of Granville, Woeful, Boundless, Archer, Playful, Rarity, Ringlet, Nelly, Major, Merrilass, Wilful, Chanticleer, Pleader, Ganymede, Glider, Golden, Bluebell, Prompter, and Ruby. Hounds met that morning at Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and went at once to Peeks—then, as now, a bad scenting covert—and in it they hunted for a quarter of an hour. Outside they found a very great difference, and they went away at a tremendous pace, close past Humberstone village towards Tetney, right-handed towards Holton, and still right-handed back to Peeks: a charming half-hour's gallop. Here they found two lines, and lost a quarter of an hour; eventually going to a holloa and running through the Weelsby Plantations to Scartho, thence to Waltham, and right-handed to Bradley Gears. Hounds ran straight through the covert, but probably changed, going away by Mr. Gooseman's barn and through Bradley Wood towards Laceby. Here some one holloa'd, and the field got forward; but hounds hunted beautifully over ground foiled by some forty horses; and then the holloa proved to be to a fresh fox, whose line led first towards Bradley, and then through Laceby Cottagers' Plats, and over Laceby Bogs near the bridge, to Great Coates; most beautiful hunting, in which Major greatly distinguished himself. With the village on the right, hounds then hunted slowly over several fields of wheat into the marshes, turned left-handed over Healing Field, and, with the village on the left, ran to Aylesby. Then came a turn to the right, with Riby Slingsmere and Hunger Hills close on the left, to Roxton, the fox running the rides to the far quarter, and Mr. B. Nicholson viewing him away towards Habrough. "There's no person I would sooner believe to know a run fox than Mr. B. Nicholson," remarks the old huntsman, *en passant*. Unfortunately hounds got their heads up, scent seemed to change completely for the worst, and though they could just feel the line to the Habrough road, hounds soon lost touch of their fox. "And never did hounds deserve a fox more than they did this."

Hounds did not hunt on December 21st and 22nd on account of the Lindsey election. "At the nomination Mr. Pelham had the greatest show of hands ever known at Lincoln, and in the poll he was 1810 ahead of Sir William,* and 2715 ahead of Sir Robert Sheffield." This Sir Robert Sheffield had a gun accident at Flixborough Stather, in 1838, blowing his hand off. He had pulled both triggers, but one charge had not gone off, and it exploded while ramming home another charge. The first extra good thing in the new year (1834) came off on February 5th, from a meet at Aylesby mill, a very fast gallop from Great Coates Marsh Covert, severely taxing the abilities of man and horse. Hounds went away at once towards the Humber, turned to the left, and, with the village of Great Coates on the right, ran back to Wybers Wood, hounds having no fewer than four foxes in front of them, three of which they must have picked up in the marshes, as only one left the covert, of a certainty. They went straight through Wybers, and ran a ring round Maud Hole before entering that covert, and going away from it with a leash of foxes in front of them. The pack followed the one that went through Wybers Wood to Great Coates village, where they turned left-handed over Healing Field, and, skirting the marshes, crossed the Old Fleet, and, with Stallingborough on the left, ran close up to Immingham. Here they again turned to the left as if for Roxton Wood, and right-handed through Foxhole Close, over Habrough Field, and through Watermills to the Chase. It was a splendid hunt, with never a check from Healing Field, and the time just fifty minutes from Maud Hole. The whole field was terribly squandered, and nearly all the horses were very beat. The huntsman and Messrs. S. Robson, P. Skipworth, and J. Smith had the best of it all the way, and next came the first whipper-in, Will Mason, and Messrs. J. Uppleby and Allington. "The rest nowhere!" Hounds soon had four or five brace of foxes in front of them in the Chase, and after running from fox to fox for about fifty minutes, the huntsman stopped them.

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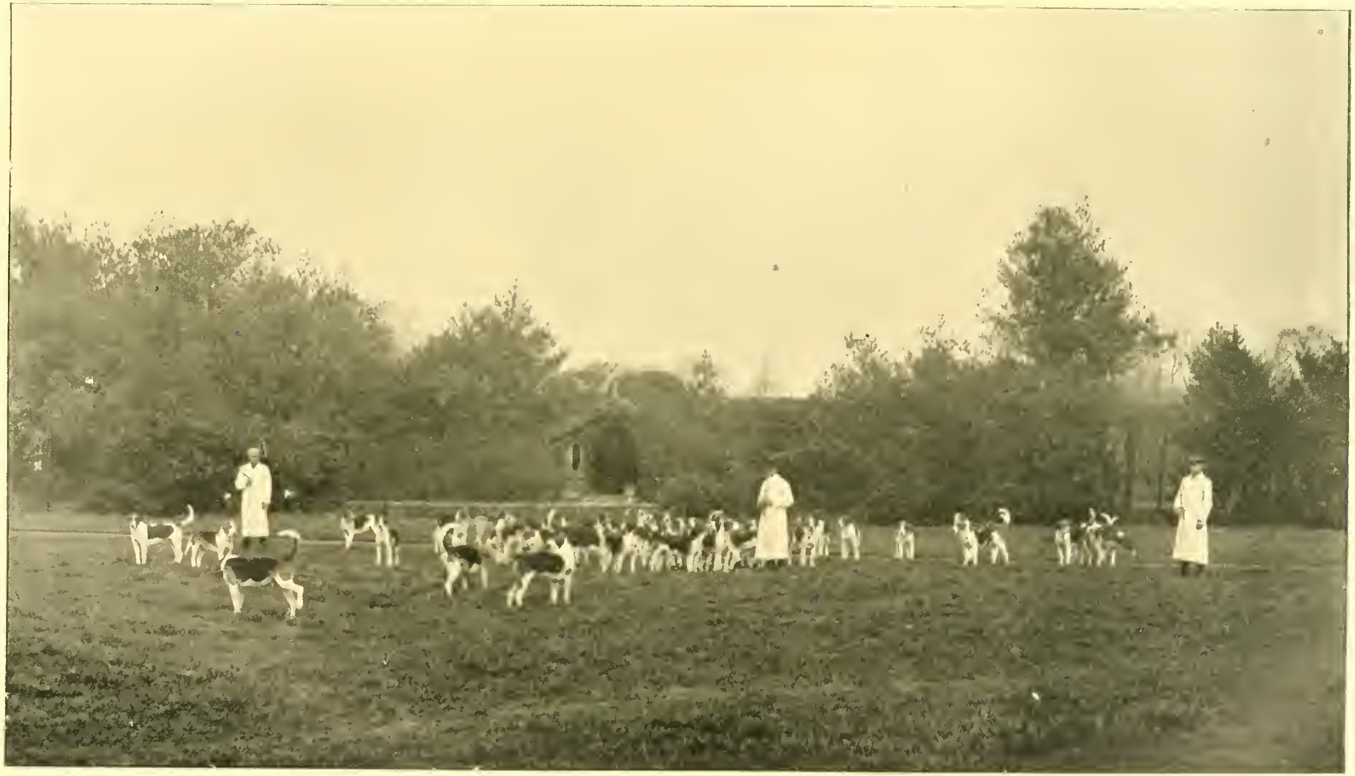
* Ingleby?

But a really remarkable run—quite one of the historic runs of the Hunt—was that which took place on February 22nd, when hounds got on to the line of a travelling fox between Redbourne and Waddingham, and killed him at Torksey, full sixteen miles away as the crow flies. Hounds must have run very straight, and most of the country must have been uninclosed, for they did it in an hour and forty minutes. Will makes it "seventeen or eighteen miles from point to point," but I think he slightly over-estimates it. I calculate that hounds ran about nineteen miles, and that twenty would be the outside. Anyhow, it was a fine performance. Smith describes it as "a most beautiful run," says there was "a good fair hunting scent," and that "the hounds carried a beautiful head and did their work to perfection, particularly Woeful, Nelly, Solomon, Gladsome, Rosamond, and Rector." They met that day at Redbourne House, and got on to the line of a disturbed fox between Redbourne and Waddingham Banks, hunting him away over the old Roman road by the toll-bar, and with Blyborough on the right, nearly to Yawthorpe. Next they crossed the Gainsborough road, and, with Harpswell Covert on the left, turned first to the right as if for Tiger Holt, and then to the left, with Willingham on the right, to Normanby. Here the fox turned left-handed along the brook to Stow village, which he skirted on his left, and then ran by Stow Park nearly to Ingoldby. Hounds then swung with him right-handed towards Torksey, turned short to the right along the brook, and then across it towards Marton, where they began to overhaul their fox fast, which caused him to make some very short turns in his efforts to shake off his pursuers. He turned sharp back through Brampton village to Torksey as his last move, and there hounds ran into him in the open. They had run miles into the Burton country, and the kill took place close to the Trent, where it divides the Burton from what is now Lord Galway's country. On March 7th Smith records the fact that he went out with Mr. Freeman's hounds (the South Wold) at Tathwell. But Bailey's "Fox-hunting Dictionary" gives Mr. Parker as the Master in 1834, Captain Freeman being given as Master in 1830 to 1832.

The last good run of the season was from Scartho mill on March 18th, hounds finding in Peeks, and going away to the Weelsby Coverts and back again, thence to Humberston, and by Waltham, through Bradley Gears to Bradley Wood. After a ring or two in covert hounds went away to Laceby, and ran by Scrub Close to Irby Holme, where they probably changed foxes, and went on



THE DOG PACK IN 1901.

with the fresh one through Bowlands and Henholes to the New Close Plantations, and short to the left by Silverhills and Badger Hills towards Croxby. The pack then turned to the right for Thoresway, where they began to press their fox, sending him right-handed towards Rothwell Covert, and still right to Rothwell village, and there they pulled him down in mid-field, after a good run of an hour and twenty minutes. Mr. Golton's horse, a very good one, that had carried him well that day, died from the effects of this gallop.

The season closed on March 23rd, and that is the last entry in the diary, although only about one-third of its pages had been used, and the next volume to hand opens with the cub-hunting of 1835, thus missing the whole of a year.

There was rather a late start cub-hunting in 1835, August 31st being the first day, cub-hunting the previous year having commenced three days earlier; on each occasion it was the dry state of the country that caused the delay. Smith remarks that " we formerly began very early, but I think from the 20th to 25th of August as good a time as you can begin." This was the first year that the dogs and bitches were divided, and they were hunted so till September 28th. Will says that of the two he preferred the dogs most, as they were steadier in their work than the lady pack. They went out twenty-five times cub-hunting, killed twenty-eight foxes and ran four to ground. The regular season began on October 19th, and the first day of note was on November 13th from a meet at Thonock House, beginning with a good hour and thirty-five minutes around Gainsborough, with a kill at the end of it. Hounds then trotted on to Blyborough Covert, and after a couple of rings in covert the fox went away nearly to Harpswell, where he was headed and turned right-handed towards Tiger Holt, and then left-handed to Blythe Close. From here he went up the hill to Glentworth, turned right-handed to the Lincoln road, and ran the roadside to Fillingham, where hounds turned left over the road and threw up their heads in a turnip field. Smith says that subsequent events led him to believe that the fox turned short back on his foil, but while working a wide cast round Fillingham he heard some hounds speaking in the gorse in the Park, so took the pack to them. But there is little doubt they changed, and yet again a few fields from Fillingham ; but, pressing on by the New Covert, they ran nearly to Hackthorn, which they had close on the right, the field and some of the hounds being delayed in the Park, as some of the wall had to be pulled down before they could get out. But the leaders were going at a great pace, placing Spridlington on the left as they ran to Snarford Bridge, at which place it was decided to stop the hounds ; "which," says Smith, "I was glad to do, through the assistance of Mr. Pelham, who rode hard, very hard, to get to them," though the fox was not far in front of them. It was a very hard day, and they were obliged to leave their horses at Market Rasen and hire hacks to go home on. William Mason had lamed his horse at Glentworth, and took him to Blyborough, where he left him.

On January 11th, 1836, both fox and hounds ran through the funeral procession of Mr. Codd, of Holton-le-Clay. Thirty years before Mr. Codd had been a great fox-hunter, and owned a wonderfully good bay horse that came to an untimely end by dropping down dead in the hunting field at Grainsby Healing. A curious thing happened on January 15th, when hounds met at Blyborough, Mr. Foljambe, then Master of the Grove, and Lord Galway arriving at the covert side on the same horse. Mr. Foljambe's hack had fallen on the way to covert and broken both its knees, so he sent him back to Gainsborough, and jumped up behind his lordship.

Mr. Osbaldeston, whose hounds Mr. Harvey Combe was then hunting, was out at a meet at Hainton Hall, and expressed himself as being very pleased with the Brocklesby pack.

The Brocklesby Hunt Steeple Race took place on February 23rd, the course being from Barnoldby-le-Beck to Riby Cross Roads. There were ten starters, and the race was won by Mr. Coates' Cannon Ball, ridden by Mr. Grantham.

Sir Richard Sutton was out at Utterby on March 18th, but the best of the fun came at the end of the day, when he and a lot of South Wold men had gone home. This was a fine run from Hell Furze to Tetney, and by Waithe and Grainsby Healing back over Hawerby to Peterhills, where hounds were stopped at 5.30.

The season came to an end on April 9th. Up to Christmas the sport was excellent, and Smith says he never saw his hounds work better. But after Christmas he had to use new meal for them, and then all went wrong; they went amiss inside, their stomachs becoming inflamed, while their coats looked bad, and they did not do their work nearly as well. Smith says after that experience he should never again use new meal in the hunting season. Some hounds completely lost their action, and for a long time many appeared to be sore all over.

In July, 1836, Smith received orders from Lord Yarborough, who was then ill in London, to reduce the pack from fifty-five couples to forty couples, and to hunt three instead of four days a week, "a cutting stroke to a man fond of hounds and fox-hunting," he observes. In September, instructions arrived to do away with the earth stoppers, as the gentlemen and farmers would see to the stopping; and as the country was found to be too big for a three-days-a-week pack, many coverts were destroyed, and the most distant country, such as Thonock, Louth, Hainton, and Nor Woods were given up.

In consequence of the changes in the Hunt arrangements there was a late start cub-hunting, September 13th being the first day. Scents were not particularly good, but it was a satisfactory period of education on the whole, hounds killing seventeen foxes in twenty days, and the huntsman was well satisfied with the promise shown by the young entry. Regular hunting began on October 24th. It was a bad scenting season to begin with, and harvest was not got in till very late; indeed, there was a lot of corn standing in November.* Colonel Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's son, was out on November 11th at Blyborough Hall. Smith says he was tall and stout, appeared very much like a sportsman, and took a great interest in the working of the hounds.

The first time hounds ever met at Nettleton Lodge was on November 16th; it was then the residence of Sir Culling Smith.

November 25th was one of the most extraordinary days Smith ever knew, for hounds were running continuously from 11.15 till dark. For upwards of two hours they were never very far from Hell Furze, running from fox to fox. Scent was never very good, but sufficiently so to enable hounds to be always running. Will says that with a little more daylight he should have been certain to kill his fox. He says that no hounds could have taken more pains or worked better, and except for a few who were short of work, they all ran very stout. After running around Hell Furze, Beesby Wood, Hawerby, and Ludborough for some time, they went away by Ludborough to Utterby, thence to Ormsby and Lambcroft, and nearly to Grimble Wood ("an extraordinary odd-running fox"). Then they went by Ormsby mill over Kelstern and Tows to Tealby, and turning left-handed through Willingham top covert, probably changed foxes. But they still hunted on, and a fox was viewed ahead of them, he going by North Willingham, over the hill and through the top covert to Tealby Park, and after twisting and turning every hundred yards, nearly to Walesby, where the pack was stopped in the gathering darkness. Hounds accomplished a twelve-mile point, though how many miles they actually travelled it would be impossible to say, for they were running all the time.

The fair sex were evidently a novelty in the field in those days, for on December 5th Smith records the fact that "there was a young lady out to-day with Doctor Trout, of Louth, who appeared an excellent horsewoman."

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* On October 28th there was a heavy fall of snow, it being quite a foot deep on the level.

In February a fox-hound puppy, walked by Mr. Empson of Bonby, was shot by a keeper belonging to either Mr. Barton or Mr. Key, showing that even in those days "velveteens" was apt to be troublesome.

The Hunt Steeple Race came off on February 28th, there being twelve starters, and the course was from near Grainsby House, past Fenby Farm, and between Brigsley and Ashby to near Hatcliffe mill. Mr. George Skipworth was first, Mr. Whitworth second, Mr. Richard Nainby third, and Mr. Richardson fourth. Mr. Whitworth, on his horse Bumpkin, won the Louth Steeple Race on March 10th.

"Sir R. Sheffield and his son were out on March 29th at Melton High Wood. The young one frames well," says the Brocklesby huntsman. Sir Richard Sutton and his huntsman Shirley were also out two days later at Redbourne House; and on the following day Smith went for a day with Sir Richard's hounds which met at Stapleford Moor. They had a poor day, and drew the famous Eagle Wood blank. Sir Richard considered this the finest covert in the Burton country, but Smith thought that Mr. Dennison's Ossington Wood in Nottinghamshire was even a better covert. The Master of the Burton and his visitor then went to see Mr. Collet's rabbit beagles. They found a hare, and had some sport. "Funny little fellows," says Will, "not so big as cats."

The first day of any note in 1837 was April 5th, when hounds began with a fast half-hour from Bradley Wood to Irby; and this was followed by a most excellent run of an hour and thirty-three minutes from Irby Holme. There were several foxes afoot in the covert, and, after a ring or two round, they went away with one nearly to Beelsby, turning left by Beelsby Covert, and, crossing the road by Mr. Isles' house, went nearly to Brigsley. Then they turned right-handed back over the brook, and went up the hill to Ravendale Field, past Bacon Holt with a point for Hatcliffe, and then away, with Thorganby and Swinhope on the right, as if for Binbrook. But a turn to the left brought hounds round with Swinhope Bratts on the right, and still bearing to the left they came round with Little Ravendale on the right with a straight point for Beelsby Covert. The pack then ran from scent to view and were catching him fast when he reached the covert, and with one or two fresh foxes afoot they soon got broken up. However, the run fox went away again and was hunted to an under drain by the Beelsby road, from which he was bolted and once more reached the covert, dead beat. Hounds then went away with a fresh fox in view, but they were stopped and brought back to the gorse, where Smith soon had the satisfaction of blowing *la morte* over the remains of his hunted fox. It is a three-and-a-half-mile point from Irby Holme to Brigsley and a six-mile point from Irby Holme to the turn beyond Swinhope. Hounds had run over a capital country, and had the gorse been two hundred yards further, the first time they ran back to it they must have caught their fox. A great many horses were beat, and a bitch called Dahlia did more work than any other hound, but she was not very free with her tongue.

April 15th brought out at Newsham Chase, among others, Mr. Hodgson, the Master of the Holderness, and a party of friends from Beverley; Carter, Sir Tatton Sykes' huntsman; and Will Long, the Duke of Beaufort's huntsman.

April 21st from Kingerby was the last day's hunting, Sir Richard Sutton and a number from the Burton putting in an appearance; but both the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Errington, who were expected, had been obliged to leave Lincolnshire a day or two before. It had been a moderate season, and the foxes bad, for they were not half hunted; only three days a week in a country, that, Smith says, could easily accomplish six, being in the main the reason. Scent was never very good, but the hounds worked wonderfully well, and killed sixty-four foxes besides running sixteen to ground.

Cub-hunting in 1837 began on September 4th, and the following extract from the old huntsman's diary may be of interest, as showing how the Brocklesby pack were managed during the first half of the nineteenth century :—

> "I have this year given up my old Primo mare, my last cub-hunter, in hope she may carry Lord Yarborough, who is now selecting small horses to carry him, as the doctors recommend him to ride small horses and not to attempt a large leap. Four horses have been bought to prepare for his lordship, but I think none so likely as the old mare. She so perfectly knows her business, but goes near the ground, which his lordship never likes. But horses fourteen and a half high, with power and action, and quiet, are difficult to meet with. I this year experience a difficulty through having parted with my son William in the spring, he having gone to Lord Lonsdale, and during the summer I have not been able to get a whipper-in, though I have written to all the huntsmen I know.
>
> "From this time the second whipper-in is to dress his horse after hunting, which has not been the case for many years; but a more uncomfortable circumstance to him is that, after dressing his horse, he has to cook his own dinner, being allowed wages and board wages, and not allowed access to the Hall, a comfort which men in his situation have ever before experienced. When I was whipper-in I dressed my horse after hunting, and attended the stable afterwards; but we had always a good hot dinner provided. But now they are to cook for themselves, which must be after dressing their horses. I am now taking John Backhouse as second whipper-in, who has assisted me during the summer. He has for the last three or four years been helper, and has ridden the young horses; he has a wife and family at Keelby. He so far is quite as handy as I can expect."

Cub-hunting would have commenced earlier but that the staff were short of hacks, and the ground was very hard for some time. Then came some welcome rain, and the young hounds entered well, it being recorded that they were remarkably free from riot and never once killed a hare. They were out twenty-two mornings and killed twenty-four foxes; but, thanks to the new system of earth-stopping (before referred to, and against which Smith never ceased to revile), no fewer than fifteen were marked to ground, many of which they must otherwise have caught. The staff continued to ride their hacks till October 27th, though the season proper opened on October 16th. A meet was fixed at Cuxwold for November 3rd, to oblige Sir Richard Sutton and Colonel Lowther; but the former could not come, being very unwell.

Nearly every day during the early part of the season one finds in the diaries an outcry against the new system of earth-stopping, and no fewer than thirty foxes were run to ground by the end of November. "If anything will spoil foxes and hounds," says Will, "this daily running to ground will do ours. I never knew anything equal it."

On November 28th Smith records the fact that there was a four-mile Steeple Race between Mr. E. Holgate, of Laceby, and Mr. Paddison, of Aylesby, for £25 a side. The course lay from near the Keelby Sprothorns over the beck to near the Barton Street, then to the left, and straight to the grass field opposite Irby Scrub Close. Mr. Paddison's horse, well ridden by Mr. W. Whitworth, won easily, Mr. Holgate, according to Smith, riding his mare very badly.

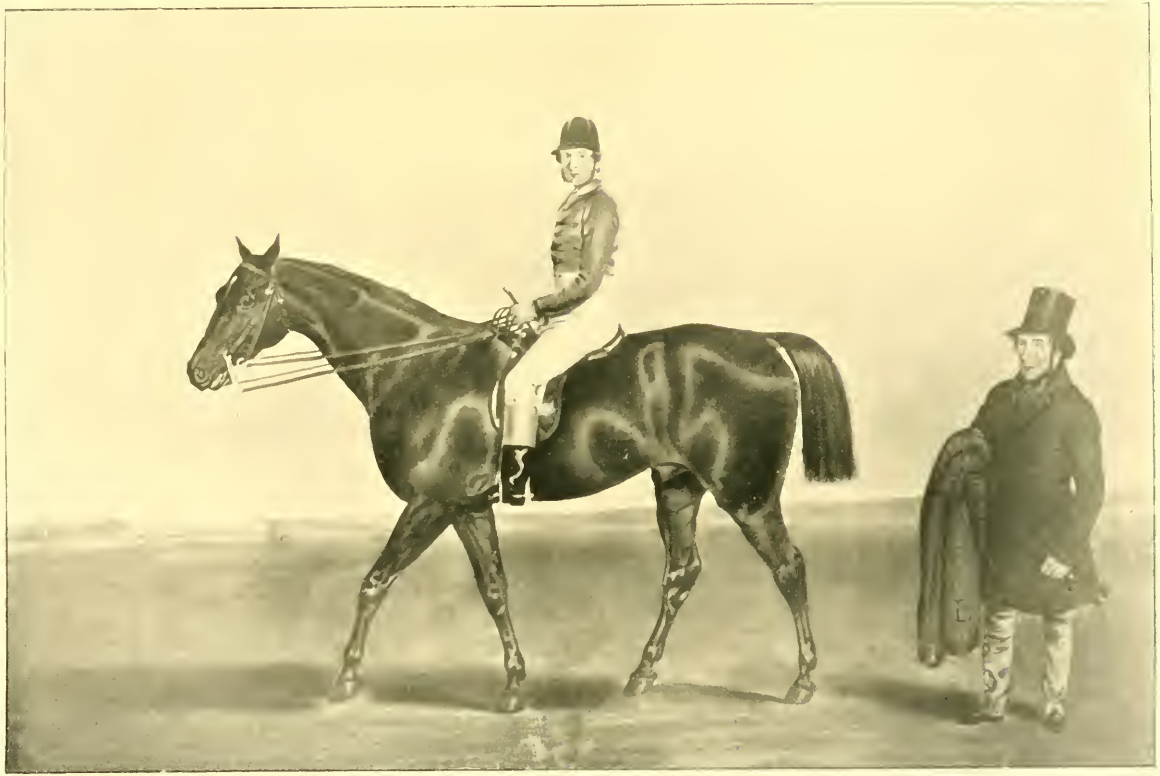
On December 1st, Lord Yarborough, who had not hunted since the season before last, came out with hounds, riding one of his diminutive hunters for the first time. There was an exceedingly good run from Kettleby Thorpe Covert that day by Howsham, Welhams, and Barnetby, nearly to Hendale, and by way of Searby back to Kettleby Thorpe. There was never a check throughout, and hounds must have killed their fox but for changing foxes when they got back to Kettleby Thorpe.

There is a curious foot-note to the doings of January 5th, 1838, which speaks for itself:

> "Sir Richard Sutton was to have been out with us, but a young Mr. Brackenbury had ridden over and hurt him the day previous. *Sir Richard flogged him.*"

A snowstorm kept hounds to their kennels from February 8th to March 1st, when they brought off a good hunt from Hendale to Bradley Wood, by way of Great Limber Covert, Swallow Cross Roads, Dauber's Hill (where they took on a fresh fox), Irby Dales, Maud Hole, Wybers Wood, and Laceby village.

But there was even a better run on the 3rd, a fast fifty minutes without a check, and hounds beat horses all the way. They started where they had finished two days



"CURE ALL."

before, Bradley Wood, and they went away to the Manor Farm, over the brook, and with Irby Holme and Bowlands on the left, and Swallow Vale on the right, by Cuxwold Beech Holt to Rothwell. A six-and-a-half-mile point so far. The pace became faster and faster as hounds drew up to their fox, and it was with difficulty that the field could see the way hounds went, as they turned left-handed from Rothwell towards Croxby Pond, and still left by Cuxwold Asholt and Bowlands to Irby Holme, and just short of this covert hounds caught their fox. Mr. W. Appleby, Will Mason, and Mr. W. Richardson's groom had the best of it to Rothwell, Will Smith's horse being beat at Bowlands. Mr. Copley took the fox away from the hounds, he having got a bad start owing to being late, and he just reached Irby Holme as hounds came back there and killed their fox. Hounds covered at least eleven miles, and if the time is correct it shows that even in those days hounds could go a great pace.

The Brocklesby Hunt Steeple Race took place on March 13th, over Grasby, Clixby, and Owmby lordships, and was won by Mr. Loft's grey horse Valentine, ridden by Mr. W. Loft, and Mr. Cook's brown horse Transport, ridden by Mr. Riby Nicholson, was second.

Here are two memorandums that should be of interest; the latter one is very curiously worded:

> "On the 18th poor old Colonel Tufnell died. He was at the Steeple Race, and very well, and in high spirits, on the 13th. He was frequently taken with violent spasms in the hunting-field, and I expected he would some day die in the hunting-field; but it was not to be so."
>
> "On the 16th Mr. C. Coates, of Great Coates, died from a violent cold and inflammation. He, a few years ago, was a great sportsman, but at our second Steeple Chase [it will be noticed that the terms Steeple *Race* and Steeple *Chase* were both used at that time] declined it and turned a pious man, and never hunted afterwards. A steady young man."

Mr. Coates won the Steeple Chase on Cannon Ball in 1836.

April 21st was the best day of a very good season, full of excellent sport after Christmas, and which had yielded sixty-six foxes, though no fewer than forty-seven were marked to ground—thanks to the new system of earth-stopping, I suppose.

Regular hunting in 1838 began on November 5th, at Bradley Wood, and no run of note marked that month. In December Lord Yarborough wrote Smith that he would like the standard of the hounds reduced, twenty-three inches being the highest and twenty-one inches the lowest. Smith says he thinks twenty-two inches the best size for hounds, but whether dogs, or bitches, or both, he does not say. At the present time twenty-two inches is the standard for bitches, and twenty-four inches for dogs—an excellent standard, in the humble opinion of the writer. On December 27th, Smith had a pack of nothing but bitches, owing to so many being in season, and he was particularly pleased with the way in which they worked. Mr. D. Elwes took a bad toss that day, and was insensible for some time.

Sir Richard Sutton was out on December 21st, and also on January 4th, on which day Smith went back with him and enjoyed two days' hunting with the Burton. Over and over again one finds Smith reviling the new meal. On January 23rd he writes as follows:—"Nothing can be so ridiculous as for us to use new meal in the hunting season. Had it been my fault I could never have forgiven myself, but it is the office people alone for not ordering it."

The Steeple Race took place on February 12th, sixteen horses starting over a course laid in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Carnley winning, on Old Mr. Fry.

Mr. R. B. Davis came down for material for his picture on February 17th, 1839, and he was to have hunted on the morrow, but owing to some misunderstanding he did not go. Will Smith and Will Mason and some of the principal hounds appeared in the picture, they being in the act of leaving Carr Leys Wood for Waterhills. In the picture Will Smith is riding a horse called Snips, from the white snip on his nose, while Will Mason is mounted on a grey mare, an own sister to the celebrated grey Peter

Simple, being by Arbutus out of a mare by Sir Malagigi. Among the hounds are portraits of Ariel (1838), Royal (1837), Rosebud, the dam of Rallywood (1839), Annabel (1833), and Duncan (1834).

Lord Yarborough also has in his possession another picture by Davis, painted in 1840, representing Will Smith and his two whippers-in, Will Mason and Jack Backhouse, going to covert with the hounds.

The pick of the day's sport on November 17th was a splendid forty minutes, from Beelsby Covert to Rothwell, hounds running from scent to view and pulling their fox down in mid-field; and this was followed by a forty-five minutes from Badger Hills to Swinhope, where again hounds killed "handsomely." Smith says he never saw hounds run so well.

The bad earth-stopping, together with the new meal, seem to have been the bane of Smith's existence at that time, and each week finds an outcry against the one or the other.

A moderate season came to an end on April 12th, ninety-nine foxes having been killed after providing sport of a very varied character. For this Smith blames the new meal and the open earths, the former making it impossible for him to keep his hounds in good and healthy condition, while the latter completely spoils foxes. "If they cannot get to ground in one place they do in another, and they are always looking for it. Foxes will not show sport unless they are effectually stopped out."

Those hounds standing over 23 inches were at the end of the season sent to Sir Richard Sutton, he sending back an equal number of his own hounds under that height, in exchange. The standard was fixed as before stated.

A new season opened on October 31st from Swallow village; but Smith makes no remarks on the cub-hunting, during which he killed twenty-five foxes.

But Lord Worsley and Sir Richard Sutton were out at Croxby village on November 1st, and the former and Lord Gardiner were out on November 22nd, and saw a good day's sport, the first item being a twisting hunt of one hour and forty-five minutes from Cuxwold Asholt, over Thorganby and Beelsby, to Swallow village, where hounds ran into their fox. The second gallop emanated from Irby Holme, and hounds went at a great pace by Beelsby Covert to Bradley Gears, and short right-handed past Barnoldby to Brigsley, through the village to Waithe, and right-handed to Ashby, where hounds checked and were then holloa'd to a fresh fox. Thus far it was as good as need be, but the rest was of a very different quality. Smith says that Lord Gardiner had a great reputation as a hard rider in Leicestershire, and he fully endorsed it. He also says that a day or two before, when out with Sir Richard's hounds, he jumped the park wall of Norton Place out of the road—"a tremendous leap!" Lord Gardiner had two or three days' hunting with the Brocklesby.

On December 27th hounds ran over Thoresby Field for the first time since it was enclosed. Says Will, "The double posts and rails are wide and good to leap, but the ground at this time being very deep caused a scrambling field."

Up to the end of the year it was a wet season, and though scent was generally pretty good, there was never any run of exceptional brilliancy. Mr. Wright, of Wold Newton, died during December; he was, as Smith says, a good friend to foxes and fox-hunting, and it was through him that North Kelsey Covert was made, part of the land being owned by his cousin, Captain Wright, and part by Sir H. Nelthorpe.

Will begins his diary for 1840 with a reference to a wonderful leap by Dick Christian with the Quorn. He says Dick got a good living by riding and making gentlemen's horses, receiving as much as 10*s.* 6*d.* a day, and sometimes more. "When I saw him out with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds I thought him a neat horseman, and he was very highly spoken of. He was one who rode in the steeplechases when they became fashionable in Leicestershire."

There was a very hard three hours and forty minutes from Kirton Covert on January 17th, hounds running from fox to fox without pause till they were stopped at Hibaldstow. The huntsman says, "I was never more pleased with them (the hounds), and I may say this bitch pack has won my heart for ever." For the first hour they went a tremendous pace, and continued to run, now fast and now at reduced speed, till, with yet another fresh fox in front of them, the huntsman pulled them up. It was a run that did not lend itself to description, being of a very ringing nature; but hounds traversed Kirton, Northorpe, Scotter, Messingham, Scawby, and Hibaldstow lordships.

The Duke of St. Albans, who was out, and rode particularly well in a run from Chase Hill, on January 29th, was awarded the brush by Smith, he having done likewise to Mrs. G. Skipworth—"the newly-wedded bride, a Miss Kirkham of Agnaby," who had married a fine sportsman a day or two before.

The annual Steeple Race took place near Melton on February 17th, Mr. Edmund Davy's bay gelding, Gay Lad, who afterwards won the Grand National, being returned the winner.

Sir J. Copley was out at a bye day at Thornton on March 7th, and the season closed on the 25th, the record standing at fifty-seven foxes killed and twenty-eight run to ground.

Regular hunting in 1840 began on October 26th, the country being very hard and dry; and as no mention is made of the cub-hunting, I presume it was not a very satisfactory one: twenty foxes were killed and eight run to ground, being a poor total.

On December 2nd Will Smith was invited to dine with the Brocklesby Hunt Club, at Caistor, Mr. P. Skipworth, of Aylesby, being in the chair. It was decided to have two Steeple Races in the Barton coursing week of February, and Messrs. P. Skipworth, T. Brooks, and W. Uppleby were appointed stewards.

The following day Smith went to Irby to arrange a new system of earth-stopping. Instead of each farmer doing his own stopping, in the unsatisfactory way that it had been done during the last year or two, it was decided to employ a qualified person, whose wages would be paid by the farmers in proportion to the size of their farms.

The first run above the average was a two hours' hunt from Warton Wood to ground, in view, and dead beat, in a rabbit-hole near Gainsborough. Sir Richard Sutton and Mr. Dennison, who were out, expressed themselves as being particularly delighted with the run, and the way hounds worked.

Sir Henry Mainwaring, nineteen years Master of the South Cheshire, was out on January 18th, 1841, and saw some good hunting in the Brocklesby district. He spoke very highly of the blood of Benedict, a hound Smith had obtained from the South Cheshire Kennels. Sir Henry also hunted on the 23rd. On the 27th, Will's son Edward, who was mounted by Mr. Marris of Limber, had a bad fall, and was insensible for some time.

There was a very fast run of an hour and forty minutes, from Great Coates Covert, on February 15th, but Smith was thrown out through stopping to help a gentleman out of a drain; hardly any one was able to see the way hounds went, such a pace did they set. They ran through Maud Hole and Stallingborough Covert to Stallingborough Mill, short right-handed through Hungerhill to Aylesby, short left-handed by Maud Hole to Great Coates, right-handed towards Laceby, and left-handed along the valley by Little Coates, to ground in Grimsby Field. All the horses were very beat.

March 1st was the date of the Hunt Steeple Race, but Smith gives no details.

Mr. Corbett, the Squire of Elsham, fell and broke his collar-bone while hunting with the Burton in the first week of March; and another entry in the diary tells us that Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Baring, and Mr. Stanhope made a tour of the Brocklesby country, purchasing horses about the same time.

A moderate season, much spoilt by frost, came to an end on April 2nd, during which only fifty-five foxes came to hand, though twenty-three were run to ground.

Of the following season's cub-hunting, which began on September 9th, due to a late harvest, Smith speaks favourably, the thirteen and a half couple of youngsters entering well, and killing twenty-six foxes before the curtain went up on October 18th, which seems early for an opening day. From October 25th till November 15th the huntsman was confined to the house with jaundice, the doctor giving him "strong medicine," as he quaintly put it.

There was a very hard day on December 17th, hounds running continuously for four and a half hours, and having eventually to be stopped when it was too dark to proceed, with all the horses quite done up as well. Hounds found in Kingerby Wood and ran over Kirkby, Osgerby, Usselby, and Middle Rasen, two or three times, before going to Walesby, Stainton, Thoresway, and Rothwell, and so back over Stainton to Otby. It was freezing hard during the latter part of the run, and it got very bad for the hounds' feet. Of course they changed foxes several times, certainly at Sedge Cop and in the Stainton Plantation, and hounds had a brace in front of them at Rothwell. They covered a lot of country during the day.

The diary comes to an abrupt ending—though not more than one-third filled—on February 2nd, 1842, when a good day's sport from Bradley Wood is recorded. Hounds first went away to Little Coates, then right-handed to Grimsby Field, where the fox was headed, and turned left over Coates Bogs, by Little Coates, to Wybers Bridge. Then, from Aylesby hounds turned short to the right by Maud Hole, Healing Gorse, and the village, went on through Riby Slingsmere to Aylesby, and thence back to Bradley Wood. They then hunted him steadily through the wood to Scartho, right-handed to Waltham, and left-handed back to Scartho, where Smith viewed him on the Waltham road. Hounds next ran to the Weelsby Covert, turning when about a hundred yards from them, to Weelsby House, pointing first for Peeks, and then left-handed over Clee and round to the Abbey at Grimsby. Near the toll-bar Jack Backhouse met the fox, and finding that he was quite fresh, Smith stopped the hounds after they had been running in fine style for two hours and fifty-five minutes. It was a very hard day for hounds and horses, as they had such wry-necked foxes in front of them.

At the end of the book I find an entry regarding the Hunt Steeple Race; it states that Mr. Loft was the winner, that Mr. C. Nainby was second, Mr. Baxter third, and the rest nowhere. The course lay from Keelby Sprothorns over Aylesby and Laceby, and over the road at Irby Scrub Close, to a finish in Mr. P. Skipworth's large grass field. "A dull concern," says the old huntsman.

WILL SMITH'S THOUGHTS ON HUNTING AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBJECTS.

Epitaphs on Somerville's Huntsman.

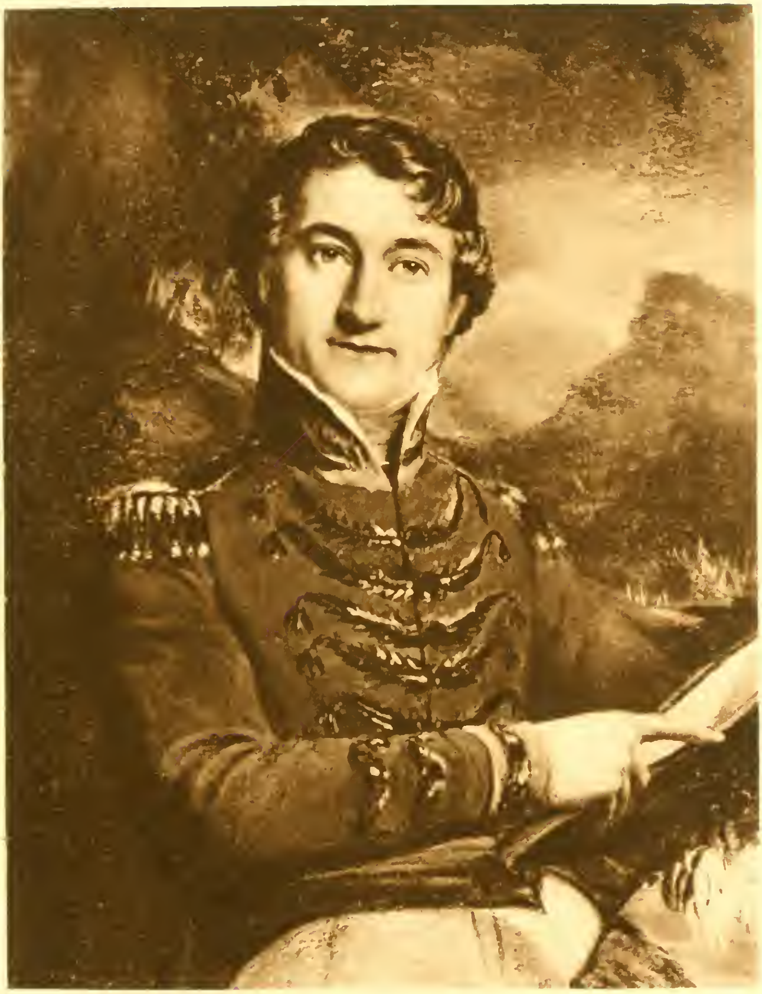
Here lies the body of John Hoitt, of Henley-in-Arden, who died June 16th, 1802, aged 85. He was huntsman to Somerville and others near seventy years; but his occupation in the field, where he eminently excelled, did not preclude his attention to other business, or prevent him from bringing up a large family, by care and industry, with credit, the eldest of whom, Thomas, caused this stone to be erected to his memory, as a small token of his duty and affection.

Death, mighty hunter, who must earth us all,
Now Hoitt adds to Boeter's thy fall;
He ran a burst, and early ceased his toil;
You till late evening hung upon the foil.
But years, that Fate to Boeter denied,
The grateful praise of Somerville supplied.
His classic pen inscribes the mournful stone,
Records his servant's worth and proves his own.
He was thy master, too. Thy cheerful horn
Has often called him at the peep of morn

PLATE V.

Hon. George Anderson-Pelham,
Brother of 1st Earl of Yarborough. Born, 1785;
died, unmarried, 1835.

From miniature by C. J. Robertson.



To sport and joy. For want of him to give
Thy deeds to fame, and bid thy merits live.
We tamely say : Here lies ('tis all we can)
A skilful huntsman and an honest man.

Another.

Here Hoitt lies, last of the intrepid race
Whom Somerville led onward to the chase ;
Unsung, yet not unvalued, near these plains
His master loved, repose his last remains.
Mute lies for ever now the mellow horn
With which he early waked the infant dewy morn ;
And deaf his master's ear, which caught the sound
Floating on echo soft the hills around ;
And cold Boeter's heart, whose well-earned praise
Will live immortal in his master's lays.
Here, reader, pause, and let this artless stone
By Hoitt's end, remind thee of thine own ;
And let thy very sports thy lesson be,
That death, which comes to all, must come to thee.

Another.

Here Hoitt (all his sports and labours past)
Joins his lov'd master, Somerville, at last.
Together wont the echoing fields to try ;
Together now in silent dust they lie.
Servant and Lord, when once we yield our breath,
Huntsman and Poet are alike to death.
Life's motley drama calls for powers and men
Of different casts, to fill her changeful scene.
But all the merit, that we justly prize,
Not in the part, but in the acting lies.
And as the lyre, so may the huntsman's horn
Fame's trumpet rival, and his name adorn.

Another.

Though small the praise to chase the timorous hare,
The care of hounds is not the meanest care.
A perfect knowledge of the huntsman's art
May useful hints to nobler ends impart.
By skilful discipline to train up youth
To hear obedient and to speak the truth.
Cautious and slow the doubtful way to wit,
Through error's maze, perplex'd by subtle wit.
But when the prize appears in open view,
To bear right onward and with speed pursue.

These are the huntsman's arts, above the reach
Of pedant learning and the schools to teach.
These Hoitt taught by practice, not by rule,
And Nature's great Lyceum was his school.

AN INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF WOOTTON WAWEN, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Hic Jacobus Boeter,
Gulielmo Somerville Armigero
Promus, et Canibus venaticis Propositus,
Domi Forisq fidelis.
Equo inter venandum corruente
Et intestinis graviter collisis,
Post triduum deplorandus obiit.

(*Translated as under by Mr. Moody, Caistor.*)

Here lies the body of James Boeter,
Butler to Wm. Somerville, Esq.
Huntsman to his hounds, and a faithful
Steward of his household affairs.
He was thrown from his horse whilst
Out a-hunting, and so bruised inwardly
That after three days' languishing he died
Much respected.

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE BY THE AUTHOR UPON HAVING SOLD HIS POEM, "THE CHASE," FOR A PIPE OF WINE.

Inspir'd by wine, I scribble and I print,
The fruit of my poetic vein
In generous wine returns again.
If I want wit or wine—the Devil's in't.

The following is the inscription on the cup given by the Right Hon. Lord Yarborough to his late huntsman, Thos. Smith. His lordship sent it up by his grandson, Master C. A. Pelham—at least, the footman brought it up, and Master Pelham presented it to my father, the good old lord riding about the lawn till Master Pelham returned.

The verse on the cup being selected from that excellent poem, Somerville's "Chase," I place this memorandum at the end of the verses, epitaphs, etc., on his huntsmen. On one side of the cup is the following, and on the other the verse :—

"The gift of Lord Yarborough to his huntsman, Mr. Thomas Smith, after having been more than fifty-eight years in his service, made as an acknowledgment of that indefatigable and unremitting attention to the business of his vocation, which may be recommended for a pattern to those who succeed him, and can never be surpassed."

1816.

"With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds
In all their beauty's pride. See how they range
Dispers'd, how busily, this way and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor heed thy chiding voice."

Observations.

Any sportsman who reads these verses, will at once be satisfied they were chosen by a good judge on hunting, and well selected from the best note-book on hunting ever offered to the public. Many authors speak highly on Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," but in my humble opinion Somerville very far surpasses him and every other author I have yet read. Certainly many useful observations may be selected from Mr. Beckford, and he proves himself a judge and an admirer of Somerville himself, from the well-selected verses he has chosen from that most excellent author. Beckford and Colonel Cook I have no doubt were both good sportsmen, but read Somerville's "Chase" over and over again, and every time you will discover the knowledge of the author. You cannot, if a sportsman, but at once discover that he must have had a most perfect knowledge of the art. In his observations in Book II. on Hare Hunting, he gives such advice as never ought to be forgot by any sportsman, and particularly huntsman.

"At distance draw thy pack," by which he evidently does not approve of a view; and then he goes on—

"Let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice."

"Now gently put her off! See how direct to her known home she flies,
Here, huntsman, bring (but without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them on."

I am no *Hare Hunter*, but the above is most excellent advice to any man with hounds. And to show that he is also an enthusiast in the chase, in a few lines further he says—

> "The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
> In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
> Stripp'd for the chase, give all thy souls to joy."

This is Somerville on Hare Hunting; and pray, I would ask, where is the fox-hunter to go for better advice? And a few lines further on he says, on the field—

> "They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate
> O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
> The thorny twining hedge, the riders bend
> O'er their arch'd necks, with steady hands by turns
> Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
> Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
> Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone . . ."

I would ask, is there any other author can say so much in so few words? No, Somerville alone can do so. I have read this beautiful poem with the greatest pleasure, and never read it without thinking how much it reminded me of the advice I had invariably received from Lord Yarborough, the giver of this cup to my father.

I could almost think he had said so much, and so much to the purpose, on Hare Hunting, that he could have but little to say on Fox Hunting, but in that I am mistaken, and do most earnestly recommend the reader and all sportsmen to read it again and again, as I am sure the oftener they do, the more they will admire it. I am quite sure the late Lord Yarborough was well acquainted with this poem, it so much resembles his Lordship's ideas on hunting; and of all advisers on hounds and hunting, I never heard, or expect to hear again, his equal. He most particularly recommended quietness; but that might be observed from the verse chosen on the cup. He had a great objection to much halloaing, and always wished the hounds to be thrown quietly into covert, and he was a strict observer of all their actions, both in covert and over the country. A hound could seldom commit a fault but that it was observed by his Lordship's penetrating eye. A noisy hound or a skirter was soon drafted, but he would first inquire if they were in condition, observing that many hounds will do wrong for want of condition, the pack having so much advantage of them. He had the quickest eye in the kennel I ever saw in my life, and could discover an imperfection quicker than I ever saw in any other person, either gentleman or servant. If ever he observed on a hound, "Is he quite right *here?*" wherever the point was, so surely did you find that he was not quite right in that particular point. On the size of a hound, he preferred the middle size, and would rather keep a little strong one than a too large one. As he observed—he hated lumber. He had been a strict observer of stoutness from a boy, and always saw a little powerful hound could last much longer than a big one. He was indeed always a great admirer of stoutness, and would, to the last of his hunting days, ride from point to point, observing the stoutness of any particular hound, and would frequently recommend you not to forget that virtue. He also had a great objection to a hound that would not draw a covert well; such a one soon made his exit from Brocklesby, and I hope always will. In point of condition he was always very particular. He liked them rather low than otherwise, and from experience I am sure he was quite right. He admired hounds in carrying a good head, and would always observe there was something wrong if they did not do so, when a tolerable scent served. His memory was very strong, consequently he seldom forgot the good or bad qualities of a hound. He was an advocate for dressing hounds, and would always recommend a slight dressing if a storm set in to admit of it, observing, "I always liked a clean shirt" (this was his Lordship's general observation), with a shrug of his shoulders. I could almost fancy I see him now.

Lord Yarborough was a gentleman that seldom interfered with his huntsman, further than giving his advice; in which case he generally concluded with, "Do as you like, but I should do"—so and so. This from so perfect a judge was of course enough, and was at all times attended to, without some particular reason for the contrary, when another consultation of course was held on the subject. Hunting and hounds were favourite subjects with his Lordship, and he could generally be seen on the subject, and many have been the lessons I have received from that excellent sportsman, when I expected I should not detain him five minutes. I say excellent, because I think since I have hunted and can well remember, a *better* England could not produce, no! never since the days of Somerville; and I should think Somerville was just such another. Old Mr. Meynell, I believe, was a very similar sportsman to his Lordship, and I have often heard him speak most highly of that distinguished sportsman, when he generally observed, "My old friend Mr. Meynell." And many excellent remarks on that gentleman I have heard him make. He used to say that he never saw any one manage a field so well as Mr. Meynell, observing, "His manners were so perfectly the gentleman, that few would wilfully or would willingly offend him." But if Mr. Meynell got in a passion and made use of rough language, he was sure to make it up in a handsome manner with the person the next day he was out. The manner of Mr. Meynell addressing him, which generally happened when the hounds met and before they tried for a fox, was sure to have a strong impression on his mind, and, if possible, he would avoid getting into the same error again, as Mr. Meynell was particularly respected and looked up to in the field, had a very great command on himself, and seldom spoke to any particular person, but they were sure to be in fault.

Lord Yarborough was decidedly the neatest horseman I ever saw, and when young a very hard rider to hounds. He had, as that excellent writer, Nimrod, observes, a remarkably fine figure and the lightest hands on a horse I ever saw, and his seat and attitude on a horse so graceful, that when quite an old man, to ride behind him you would have thought him a person of twenty-five. His manner, too, of putting a horse to leap was certainly very good—indeed, as a sportsman and horseman he had but few equals ; but, good as he was, he never would acknowledge it. My father (his huntsman) had always far better hands than he had, and he thought my father and grandfather the most superior hands on horseback he ever saw. (If so, I am tolerably bred on the sire's side.) But my father, I believe, was by far the neatest horseman of the two. It was generally admitted that he was one of the neatest and best horsemen that ever rode to hounds. So far as my opinion goes, and we can all enjoy our own, *he* and his *master* were decidedly the best horsemen and had the lightest hands I ever saw, and I wish the bookman Nimrod had ever seen them, he would have recorded them in the Sporting Magazine. At least, I have read of the credit he has given horsemen who were never fit to be named the same day. However, I should have been glad to see so able a penman as Nimrod record the merits of those two excellent sportsmen.

Hounds was my father's object alone ; he was lost in any other business, but in that I believe he was quite perfect. He was born for the saddle, his form stout upwards, with bow'd legs, rather short in his person, a very neat figure on horseback, with, as I before observed, a remarkably light hand, in fact a perfect horseman, but in my opinion not so elegant as his Lord. He was a most attentive man to hounds, both in the kennel and in the field, and there were few, if any, better judges. He had a beautiful voice, and in cheering hounds his manner was rather peculiar to himself, his voice being strong and clear, and his manner to hounds pleasant, and his judgment in casting hounds good—at least, I think so, but I may be partial. What one hears and sees in one's youth is generally lasting. He was a very strong man in constitution, and rode very hard to hounds all his life ; at seventy-two he was bad to beat over a country, but at seventy-three he failed very much, being very much troubled with the gravel ; at seventy-four he hunted his last season, having been with these hounds fifty-nine years. He began to whip-in to his father at fourteen and a half years old. He never used a horn till seven or eight years before he gave up hunting, and it only served to spoil his musical halloo, as he never could blow a horn well. Perhaps the loss of his teeth, or the want of an earlier application, might be the excuse (but few, very few, can blow a horn well), though they are a great deal too much used in the field at this time. This is my opinion ; perhaps I am wrong.

The very celebrated painter, Mr. Stubbs, took a likeness of my father and grandfather; but though he got a good likeness, I believe, of my grandfather, it never could have been a faithful one of my father.

The picture strikes me as a taller man. I think it is like his attitude, but not his countenance. Lord Yarborough was so good as to give me a copy of this painting, drawn by George Newmarsh, of Grimsby, for which he gave him twenty guineas. This was also the last present I ever received from the good old Lord, and he lived but a few months afterwards. Of course the subject is to me what of all others I could have wished for, but had it been any other subject I should have most highly valued it as coming from so excellent a master, and being the last I received from him. The original painting by Stubbs is at this time in the present Lord Yarborough's sitting-room. Wonder, the hound introduced, I believe was a very good one, and the old horse my grandfather was on, also very good—his name, Gigg. Brilliant, the cream-coloured horse, I believe never was a very good hunter, though a thoroughbred horse. He was bought of the Duke of Grafton for a lady's horse for Mrs. Pelham. He was a quick, pleasant hunter, but not stout for a hard day ; a perfect snaffle-bridle horse, as he appears in the painting. He ran, when in the possession of the Duke of Grafton, at Newmarket ; came fourth (my father's account). My uncle, John Smith, has often said he thinks it a most striking likeness of his father, and his very attitude on horseback. They used to go to and from covert at foot's pace at that time of day, though ever so cold : this was the old man's attitude, one hand in his pocket and resting on his thigh. A quicker pace to and from covert must be an improvement to the system of these sportsmen ; better for hounds, horses and men. I have often heard the late Lord say what fools they were to continue so long as they did in that foolish plan.

I cannot close these observations without making a few remarks on my uncle John Smith, who whipped-in to these hounds a great many years. He was, I dare say, and from what I have seen, though a declining man when I first began to whip-in to these hounds, a remarkably good and quick hand, and certainly ought to have been a huntsman. He was many years younger than my father, and began under him, consequently never had a chance of preferment here. He went when very young to hunt one of the Lord Scarborough's hounds—I should suppose father to the present Lord Scarborough—where he only lived one year, and then returned here. He was a very good horseman, strong and determined, but held his horses fast by their heads—a hard puller to horses, but a very good fast seat. I have heard the late Lord Yarborough say of him, that he was a devilish good horseman, and could carry a horse longer than most men, but he never liked riding a horse after him, as he caused them to pull and made their mouths hard. But still in his way he considered him a capital horseman. He had a good strong voice, and made hounds fear him, I believe rather too much so. He was a man of very good sense and a deal of cunning. His Lordship has told me many times that he possessed quicker ideas of what a fox or a skirting hound would do than any other whipper-in he ever saw. He considered him rather too severe with hounds, but a clever good hand and a man of general knowledge, which he certainly was. I have passed many pleasant hours in his company, and been much pleased by his instructing observations. He was a man of good education, having been, when a lad, apprenticed to a grocer and draper, but his friends thought him of more value than to spend his time among sugar and candles, which proved so, as he became and continued a most excellent servant to hounds. I never recollected him a hard rider since I began to whip-in, except some particular days ; but as a reason, he always was, from my beginning with hounds to the day of his death, at times a great martyr to the gout, and which killed him in the year 1824. I was with him at the time of his death, and the suffering he bore is quite indescribable. I hope it will be the fate of but few sportsmen. But he had been subject to the most violent attacks of the gout for many years, and he always thought it must some time carry him off. He had not hunted for many years. Having named the death of this sportsman, I think I ought to state the time of his two masters, which I will do, but at present must conclude this day's *observations*, having written the inscription from the cup and the following remarks this day, which is a tolerable number of lines for an invalid.

WM. SMITH.

Brocklesby, January 22, 1830.

Wm. Smith, the author of these pages, unfortunately fell from his horse whilst hunting on April 11th, 1845, near Barnoldby-le-Beck, injuring the spine of his back from the effect of which he never recovered. He breathed his last, poor man, on April 15th, at the house of Mr. Nainby, Barnoldby-le-Beck, where he had been taken to after having met with the accident. He was conveyed to Brocklesby and there interred on the 18th inst. much regretted by his noble master, the Earl of Yarborough, who hastened from London with all possible speed, on hearing of the sad accident. He was followed to his grave by a large and highly respectable body, principally the tenants of the Earl of Yarborough, much regretted and lamented by all. He was fifty-six years of age, a robust man, with very powerful nerve, a fine horseman, a good voice, an excellent judge of hounds, and in every sense an excellent sportsman. He is succeeded by his son William, who is now huntsman to the Brocklesby Hounds.

THOMAS SMITH.

Brocklesby, December 11th, 1849.

I succeeded my brother William in May, 1836, who left to take a farm at Kirmington, after hunting the hounds eleven years. I hunted them six years, and left in consequence of being much troubled with the rheumatism. Philip Tocock succeeded me, and only hunted the hounds one season, when my brother William was re-engaged to hunt the hounds, but does not give up his farm, his son William being placed in it as foreman.

THOS. SMITH.

Brigg, November 12th, 1863.

THE SECOND WILL SMITH.

The following is an account of a day with the Brocklesby in the middle of the last century, gleaned from the *Illustrated London News* for November 15th, 1856, at which time the second Will Smith was huntsman.

"But time is up, and away we trot—leaving the woods of Limber for the present—to one of the regular Wold coverts, a square of artificial gorse of several acres, surrounded by a turf bank and ditch, and outside again by fields of the ancient turf of the moorlands. In go the hounds at a word, without a straggler; and while they make the gorse alive with their lashing sterns, there is no fear of our being left behind for want of seeing which way they go, for there is neither plantation nor hedge of any account to screen us. And there is no fear either of the fox being stupidly headed, for the field all know their business, and are fully agreed, as old friends should be, on the probable line.

"We skip the preliminary anxieties, and, of course, find a fox—there is no instance of drawing blank on paper. A very faint tally-away, and cap held up, by a fresh-complexioned, iron-grey, bullet-headed old gentleman of sixteen stone, mounted on a four-year-old, brought the pack out in a minute from the far end of the covert; and we were soon going, holding hard, over a newly ploughed field, looking out sharp for the next open gate; but it was at the wrong corner, and by the time we had reached the middle of the fifty acres, a young farmer in scarlet, as upright as a dart, showed the way over a new rail in the middle of a six-foot quickset. Our nag, 'Leicestershire,' needed no spurring, but took it pleasantly, with a hop, skip, and jump; and by the time we had settled into the pace the other side, the senior on the four-year-old was alongside, crying, 'Push along, sir, push along, or they'll run clean away from you! The fences are all fair on the line we're going!' And so they were—hedges thick, but jumpable enough, yet needing a hunter for all that, especially as the big fields warmed up the pace amazingly; and as the majority of the farmers out were riding young ones, destined for finished hunters in the pasture counties, there was above an average of resolution in the style of going at the fences. The ground, naturally drained by chalk subsoil, fortunately rode light; but presently we pass the edge of the Wolds, held on through some thin plantations over the demesne grass of a squire's house, then on a bit of unreclaimed heath, where a flock of sheep brought us to a few minutes' check. With the help of a veteran of the hunt, who had been riding well up, a cast forward set us going again, and brought us, still running hard, away from the Wolds to low ground of new enclosures, all grass, fenced in by ditch and new double undeniable rails. As we had a good view of the style of the country from a distance, we thought it wisest, as a stranger on a strange horse, with personally a special dislike to double fences, to pull gently, and let half a dozen young fellows on half-made heavy-weight four or five-year-olds go first. The results of this prudent and unplucky step were most satisfactory; while two or three, with a skill we admired, without venturing to imitate, went the 'in and out' clever, the rest, some down and some blundering well over, smashed at least one rail out of every two, and let the 'stranger' through comfortably at a fair flying jump. After three or four of these tremendous fields, each about the size of Mr. Mechi's farm, a shepherd riding after his flock on a pony, opened a gate just as the hounds, after throwing up their heads for a minute, turned to the right, and began to run back to the Wolds at a slower rate than we started, for the fox was no doubt blown by the pace; and so up what are called hills there (they would scarcely be felt in Devonshire or Surrey) we followed at a hand gallop right up to the plantations of Brocklesby Park, and for a good hour the hounds worked him round and round the woods, while we kept as near them as we could, racing along green rides, as magnificent in their broad-spread verdures and over-hanging evergreen walls of holly and laurel as any Watteau ever painted. At length, when every dodge had been tried, Master Reynard made a bolt in despair. We raced him down a line of fields of very pretty fencing to a small lake, where wild ducks squattered up, and there ran into him, after a fair, though not a very fast, day's sport. A more honest-hunting, yet courageous, dashing pack we never rode to.

"The scarcity of villages, the general sparseness of the population, the few roads, and these almost all turf-bordered, on a level with the fields, the great size of the enclosures, the prevalence of light arable country, are the special features of the Wolds. When you leave them and descend, there is a country of water-drains and deep ditches that require a real water-jumper. Two points specially strike a stranger, the complete hereditary air of the pack and the attendants, so different from the piebald, new-varnished appearance of fashionable subscription packs. Smith, the huntsman, is fourth in descent of a line of professional sportsmen; Robinson, the head groom, has just completed his half-century of service at Brocklesby; and Barnetby, who rode Lord Yarborough's second horse, was many years in the same capacity with the first Earl. But, after all, the Brocklesby tenants—the Nainbys, the Brookes, the Skipworths, and other Woldsmen—names 'whom to mention would take up too much room,' as the Eton Grammar says—tenants who, from generation to generation, have lived, and flourished, and hunted under the Pelham family—a spirited, intelligent, hospitable race of men—these alone are worth travelling from Land's End to see, to hear, to ride with, to dine with; to learn from their sayings and doings what a wise, liberal, resident landlord, a lover of field sports, a promoter of improved agriculture, can do in the course of generations towards 'breeding' a first-class tenantry, and feeding thousands of townsfolk from acres that a hundred years ago only fed rabbits. We may call the Brocklesby kennels and the Pelham Pillar as witnesses on the side of the common sense of English field sports. It was hunting that settled the Pelhams in a remote country and led them to colonize a waste.

"There is one excellent custom at the hunting dinners at Brocklesby Park which we may mention without being guilty of intrusion on private hospitality. At a certain hour the stud groom enters and says, 'My lord, the horses are bedded up'; then the whole party rise, and make a procession through the stables, and return to coffee in the drawing-room. This custom was introduced by the first Lord Yarborough some half-century ago, in order to break through the habit of late sittings over wine that was then too prevalent."

THE THIRD TOM SMITH.

No diaries can be found of the second Will Smith (indeed, his son Tom Smith, now huntsman to the Bramham Moor, says he does not remember his father keeping a diary at all), who succeeded his father in 1845 and carried the Brocklesby horn till 1856, when he retired from service and took a farm; and only one volume of the records of his brother Tom, whose reign extended from 1856 till 1862, is to hand. Philip Tocock followed Tom Smith for one season, and then Will came back to active service for one more year, so that, with the exception of Philip Tocock's one season, the Brocklesby horn was carried by the Smiths, father and son, without a break, for most of 150 years.*

Philip Tocock came from the Surrey Union, and whipped-in at Brocklesby for several years. There is no record of the third Tom Smith's first season, the only diary I saw opening with the first day's cub-hunting of 1857, on August 31st, when a fox came to hand in the woods near the Swiss Cottage. It does not seem to have been a very good season, for hounds were stopped by frost twelve days, and only nineteen brace of foxes were killed and thirteen brace run to ground.

There was a good run of an hour and six minutes on November 6th, hounds killing their fox in orthodox style at the end of it. Meeting at Goxhill Station, they did not find till reaching Chase Hill, when hounds set off to run at a tremendous pace, first to East Holton, right-handed nearly to Langmere, and so back to Chase Hill; sixteen minutes without a check. Away again at once hounds crossed the road and ran through Mr. Byron's grounds to Bygott's covert, and went on thence, with Rye Hill close on the left, to Newsham Lake. From here they went past Newsham Lodge, with the Chase on the left, nearly to Pond Close Wood, where the fox turned right-handed, hounds ran from scent to view, and then rolled him over handsomely two fields from Brocklesby Station. This was a long way the best thing of the season.

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* Mr. Robert Vyner, in "Notititia Venatica," and speaking of Lord Yarborough's hounds about this time, says: "Everything connected with the kennel department is conducted on a scale of the greatest liberalty; the huntsman is permitted to keep two cows, and the whippers-in and boiler have the run of one each in the park."

Referring to the second Will Smith, Mr. Vyner also remarks, with regard to hounds lying out in the open, under trees: "It was the opinion of Mr. W. Smith, Lord Yarborough's huntsman, that nothing contributes to render hounds liable to rheumatism or shoulder lameness, than allowing them to be on the cold ground in the shade, particularly after work or exercise."

Tom Smith took a nasty toss on January 15th, 1858, near the Chase, his horse putting his feet in a ditch and falling heavily on top of him, Hounds did not go out again till the 19th in consequence.

The next season, 1858–59, showed an improvement, for hounds were out ninety-nine days, killing twenty-three and a half brace of foxes; but bad stopping is indicated by the record of twenty-six brace run to ground.

Cub-hunting began on September 1st in the Mausoleum Woods, and, after a satisfactory educational period, the regular season opened on October 25th.

December 10th was the first good scenting day of the season, hounds meeting at Swallow Cross-roads, and going from Dauber's Wood at a tremendous pace, continued to run hard through Henholes and Irby Dales, where they changed once or twice and ran for some time, before returning to Henholes. Then they went on over Cabourne Top, turned right-handed into the Pillar Woods, where they went a great pace for some time, and turned out into the open again towards Badger Hills, catching their fox before he could reach that covert. They had been running very fast for fifty minutes since finding. They then ran hard for forty minutes, in and around Irby Dales, till they caught and killed a beaten fox in Washing Dales.

On January 17th, 1859, there was a good twenty-five minutes from Nor Woods to Willingham village, where hounds caught and killed their fox; and the same day brought off a pretty hour's run from Nettleton Hall around Nettleton and Normanby to ground at Tugdale.

Another good run came off on February 21st from Bradley Cross-roads. After chopping a fox in Bradley Wood, hounds went away from the Gears through Bradley Wood to Little Coates, thence to Scartho, right-handed as if for Bradley Wood, and still right-handed by Coates Covert and along the brook side till the fox turned left-handed back to Bradley Wood. Running straight through and placing Barnoldby village on the right, the pack eventually marked their fox to ground on the Ravendale hillside after a good run of an hour and twenty minutes.

The North Wold Steeple Race came off on March 4th, Mr. J. Davy's Morgan Rattler being the winner of the first race, and Captain Elwes' The Dandy of the second. The season, a poor one, closed on March 18th.

Cub-hunting proceedings in 1859 began at the Barrow osier beds on August 24th, but all the cubs went to ground, so it was a very unsatisfactory commencement. Hounds were out four days a week during cub-hunting, but in the regular season, which opened on November 2nd, they only went out three times a week.

Smith seems to have had a rough time of it on November 7th from Swinhope House, and the bulk of the entry in the hunting diary deals with an unruly field and an over-ridden pack. "Would to God we had a Master in the field!" he says in one place; and again, "I shall this night go to bed and pray that Lord Worsley may soon be out to take command!"

On December 2nd there was a very fast twenty-five minutes from Grimble Wood to Wold Newton, and unless I am mistaken Mr. Sam Welfit on Emperor, Mr. Walwyn Isles on a mare by Morgan Rattler, and Mr. Sam Robson had by far the best of it all the way; and then frost kept hounds to their kennels from the 12th to the 30th of the same month, the first good day of the season coming on January 2nd, 1860, from a meet at Grainsby House.

Beginning with a very fast gallop from Grainsby Holme to Holton Cross, they lost their fox there in sudden and mysterious manner, and so went back to Grainsby Healing for a fresh start. Hounds were soon away again, running through the village, and with Grainsby House close on the left, over the Park and straight to Ashby village. Placing this close on the left, and Brigsley village close on the right, the fox then turned left-handed as if for Ravendale; but he turned short right-handed over the brook, and was headed to the left at Waltham village. Barnoldby was then placed close on the right, and the pack swept on, with the Barton street on the left hand, straight to the Welbech spring, where they crossed the road and ran nearly to Irby Holme. A right and left turn, and Irby village lay close on the right as hounds pressed on down the slopes to Irby Dales, from which covert the fox was viewed away, looking very beat, and hunting him beautifully across Riby Park, they caught him in the Hermitage, after a very fine run of an hour and a quarter. Smith says no hounds could have worked better, and they hunted a most curious running fox to perfection; he ran through some of the villages and skirted others, and he never missed a single flock of sheep in his line. At times hounds went a great pace.

Two days later there was another good gallop from Nettleton Lodge, though only of twenty minutes' duration, for hounds went a tremendous pace and never checked for an instant. Finding near the Lodge, the pack dashed away to Clixby Hall, pressing on hotly to Searby Covert, and after a very sharp ring or two round the covert, returned by Clixby Hall to Nettleton Woods, where they ran into him—a fine old dog fox. There were also some nice gallops from the Nettleton Woods and Rothwell Gorse during the day, the latter being a capital hunt of an hour and ten minutes, but a storm at Hatcliffe village robbed hounds of their fox.

There was yet another good day's sport on January 9th from Swinhope House, and Smith speaks in high terms of his hounds. They began from the gorse with a ring round Orford, Swinhope, and Thorganby, to Croxby Lake, where they ran into their fox; and then set off from Peterhills on a charming run of an hour and a half, only marred by the open earth at the finish. Past Hawerby the pack pointed for Grainsby, but the fox being headed, they turned left-handed, and with Ashby close on the right, swung round to recross the Barton street and run nearly to Ravendale. Then came a turn right-handed over the Hatcliffe brook, the village being close on the left, over the hill with Beelsby village close on the left, and down to the Barton street as if bound for Bradley Wood. But a left turn took them nearly back to Irby Holme, and then a right turn led them close past Irby village, and with Irby Dales on the left, to Riby Park. Hounds came to steady hunting here for a while, they being somewhat pressed, and some sheep foiled the line. But clear of the park they settled down to run again, placing the schools close on the right as they pressed on to Keelby mill. Another turn to the right, and then they pulled up at the open earth in the sand pits at Keelby. The pace was a cracker at times, and the pack worked beautifully, Plaything, Parody, Pleasant, Notable, Careful, Prattler, Charity, Nightshade, and Handmaid particularly distinguishing themselves.

Hounds were not out between February 8th and February 18th owing to frost, and there was no other run of note, the season closing on March 28th, with the score standing at twenty-one and a half brace killed for eighty-one days' hunting, fourteen brace having been run to ground.

A fresh start was made on September 10th in the Mausoleum Woods, and the cub-hunting season closed on November 2nd, ten brace of foxes having been killed and nine brace run to ground. Will Shore, the first whipper-in, now the veteran huntsman of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds, took an ugly toss on October 19th, breaking his collar-bone, and placing him *hors de combat* for some time.

It was an open secret that, had Shore not accepted the huntsmanship of the Scotch pack, he would have been offered the Brocklesby horn in succession to Tom Smith.

There are still some of the old stock of the famous Brocklesby Smiths left; one of them, the eldest son of the second Will Smith, and himself a Will, still lives at Kirmington, ever ready for a cheery yarn of man, horse, and hound ; and another son, Tom, is the popular Bramham Moor huntsman.

Tom rode second horse for Philip Tocock, and also for his father the one season that he returned to active service, and when Nimrod Long came to carry the Brocklesby horn he was promoted to second whipper-in. He went to the Burton a season later, and had five years' service under Lord Doneraile and Mr. Chaplin, and then went to the Wynnstay, where he was first whipper-in under Charles Payne for seven seasons. Payne gave him a silver horn and Sir Watkin a handsome testimonial when he left to go to Bramham in 1877, and there he has been ever since.

Of Philip Tocock, who hunted the hounds during the season 1862–63, little is known, and he appears to have been a better whipper-in than a huntsman.

Nor can I obtain diaries or details of the reigns of Alfred Thatcher, from 1877 till 1887, and of George Ash —who came from the Holderness, and afterwards went back there—from 1881 till 1884.

NIMROD LONG.

Few huntsmen hold as prominent a position in the history of the Brocklesby as does Nimrod Long, a great houndman, and a bold and fearless rider. For thirteen years he hunted a grand pack of hounds, having done much to raise it to the very highest pitch of excellence by his great judgment and skill in hound breeding and kennel management. He showed the very best of sport, and no huntsman in England was better mounted. Nimrod Long was born to be a huntsman, for he first saw the light in 1835, at Badminton, where his father, rare old Will Long, served under four Dukes of Beaufort and hunted hounds for thirty-one years; and he was entered to the saddle when only a month old, as the following extract from the "Memoirs of the Rev. John Russell" will show. Speaking of Will Long, Mr. Russell's historian says—

> "The last time Russell met him he inquired if his brother Michael were yet alive. 'Yes,' replied Russell, 'and well too.' 'I'm glad to hear that,' responded the veteran. 'He gave my son Nimrod his first mount. Took him out of my wife's arms and held him on the saddle when he was only a month old. Please give him my duty.'"

When five years of age Long went hunting regularly on a donkey, and two or three years later his portrait was painted in the Badminton Lawn picture, seated on the same fiery steed, and by the side of his father. To show, also, how thorough was the equestrian part of his education looked after, it might be mentioned that when a school-boy, the late Duke of Beaufort (then Marquis of Worcester), kept two horses for him to ride hunting, and when that nobleman's regiment, the 7th Hussars, was stationed at Kilkenny, Long went there to help take charge of his Lordship's harriers. Nimrod Long's first chance came in 1850, for in the February of that year, Bob Nash, the second whipper-in, was taken ill, and as young Nimrod knew all the hounds by name, His Grace selected him to fill the vacant place till the end of the season. The appointment was confirmed in the summer; and he continued to act as second whipper-in to his father till 1853, when the first whipper-in, Charles Long, had a bad accident in the hunting-field, and Nimrod obtained his promotion, being at the time probably the youngest first whipper-in in a big establishment. He acted as first whipper-in for two seasons, and then left to learn farming with one of His Grace's tenants, and afterwards going to a farmer in Berkshire. But this was too peaceful and vapid a life for Nimrod Long, and his heart sighed for the excitement of the chase and the duties of the kennel. So, having mentioned the matter to "The Druid," 1859 found him installed as second whipper-in to the Belvoir, where a vacancy had unexpectedly occurred. The following year he was promoted to be Jim Cooper's first lieutenant, and at the end of the season, in 1861, he went as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to Major Fletcher, who then hunted the South Berks country. He left the next year to take the post of huntsman to the Essex Union, under the Mastership of Mr. D. R. Scratton, where he showed some excellent sport and did no little for the good of the pack during his two years of office.

Nimrod Long left Mr. Scratton and went to Brocklesby on May 6th, 1864, and he remained there, showing the best of sport, and getting together a grand pack of hounds, till he retired from service in 1877.

Cub-hunting in 1864 began on April 22nd, at Waterhills, Jack Hastings being Long's whipper-in, and Tom Smith, now huntsman to the Bramham Moor, the second whipper-in. There was only a poor scent, but Long managed to register a kill on his first morning with the historic pack. Old Will Long had several days with the hounds during October, being mounted either by Lord Yarborough, Mr. W. Wright, of Wold Lenton, or Mr. Quickfall, of Waltham. Hounds were out thirty-six times during the cub-hunting season, killing fifteen brace and marking five and a half brace to ground.

The first day of the regular hunting season, October 31st, was marked by some extraordinary occurrences. Laceby Cross-roads had been the fixture, and a fair day's sport had resulted in one fox being killed, and another run to ground. It was to Jack Hastings' horse, Chanticleer, a young thoroughbred, that the unusual event happened. The first whipper-in was cantering across a grass field, when his horse stopped suddenly, and fell on his knees, and it was found on examination that he had broken both pastern joints. Captain Larking also took a bad toss,

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

his horse being loose for a long time; and Lady Yarborough, who was hunting on wheels, so tired both horses that she was obliged to leave the carriage at Keelby and walk back to Brocklesby. The accident to Jack Hastings' horse occurred within half a mile of the place where Philip Tocock's horse broke his neck in 1862.

There was a slow, but continuous, hunt of four and a half hours with an indifferent scent, from Bigby Cow Pasture on November 4th, and another four and a half hours' continuous hunting from Hell Furze two days later, finished with a kill just outside Croxby Pond. Hounds had run through Beesby Wood and Stock Furlong, past Peterhills and Ravendale, and through Hatcliffe into the Croxby Pond Woods. Here they ran from fox to fox for some time, and then went away to Thorganby Gorse, where they got up to their fox, and sent him with a rattle through Swinhope towards Binbrook, near which a fox got up in view out of a piece of turnips. In the square covert at the cross-roads above Swinhope they spent some time hustling him round, then they returned to Croxby Pond, and after an hour's hunting in the woods there, killed him in the open a field away.

There was an excellent run of three and a half hours from Howsham village on November 25th, darkness alone saving the fox his brush. After killing a fox in Poolthorn, a brace were roused in Pepperdales, and having run one to ground in Donkey Park, hounds went back to the other, and hunted him away through the Bigby Coverts to Somerby, and over the hills to the woods at Grasby Bottom. At Brompton Furze hounds turned to the left, and pointed for Limber, swinging over the Caistor road and into the woods at Chalk House Bottom. They then ran up Foxdales to the Swiss Cottage, and over the road to Dauber's covert, where they got on good terms with a fox and raced him away through Swallow Vale and Irby Dales towards Aylesby. Turning to the left on the Riby road, and leaving Riby Park on the right hand, hounds ran on to Limber Top, to the Keelby road, and left-handed over the Caistor road to Limber. The fox got up in view out of a turnip-field and ran a field or two up to the Caistor road, where he turned down wind, and it was deemed unsafe to pursue him further in the gathering gloom. Long says he never saw hounds hunt a fox better, and makes particular mention of Harbinger, Helpmate, Gallant, Fencer, Feudal, Lexicon, Freeman, Nelson, Grecian, Hannibal, Random, and Larkspur.

On December 9th there was a good fifty minutes from Holton's covert over the Immingham marshes, and through Rough Pastures, Newsham, and Waterhills, the hounds eventually killing their fox in Thomas' wood after a ring or two ; and on the 12th a fast thirty-five minutes to ground at Irby from Badger Hills finished up a hard day begun at Usselby Fishpond. December 16th was an unlucky day for the bitches, for they had run a fox to a standstill, and it was only a check at the end of the run caused by the field pressing too closely on their heels, that enabled the fox to go to ground just in front of them. The meet had been at Cuxwold House, and the Asholt being tenantless, hounds found their first fox at Croxby Pond, running a fast ring to Hatcliffe and back, thence over Thorganby Park to Swinhope, and with Binbrook Hill on the right, round left-handed to Mr. W. Wright's house at Wold Newton. Next they turned to the right nearly to Wyham, then to the left, and straight through Hell Furze, where the field pressed hounds and checked them. Slowly they hunted the fast-sinking fox back to Wyham, where, only just in front of them, he went to ground near Mr. Isles' house.

A fortnight's frost stopped hounds during the last week of 1864 and the first of 1865, and they did not keep their appointment on January 11th owing to the death of Mr. Pelham Barnard, of Bigby ; nor did they hunt again till the 18th, though Long had a day with the Belvoir on the 14th, and one with the Grove on the 16th, neither day being productive of much sport. Frost and snow again stopped hunting on and off from January 20th till

February 24th, riding being generally bad, and the wolds invariably having a covering of snow when hounds did go out. There was, however, a very good run on February 8th from a meet at Weelsby House, hounds setting off from Coates Gorse and running a great pace to Healing, where they turned to the right and went to within two marshes of the Humber. Turning to the right again below Stallingborough, they came back to within a field of Coates Gorse, went on to Aylesby village, and through it, with Hungerhills on the left, to Keelby Southwells. Headed a little beyond this covert, the fox turned back, and by Riby Cross-roads ran up to Riby farm, where he was killed in a coalhouse. It was a capital gallop, and the bitches behaved splendidly. There was also a good day for hounds on February 24th, a hunt of three hours and twenty-eight minutes being the chief feature. It began with a ring or two from Rye Hill round East Holton and the Killingholmes, and back through Rye Hill, over the Ulceby road and through Newsham, across Brocklesby Park to the Mausoleum Woods. After running in the woods for some time, the bitches went away by the Limber schools and ran up to Limber Top, turning to the left there, and running through Riby Park to the Hermitage. There were a leash of foxes afoot there, but hounds luckily kept to the hunted animal, and after hustling him round the coverts for a while, pulled him down handsomely in the middle of Riby Park. The next was a hard but unsatisfactory day for the dog hounds from Healing village; but the bitches scored again on the 28th, a good forty-five minutes from Pepperdale, finishing with a kill at Clixby. March 11th was a windy day, but scent was not bad, and as the foxes elected to run up-wind generally, the lady pack managed to bring off a good hunt of an hour and forty-five minutes. Having found a fox in Hungerhills and killed him at Irby Dales, they ran from the Hermitage to the Mausoleum Woods, thence up Cottagers' Dale to Caistor Gates and Foxdales, and over Audleby and Fonaby to Caistor Top, where the fox turned down-wind and got the best of the argument. A good hunting day with a poor scent came off over the stretch of country between Hell Furze and Brigsley, and Peterhills and Holton-le-Clay on March 27th ; and another enjoyable woodland day, when a brace of foxes were killed, was brought about two days later; and the season closed on April 7th with the killing of a fox at Waterhills after an hour and forty minutes' hunting, It was not a good scenting season for the new huntsman to begin with, and for practically six weeks hounds were stopped by frost and snow. But Long, nevertheless, managed to kill thirty and a half brace of foxes in ninety-three days, marking sixteen brace to ground, which was, at least, satisfactory to a man who was a complete stranger to the country.

Cub-hunting in 1865 began on August 16th, and, thanks to a good scent, hounds put in a fine morning's work and killed a cub. They had a hard day from Roxton Wood on October 12th, running from fox to fox from half-past seven in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon; and the next day, after the bitches had killed a fox at Smithfield, and another after a quick twenty minutes in the open at Thoresway, got among a big litter in Nettleton Asholt. The hounds divided, and each lot killed their fox, one being the hunted animal they had brought from Stainton. Hounds were out thirty-eight times during the cub-hunting, killed twenty brace of foxes, and ran nine brace to ground.

Regular hunting began on October 30th, the dog pack opening the proceedings with a fast forty minutes' gallop from Croxby Pond, killing their fox between Swallow Vale and Irby Dales.

On November 3rd and 6th, hounds did not keep their appointments on account of the death of Mr. Gibbons, Lord Yarborough's agent; he was buried at Swallow on November 6th, the funeral being attended by over two hundred of the tenantry, gentry, and clergy of the district. There was a very hard day from Thoresway village on December 11th, hounds running from fox to fox the day through; old Will Long was out that day. On December 18th the bitches brought off a capital forty minutes from Badger Hills, very fast, and with only a very slight pause throughout. They first ran over Cabourne Top, and then turned to the left past Cabourne village, passing within a field of Badger Hills, and skirting Rothwell village and Rothwell Gorse, *en route* to Thoresway village, where the fox, dead beat, lay down in some cabbages. Long got off his horse and had him all to himself; but he could not get the hounds to him and the foot-people holloa'd so that he escaped. The pack got a view and raced after him, and were on the point of catching him when he got to ground, they being actually at his brush. There was a very hard day from Normanby Clump on December 26th, and Heedless turned up during the day with two inches cut off her stern; and on the following day the dog pack was running from fox to fox in the Bradley and Grimsby district the day through. There was a good two-and-a-half-hours' hunting run from Bradley Wood on January 17th, 1866, hounds twisting about between Bradley, Aylesby, Irby Holme, and Barnoldby, and eventually losing a dead-beat fox through his getting into a drain. On February 5th Long records the fact that after drawing Hell Furze blank, hounds trotted on to Grainsby Healing, as there was cattle plague at Mr. Dauber's farmstead near Beesby Wood. There was a good two-and-a-half-hours' hunt between Bradley Wood and Grainsby Park the same day.

On February 10th the "Special Commissioner" of the *Sporting Gazette* was out, and had an opportunity of seeing how the Brocklesby dog hounds could both race and hunt. They had a fine run, now fast and now at hunting pace, from Henholes to Swallow village, and past Bowlands and Cuxwold Asholt nearly to Croxby Pond, then right-handed through Badger Hills to Cabourne village, and so up to the woods with a brace of foxes in front of hounds. Finding that he was running a fresh fox, Long cast back and hit off the line of the hunted animal, which had waited in the woods, and sent him over Audleby, till he was headed back into the woods at Brompton Dales. They then went away with Limber Top on the right to Riby Bratlands, where the dead-beat fox crawled about in the briars for some time and eventually went to ground.

February 26th was productive of a very fast run of twenty-eight minutes from Thorganby Gorse, through Swinhope to Click 'Em Inn, and round, with Thorganby Hall on the left, through Beelsby village nearly to Irby Holme, where the fox was headed back to Croxby Pond, and hounds pulled him down just inside the covert. From Click 'Em Inn to Irby Holme it is a four-and-a-half-mile point, and hounds must have run between seven and eight miles.

On March 7th and 9th there were two good gallops, one a very fast thirty minutes from Coates Gorse to Irby Dales, which was followed by a long slow hunt with a fresh fox, and the other a smart forty-eight minutes from Cottagers' Dale to Hendale, and thence to Barnetby, and by Kirmington and Little Limber, down the Mausoleum Woods to the stables at Brocklesby, where hounds killed their fox.

But the run of the season—in fact, a run that must have lived in the memory of every person who took part in it, came off on March 14th. The meet was at Riby Cross-roads, and after a very moderate beginning hounds roused a good stout fox in Irby Dales, and the fun at once became fast and furious. Hounds went away close to their fox nearly to Irby village, turning over the Swallow Cow Pastures and through Swallow Vale and Dauber's covert, to come back between Henholes and Swallow village to Bowlands. Headed here, he went over the Swallow and Croxby lanes, with the Asholt on his left, and past Cuxwold with a point for Rothwell. Another turn, and with Badger Hills and Cabourne village close on the right, they ran nearly to the High Street, where the fox was again headed back over the Cabourne road nearly to the

Riby road, and yet again over Cabourne Top to run a bee-line for Henholes. Hounds got a view as he crossed the Swallow road, but some horsemen in the road upset them and the fox escaped, they hunting him on over the Swallow Cow Pastures (where he tried the earths, only just out of view of the pack), and through the end of Irby Dales. Toiling slowly along the Irby slopes to Rush Hill, and so exhausted that he had twice to stop as he ascended the hillside, he went to ground there in view. Time, an hour and sixteen minutes, practically no check for hounds, and horses never had a pull from start to finish. Long never once touched his hounds, and the field was unanimous in saying that they had never before seen them go so fast for so long. The huntsman decided to dig for his fox, and a fresh one bolted, hounds racing him away through Swallow Vale and Dauber's covert to the Top Woods, and so on past the Swiss Cottage and Foxdale to Broughton Furze, where they divided into two or three lots, and Long had them stopped. The bitch pack was out that day, and many of the horses were so beat that they could not be got home that night.

March 28th was the last day of the season, the meet being at Girsby Hall, the home of Captain Fox, the Master of the South Wold, where hounds had gone overnight. The hounds were out a hundred and eight times, killing forty-three brace of foxes and marking twenty-five and a half brace to ground.

Cub-hunting began at 4.35 on August 23rd, 1866, and a brace of foxes were killed. Lord Worsley, the present earl, came out during the morning and saw the second cub rolled over; he was blooded by Nimrod Long, who presented him with the brush, and he afterwards went home with the hounds to see them fed.

A curious incident took place on September 3rd, in Thomas' Wood. While the pack was busy running a fox, a young bitch called Harmony caught a cub, but let him go again. Then Rakish joined issue with her daughter; but on Long going to them they again let him go, racing him through the undergrowth till he turned at bay, when Long ran up and caught the cub by the brush, mother and daughter, assisted by another couple of hounds, then despatching him.

For three days in October Long was confined to the house with a very severe cold, and went out one day as a spectator, Alfred Thatcher carrying the horn in the mean while.

The cub-hunting season was a particularly satisfactory one, there being plenty of foxes everywhere and good scents, and satisfactory work for hounds was the rule. The total of the slain amounted to no fewer than thirty brace killed in forty-one mornings, six and a half brace being marked to ground. The nine cub-hunters sold by auction at Brigg on November 8th realized a total of £293.

The first good thing of the season came off on November 26th from Hawerby House, a poor beginning around Hell Furze and Beesby Wood being followed by a fine hunting run of an hour and ten minutes from the latter covert. Hounds first ran through Hell Furze, and by Autby towards Thoresby, turning to the right and going, with Ludborough village on the right, a couple of fields over the Louth road. Turning back over the road, hounds went to the left of Utterby village, crossed the railway to Little Grimsby, and ran through the Oak Tree plantation to Covenham, where the fox again turned to the right by Yarborough village, Long getting a view of him three fields in front of hounds. Crossing the canal, the fugitive lay down in some gardens at Alvingham, where Fury hunted him out and hounds rolled him over, ten good miles as the crow flies from where he was found. He was a very twisting fox, and never seemed to have a point, and hounds were at no time served by a particularly good scent, so that every credit was due to them for their performance. Long says he never saw hounds work better than did the dog pack that day.

Another good day's sport, this time going to the credit of the lady pack, was brought off on December 5th from

Swallow Vale. Having killed a Henholes fox after a twenty-six minutes' scurry, hounds found their second fox in Irby Holme, going away at a great pace, with Beelsby on the right, for Hatcliffe Mill, where the fox turned to the right, and ran through Croxby Pond, and by Gunnerby to Thorganby. Pressing on past Swinhope, the pack ran the valley towards Orford, but turned left-handed short of this hamlet, and with Binbrook Hill close on the right, ran nearly to Wold Newton. Once more turning to the left, the fox went through the Click 'Em Inn Coverts, and hounds ran into him in the open, about half a mile from Swinhope House, after a grand run of an hour and a quarter, the best that Long had seen in that country so far.

Meeting at Brocklesby Hall on December 12th, there was the largest gathering ever known with the Brocklesby, but the stormy state of the elements somewhat spoilt a fairly enjoyable day's sport.

On December 22nd two hounds, Villain and Grecian, got impaled on some iron fencing near Newsham, and the former, the best-looking dog in the kennels, and a rare worker, died after lingering for six days.

The new year, 1867, opened somewhat badly, for hounds were confined to kennels by frost from December 29th to January 8th, and again from January 11th to January 25th, and the sport during that month was generally poor, the first good run coming on February 16th from Riby Cross-roads. After a moderate beginning, matters brightened up considerably, and having killed a Henholes fox, hounds found a brace more, and immediately divided, part going back, while the others (nine couples) went away at a tremendous pace through the Keelby Sprothorns and Southwells into Roxton Wood. Running straight through, hounds went to the left of Foxholes, and crossed the railway to run to Habrough village, thence pressing on to Killingholme, where the fox was headed and turned to within a field of Zincs. Crossing the beck and the railway, and with Ulceby Station on the left, hounds ran up to Wootton, where the fox was again headed back to Ulceby village and sent across the railway; the rest of the pack, having been brought up by Lord Yarborough, joined in there, and the reunited forces pulled their fox down between the Osiers and the Thornton road, after a fine run of an hour and twenty-five minutes. There was one other good day in February, from Swinhope House, when an enjoyable hunt finished with a fine fifty-five minutes' gallop from Smithfield, which had a kill in the open at Gunnerby as a finale. The best day in March was on the 11th, when hounds met at Weelsby House, bringing off a capital fifty-nine minutes' gallop in the morning, and killing their fox; and they finished the day at Nettleton, an hour and thirty-five minutes from the Swiss Cottage, being the best performance in the afternoon. Hunting was stopped by frost from March 11th to the 21st, and there was no run of note during the rest of the season. Hounds had been out one hundred and ten times, killing forty-eight brace of foxes and running seventeen and a half brace to ground.

Cub-hunting that year began on August 30th, and it proved on the whole a fairly successful one.

The regular season opened with a breakfast at Brocklesby Hall on November 4th, and the staff were all mounted on chestnut horses. Lord Yarborough presented Long with a silver horn that day.

The first good day was on November 23rd from Usselby Station, hounds first running a fox from the Usselby Plantations to Walesby, Normanby Dales, and Claxby Wood, where they killed him after a few turns round the covert; and they afterwards finished an hour and a half's run from Walesby, at dark, not far from where they found.

From December 2nd to December 11th hunting was stopped by frost, and again on the 20th and 21st.

Lord Yarborough carried the horn at Pelham Pillar on December 30th, Long having gone to Badminton to see a stud hound; and he then had a day with the pack with which the name of Long is so intimately associated.

On January 22nd Lord and Lady Yarborough and Nimrod Long went for a day with the Belvoir, enjoying a fair day's sport from Croxton Park, of which an hour and forty minutes with a kill near Melton, was the best.

Frank Beers and Jack Backhouse were out at East Halton village on February 8th, but there was only moderate sport on a bad scenting day. But there was a hard day from Barrow Hall on February 21st, the bitches bringing off a run of two hours and twenty minutes from Goxhill, and another of two hours from Houlton's covert; and there was also a very fast thirty minutes from Hell Furze to Ackthorpe Wood on March 3rd, and Long says he never saw hounds go faster.

Probably the best run of the season took place on March 6th, from Swallow Cross-roads. It was some time before hounds found a fox; but when going off to draw Irby Holme they put up a fox out of a heap of thorns, and getting a good start with him, raced away through Irby Holme towards Beelsby, and left-handed by the Hatcliffe Plantation and the mill, over the Barton street towards Brigsley. With Barnoldby on the left and Waltham on the right, the bitches pressed on through Bradley Gears to Bradley Wood, having come at racing pace for thirty-five minutes; but slower hunting followed. At Laceby there was a long check; but hounds got up to their fox again in a plantation on the beck side, and they raced him through Laceby village, first towards Bradley Wood and then right-handed over the Barton street and through Irby Holme to the village. Hounds then got a view of their fox in a garden, and they raced him through the village and pulled him down in a grass field outside, having been running two hours all but five minutes. The Hon. Mr. Pelham, Long, and his second whipper-in, had a long way the best of it in the fast thing to Bradley Wood. The last notable item of the season was the admirable manner in which the lady pack "walked" a fox to death in an hour and a quarter, on March 20th; and the curtain went down on April 1st.

Cub-hunting in 1868 began on August 24th, the young hounds making a satisfactory start, throwing their tongues well, and all were up at the death of a brace of foxes.

On September 25th, Tom Walker, the second whipper-in, had a bad fall, breaking his blade-bone in two or three places; and, unfortunately, as no one saw him fall, no one was there to help him.

On September 29th hounds were away from their kennels eleven hours, and the following day ten hours; but, as a fox was killed each day, both packs were rewarded for their efforts. But there was a very hard day on October 7th, when hounds were out twelve and a half hours, and they did not taste blood owing to the great number of times that they changed foxes. It was, however, a very unsatisfactory cub-hunting, scent being bad, except on one or two occasions, and there was never a sufficient cry to keep the young hounds together. Consequently the young entry were short of both work and blood, but under the circumstances they entered remarkably well. Hard ground kept them in kennels from September 5th till September 23rd, but they were out thirty-two mornings, killing fourteen and a half brace of foxes, and marking five and a half brace to ground.

Regular hunting began on November 2nd, but it was a poor scentless day, and there was no sport to speak of.

The first good thing of the season came off on November 17th, when a fine gallop of an hour and thirty-six minutes was brought off from Burkinshaw's covert, hounds never checking till they had run through Chase Hill and by East Halton, South Killingholme, Rye Hill, and Habrough village to Waterhills, which they reached thirty-six minutes from the find. After dwelling in covert for about a quarter of an hour, they went away towards Roxton Wood, turned left through the Newsham Plantations, and with Ulceby village on the right, pointed first for Thornton, and then, with Wootton Gorse close on the right, headed for Dunkirk, the pack running from scent to view and pulling down their fox in the open, two fields short of the covert.

There was also a good forty-five minutes from Croxby Pond on December 7th, hounds hunting their way through a flock of sheep in admirable manner, and they ran into their fox in the open near Wyham House.

Meeting at Elkington Cow Pasture on December 14th, Long was, to his great disgust, holloa'd to a half-dead "bagman" turned down by the keeper in Welton Vale. Hounds declined to hunt it, and the Louth boys gave chase, killing it in mid-field with their sticks; but the huntsman would not let his hounds go near it.

While the Brocklesby were drawing Sedge Cop on December 16th, the Burton Hounds ran a fox into Kingerby Wood, changed foxes, and had a good forty-five minutes with the fresh one before marking him to ground at South Kelsey.

Bronchitis kept Long in the house from January 11th, 1869, to January 18th, Lord Yarborough hunting the hounds one day, and Alfred Thatcher the rest of the time.

They had a good hunting run from Grainsby Healing on February 1st, killing a twisting fox after an hour and three-quarters' work; and there was a nice run of an hour from Irby Holme to Weelsby on February 13th.

On the 18th of the same month Tom Hills of the Heythrop was out, and saw hounds race a Rothwell Gorse fox to death in thirty minutes, and also bring off a fine hunting run of an hour and twenty minutes from Badger Hills.

A breakfast meet at Stallingborough House on February 20th was followed by a fine run of an hour and twenty-five minutes over a splendid grass country, the pace being good throughout, and at times very fast. It emanated from Houlton's covert, the dog hounds first dashing off to Killingholme Lighthouse, and then turning right-handed to run with Battery Marsh and Reeds Mere left and right, as if for Stallingborough Scrubs. Turning to the right, they ran through Immingham village towards Habrough, came round, with North Killingholme on the right, for the earths at Jenny Hill, and after running the Humber bank for some time, turned through Chase Hill and headed for Langmere. Here the fugitive was headed by a cur-dog, who chased him into the marshes, and compelled him to again take to the Humber bank, which he ran for half a mile or so. But the hounds were now overhauling him fast, and, running from scent to view, they pulled him down in the mud of the Humber.

March 6th, 1869, is one of the red-letter days in the history of the Brocklesby, for on that date the lady pack brought off a run that must always be historic, and it is the best that Nimrod Long ever saw in his life. The meet was at the Stainton Plantations, and the first item was a twenty minutes' run from Stainton to Normanby Dales, the eagerness of the field bringing the hunt to an abrupt ending. Claxby Wood and the Plats being tenantless, hounds trotted off to the Usselby Plantations, where they found opposite the brickyards, and crossing the Market Rasen and Caistor road, drove their fox briskly through the Osgodby Plantations. He then ran the road for a quarter of a mile, and, turning to the left, placed Sedge Cop on his right as he headed for Middle Rasen. Just short of the village he was chased by a sheep-dog, and hounds pulled up; but Long had seen what had happened, and quickly recovered the line. Then the chase swept on through the village of Middle Rasen, across the drain, with West Rasen on the right, and with Toft and Toft Newton on the left, and Pilford Bridge on the right, over the Ancholme River as if for Fen Wood. Then came a turn to the left, hounds leading the way through the parishes of Normanby, Owmby, and Saxby, to recross the Ancholme with a point for Doglands Covert, till another turn took them, with Spridlington village on the right, nearly to Hackthorne Mill. Here a man in a gig turned the fox to the left, sending him, with Welton village on the right, towards Dunholme Gorse, and by Cold Hanworth—Spridlington Thorns being close on the left—across the drain at Cold Hanworth. Here he was again headed by a shepherd and his dog and turned back to the drain, which once more brought hounds to check. However, he succeeded in making his point, and, with Snarford Church on the right, the pack pressed on to Faldingworth Ings; then, with Shaft Wood and Wickenby on the left, they went straight for Snelland. After crossing the railway the fox was again headed, and turning to the left past Wickenby village, he sought shelter in Wickenby Wood, where he took one turn round before trying to break for Holton. But hounds were too close to him, and his heart failed him; so he turned back to the covert, and they caught him close to the railway, after a wonderful run of two hours and five minutes. By the map hounds had traversed fifteen parishes, and had run not less than twenty-four miles. Long claims to have had the best of it all through, though a few others rode through the run, and he was well carried by a horse called Monarch; the horses of both whippers-in were beaten some forty-five minutes before the end, so that the huntsman had no assistance in killing his fox. Long speaks in no measured terms of his pack, and says that when the bitches crossed the ride in Wickenby Wood for the last time they went over like a flock of pigeons, and they all finished wonderfully fresh. Long received the following two letters soon after, which add further testimony to the excellence of the run.

Copy of letter from Mr. E. (now Lord) Heneage to Nimrod Long.

"Hainton Hall, Wragby,
"March 8th, 1869.

"Long,

"As I have no doubt you would like the points of your run on Saturday into the Burton country, I send you them very shortly, as I do not suppose you know the country much, neither does Mr. Webster, who, with young Cole and another in black, were the only others who rode the run. I make it a nine-mile point in two places, and over twenty miles; but twenty is the very smallest distance, measuring on the map as follows:—

From Usselby Plantations to Osgodby	2	miles.
„ Osgodby to Middle Rasen (the check)	2	„
„ Middle Rasen to the turn of the Hounds in Owmby Parish near the Welton road	7	„
„ Welton road to the drain at Cold Hanworth ...	4	„

From Cold Hanworth to Snarford Church	1 mile
,, Snarford Church to Faldingworth Ings	1 ,,
,, Faldingworth Ings to Wickenby and Snelland road	2 ,,
,, Wickenby and Snelland road back to Wickenby Wood	1 ,,
Bare measurement	20 miles

"Point from Osgerby to Owmby, nine miles or more. We ran to within three miles of Fillingham, and within two miles of Hackthorn Hall.

"THE RUN.

"Found at Usselby Plantations. Ran to Osgerby and turned to the left very fast to Middle Rasen, where there was a check. Then through Toft to within two fields of Toft Newton Covert, where we bent to the right as if for Fen Wood, but kept on through Owmby nearly to where the Owmby and Welton roads meet. Then turned for Hackthorn, and bearing to the left again, passed Spridlington Thorns within sight of the leading horsemen, crossed the drain at Cold Hanworth, where he was headed, but again made his point past Snarford Church to Faldingworth Ings, then, leaving Shaft Wood and Wickenby on his left, went straight for Snelland. But he was again headed after crossing the railway, and turned up through Wickenby into the wood, took one turn round the wood and tried to break again for Holton; but the hounds were too close to him, and ran into him at once, in the presence of the huntsman and four others who alone rode to the end of this fine run, over twenty miles in two hours, and killed in the open.

"Yours, etc.,
"E. HENEAGE."

Copy of letter from Mr. R. Allwood to Nimrod Long.

"The Grange, Ludford, Market Rasen,
"March 20th, 1869.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have sent you a rough sketch of the extraordinary run you had this day fortnight. I should have done so before, but was afraid of not being anything like correct. I used to know that country well some time ago, but as I have not hunted that way so much lately, I have forgotten several objects that used to be familiar to me. I cannot make the run less than twenty-four miles, and the parishes you touched were as follows: Osgodby, Middle Rasen, West Rasen, Toft, Normanby by Spital, Owmby, Saxby, Spridlington, Welton, Cold Hanworth, Faldingworth, Snarford, Snelland, Wickenby. It will give me great pleasure to meet you on another occasion, and see such another splendid run and kill at the end of it. I only regret I did not nurse my horse a little more earlier in the day, that he might have carried me the last two miles as he did earlier in the run.

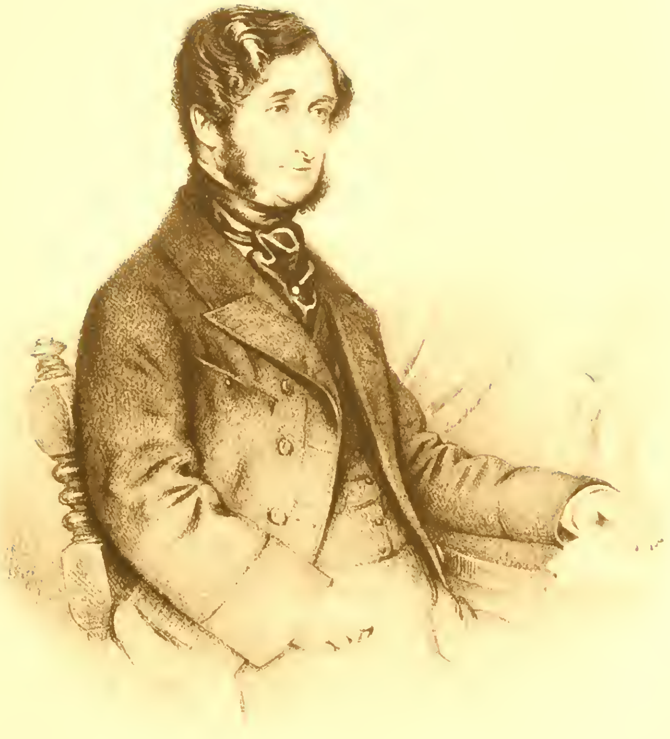
"Yours, etc.,
"ROBERT ALLWOOD."

The Hunt Steeplechases came off on March 24th, Long acting as starter, and he records the fact that Mr. H.

PLATE VI.

Charles, 2nd Earl of Yarborough.

Born, 1809; married, 1831; died, 1862.



Chaplin's Snowstorm won the Open Race, and Mr. W. Richardson's Peter Lord Yarborough's Cup.

Cub-hunting in 1869 began on August 30th, when a cub was killed in the Mausoleum Woods after a satisfactory morning's work. Regular hunting began on November 1st with a meet at Swallow village, and a leash of foxes came to hand; but, though there was generally good sport, nothing of note occurred till December 8th, when hounds hunted a twisting fox to death in an hour and a half from the New Holland Osiers. There was also a good hour and ten minutes from Battery Marsh on December 11th, hounds going away at a great pace down the marshes to Immingham Church, thence over Habrough Field to the East Holton road, and with Killingholme on the left, to Houlton's covert. Returning much the same way to Killingholme, hounds ran on through Habrough village to Immingham village, where, after some twisting work in and out of the gardens, they killed their fox. Another good hunting run of an hour and fifty-five minutes took place from Bradley Wood on the first day of 1870, the pack eventually killing a very wry-necked fox at Stallingborough.

While calling for refreshment at Mr. Borman's, Irby, on January 3rd, a fox jumped up out of the shrubs by the front door and provided the field with a fine run of an hour and twenty-five minutes before hounds were stopped on account of the darkness. They ran through Irby Holme to Beelsby, made a point for Barnoldby, and then turned right-handed by Hatcliffe Mill as if for Ravendale. Turning over the Barton street to the brook, hounds then ran the meadows to Brigsley, where the fox crossed, and he was running in the direction of Waltham when his pursuers were stopped. It was a capital gallop, and the country from Irby Holme a good one.

On February 26th Mr. William Richardson's horse broke his leg below the knee while jumping a fence near Roxton Wood; and on March 4th the bitches brought off a good gallop of an hour and two minutes, from the Smithfield

Plantations, killing their fox at the end of it. They first ran by Orford up the valley to Kirmond, and through the Pheasantry to Warmsley Holt and Thorpe-le-Mire. Here the fox was headed back past Kirmond for Stainton-le-Vale, where he turned to the left to Walesby, and again to the left by Bedlam Plantation, and, with Tealby village on the left, went to Tealby Thorpe, at which place hounds ran into him.

There was a hard day from Linwood Warren House on March 8th, hounds finishing twenty-one miles from their kennels, and they were out eleven hours and three-quarters; and on March 26th they went by special train to Snelland, to meet at Clay Bridge, in the Burton country, by invitation. There was a very large meet; but it was a poor scentless day, the land being very dry, though the foxes found led the way over a very good country.

The season finished on April 2nd, hounds having been out ninety-six times, having killed seventy-nine foxes and marked thirty-two to ground.

The cub-hunting of 1870 began on September 5th in the Mausoleum Woods, where there was a good show of foxes, toll being taken of a brace after a satisfactory morning's work with the dog hounds. Then the bitches had a turn, and a fox was placed to their credit before they returned to kennels.

October 14th was remarkable for the fact that the bitches were running for two hours and a quarter in Reeds Mere, a very small and very thick covert, hounds hunting their fox with great courage and gameness, and never leaving him till he sought shelter in a rabbit-hole, from which he was ignominiously scratched out.

Laceby Cross-roads was the scene of the opening meet on November 1st, an hour's run from Bradley Wood being the best of a fair day's sport; but the first good run of the season came off on December 10th from Swinhope House, when the dog pack brought off a good gallop of an hour and twenty-eight minutes from Arthur's Holt and killed their fox. Hounds had divided just before they killed, but the body kept to the hunted fox. They ran by Scallows Hill towards Lambcroft, pointed for Cadeby, and came back, with Wold Newton on the right, to Scallows Hill. They then ran on by Binbrook Hill towards Wykeham, and turned along Ludford bottom, with Wheatman's on the right, to the High Street, where the hounds divided into three lots, a leash of foxes and the hounds being in the same field.

Two days later it was the bitches' turn, and a fine run of an hour and twenty minutes was placed to their credit from Ashby-cum-Fenby. It began from Grainsby, Healing, hounds dashing away, with Waithe Church on the left, to Holton-le-Clay, where the fox was headed back to Waltham, turning first left and then right to run, with Brigsley on the left, over Grimsby road to Barnoldby village. Here hounds again turned to the left, crossed the brook and the Barton street, and pressed on to Ravendale. Leaving the village on the left, they turned at Gunnerby, the fox being headed short back to the right over the Hatcliffe road with a point for the mill, only to be again headed back through Beelsby village; all this bringing about some splendid hunting. By the Vicarage they now ran, with Bowlands and Swallow village on the left, the fox pointing for Henholes; but he turned to the right down the lane, and with Irby Dales on the left mounted the slopes to Irby village, hounds racing him through three folds of sheep, and pulling him down in the open.

Hounds were confined to kennels from December 19th to January 16th, though they went into the woods, forty-six and a half couple strong, to hunt in nine inches of snow on January 2nd; but there was not enough scent to kill a fox. They were again stopped from January 17th till February 4th. Both of the days snatched from King Frost were particularly good, and a fox came to hand each day after a good run.

The return to active service was signalized by a fine hunting run of three hours and five minutes, the bitches killing their dead-beat fox at the end of it. He was roused in Wootton Gorse, and went away towards Ulceby Field till a right-handed turn brought hounds to Ulceby village, having a brace of foxes in front of them. One went on to Brocklesby Station, but the Wootton fox crossed the railway into the osiers, and just skirting Zincs, headed for Killingholme. Being turned from his point there, he went away to Thornton Gorse, where hounds got on better terms with him, and after one turn round they forced him into the open again, the Abbey being on the left, and away over the beck as if for East Halton. Once more the fox was headed, causing him to run the beck nearly to Langmere, and recrossing, took a line over the small enclosure at Goxhill to Butters Wood. Turning to the left short of this covert, he went over the railway and ran his head up against a man hedging on Mr. Sargeant's farm, which caused a long check; but Long eventually recovered the line of his fox, and hunted him slowly over Ulceby Field back to Wootton Gorse. Here the tired fox had waited, but the place soon got too hot to hold him, and after running him hard for a little distance, they swung back to Wootton village, the heart of the fugitive having failed him, and threading the gardens and small enclosures there, surrendered up his brush in the church-yard. Two days later there was another good day's sport from a meet at Normanby Clump, an hour and a half's gallop from Thorganby Gorse being the best of it. Mr. E. Dowson's horse broke his back that day while jumping a small fence. There was also a good gallop on February 17th, the lady pack running a Pepperdales fox hard for fifty minutes, and only being robbed of a worry by the fox going to ground in Donkey Park after a wide ring at a smart pace.

Wind seems to have seriously affected sport this month, and Long having run a thorn into his eye on March 1st, he was kept at home on the 3rd, his first whipper-in hunting the hounds. But the next day found him out with the dog pack, which brought off a good run of three hours and twenty minutes, first with a Chase Hill fox, who shifted his burdens on to the shoulders of one from Houlton's covert, who in turn dropped out of the running in favour of one from Foxhole Close, which eventually came to hand in Thomas' Wood.

There was a big muster at Laceby Cross-roads on March 15th, the morning after the Lincolnshire Light Horse Ball at Grimsby, but it was a very poor day's sport. The next day was productive of more fun, however, a forty-five minutes from Houlton's covert to Healing, where darkness put a stop to the chase, being the best item in a full day's hunting. If February was blustery, March was dry and scentless, and an average season finished on the 25th of that month.

A fresh campaign was started on August 26th, when there was a good morning's work ending with blood, and a couple of puppies actually caught the fox.

The educational period opened most brightly, but an unfortunate accident soon deprived Long of the services of his first whipper-in, Richard Fridlington, who had succeeded Alfred Thatcher, gone as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to the Bedale; he had a nasty fall in the Brocklesby Woods, and was badly kicked about the head and body.

There were two good runs during the cub-hunting season, one being a gallop of an hour and five minutes from South Wood on October 23rd, and the other one of an hour and twenty minutes from Pepperdale the next day, when old Random did great things. But the next three days were nearly as good, and the five consecutive days were a fine sequence of first-class sport, and there was blood each day.

On October 30th Mr. Baltazzi had a curious accident with a cub-hunter called "Twice a Week," while hunting near Redbourne. On jumping a drain the horse fell on landing, and dropped back into the drain. He was got out with some difficulty, when it was discovered that he had—as was thought at the time—broken his off hind leg at the fetlock joint, and he was in consequence shot at once. But the next morning the joint was found to have been dislocated, and not broken.

Hounds did not hunt from October 31st to November 13th in consequence of the death of the Countess of Listowel, Lady Yarborough's mother; they had been out cub-hunting on thirty-nine occasions, and had killed twenty brace of foxes, besides running three and a half brace to ground.

Regular hunting began on November 13th at Laceby Cross-roads, the ground being very frost-bound and bad to ride over, while sport was of the poorest. There was no hunting from November 17th to November 24th, and for two days Long was laid up with a severe cold. Lord Yarborough also had a bad fall on November 25th through his horse slipping on some ice, and he suffered from a slight concussion of the brain. Frost again stopped hunting from December 4th to December 11th, but there was some capital sport towards the end of the month, notably December 20th, when there was a full day's hunting from Riby Cross-roads; on December 22nd, when there was a grand run of two hours and a half from Thorganby Hall to Nor Woods; on December 27th, when hounds were actually running all day from Yarborough Camp, and were stopped at dark at Houlton's covert; and on December 29th, when hounds brought off a day's sport from Stainton Plantation that deserves more than casual reference. The bitches began by running hard round Stainton for twenty minutes, and killing their fox, and found again in the plantations and killed after another fast gallop of half an hour.

But the great run of the day began from the covert at the Stainton Cross-roads, hounds getting quickly away with their fox, and hustling him through the chain of coverts and left-handed over the High Street as if for Normanby Dales. Leaning to the left, however, the fox sunk the hill between Otby and Normanby Dales, and with Claxby Wood on the right, and Walesby on the left, went straight over the railway into the Usselby plantations. Headed here, he turned up the plantations and crossed the road for the Osgodby Coverts, pointed for Osgodby village, and then crossed the Bishop Bridge road for a straight run to West Rasen, from which point he came straight back to the Usselby Plantations and went to ground on the railway bank. It was a nine-mile point to the turn at West Rasen, and hounds altogether ran some fourteen miles in an hour and twenty minutes, generally at a great pace. The fox was only just in front of them when he went to ground. The new year (1872) opened wet and stormy, and it was not till February 3rd that sport rose above the average, and on that day the dog hounds brought off a good afternoon gallop of fifty-five minutes from Roxton Wood, having to be stopped at dark. A really good run came off from Barrow Hall on February 7th, but there was an unlucky finish. The fox was found in the New Holland Osiers, and went away by Barrow Haven over the railway, with Goxhill village on the right, pointing for the Humber; but he turned short of the bank, and running through Goxhill parish, crossed the beck and went into Langmere Furze. Hounds ran straight through, crossed the Halton Skitter road, and turned into the marshes; but a swing to the right brought them to Chase Hill, in which covert the first whipper-in viewed the fox with his back up. Nimrod Long got a bad fall one field from the covert, his horse rolling over his thighs. After hanging in covert for some time, hounds went away to Burkinshaw's covert, and at a great pace ran, with Houlton's covert and Immingham Church on the left, to the Habrough road, where they checked for three or four minutes before crossing the railway as if for Roxton Wood. Here the fox was headed, so ran with the wood on the right to Little London village, to be again headed and turned over the beck to Keelby Southwells, the field on their tired horses being completely tailed off. When the staff got to them it was to find a leash of foxes in front of hounds, and the pack divided, one lot going to Roxton

Wood and the other through Hungerhills to Riby Park. They had been running for two hours and twenty minutes (two hours to Keelby Southwells), and had traversed some fourteen miles. It was an unlucky finish. All the first horses were beaten, and no second horses put in an appearance.

On the 12th the bitches scored a ten-mile point from Kingerby Wood to Hackthorn House, running their fox to ground in a stone-pit, almost in view of the leading hounds; and the next day the dog pack had a good hunt of just over two hours, the last hour and twenty-five minutes of which was particularly good. They ran from Hell Furze around Beesby and Ludborough, and on making a fresh start, ran a twisting line over Granisby, Brigsley, Waltham, Bradley, and Barnoldby, eventually killing their fox at Welbeck Hill.

The Hunt Steeplechases took place on February 28th, Lord Yarborough running Master Oliver in the open race, and Beverley in the Limber Stakes; but they were not fit enough to win. Mr. Baltazzi's Paddy fell at the last fence in the scurry, breaking his back.

March was very dry and hot, and no sport of note marked the end of the season.

Cub-hunting in 1872 began with the dog pack on August 27th, a very satisfactory morning's work, including the killing of a brace of cubs. The youngsters framed particularly well, joining in the cry and helping to break up the foxes like old hounds. The bitches did equally well the next day, and killed a cub. Hounds were out thirty-six times before the opening day, November 4th, killing eighteen brace and marking six and a half brace to ground. They began the regular season with an excellent run of an hour and forty minutes from Bradley Wood, running first to Laceby, and with Aylesby Mill and Coates Gorse on the left, and Little Coates on the right, to the Grimsby Osiers. Hounds turned before reaching this point, and crossing the railway near Great Coates Station, plunged into the marshes. Running parallel with the Humber bank for some distance, the fox turned to the left at the Stallingborough brickyard, and, with the Scrubbs on the left, ran to within a couple of fields of Reeds Mere, where the pack came up hand over hand and caught and killed him in a ditch.

There was a capital run from Grainsby Healing on November 18th, and hounds would no doubt have killed their fox, but that both the huntsman and his first lieutenant got into a drain, and the huntsman's horse was nearly drowned. They ran nearly to Hell Furze, and then all over the Fulstow, Covenham, and Grainthorpe country to the water's edge, and thence back to Fulstow, where the mishap to the authorities occurred, and the long check saved the fox's life. They had been running nigh on two hours up to the check at Fulstow, nearly the whole time in a very heavy, and, to the huntsman, quite a strange country.

But the first day of 1873 was a veritable red-letter day as regards sport, and a very hard one too, for hounds found their first fox in Bradley Wood at 11.30, and except during the brief time it took them to trot from that covert to Coates Gorse, were running until five o'clock at night. The Bradley fox came to hand after a run of an hour, mostly woodland. It was the dog pack, and they were quickly away from Coates Gorse with one of three foxes in front of them, leaving Great Coates village close on the left as they skirted the marshes to swing round to Grimsby Osiers (running the outside fence) and the Nun's Farm. Crossing the Grimsby road by the Cemetery with a brace of foxes in front of them, hounds pressed on past Weelsby House to the confines of Clee village, turning right-handed through the Weelsby Coverts and over the railway nearly to Waltham. Leaning to the right, they then ran up to Scartho village, crossed the road, and the fox having tried the earths in Scartho bank, went on through Tennyson's Holt to Bradley Wood. Just skirting the wood, they went on by

Bradley village and over the Laceby road to Coates Gorse, where they ran in covert for about a quarter of an hour before going on with a fresh fox. This fox led the way through Maud Hole, and with Healing Gorse and Aylesby village right and left, over the Barton street to Riby Park, where yet another fresh fox jumped up. Now the chase swept on, with the Hermitage and the Bratlands on the left, nearly to Keelby village, and turning to the left, with Keelby Grange on the left, to Limber village. Hounds were stopped there, as it was too dark to proceed. They covered a lot of country during the day, and made several wide points.

On January 13th the Brocklesby ran into the South Wold near the Old Fleet drain at Thoresby, and changed foxes, the South Wold killing the Brocklesby fox, while foiled ground prevented the Brocklesby from reciprocating.

There was a big Meet in Grimsby Market-place on January 18th, and the huntsman speaks very highly of the behaviour of the field; then came a spell of frost from January 21st till February 8th, and, except on February 5th, hounds were confined to kennels. They signalized their return to active service by three good days on February 12th, 17th, and 21st, and on the 22nd Mr. Hall from the Holderness, and Mr. Musters from Nottinghamshire, came for a day with the Brocklesby dog pack. The former was particularly pleased, and said that they were a better pack than he had ever seen before. On March 11th this pack ran a Bradley Wood fox to Thorganby, where a snowstorm saved his life after an hour and thirty-five minutes' hunt, and on the 17th they ran a fox from Grainsby, by way of Ravendale and Beelsby, to Badger Hills, a fresh fox taking up the running there. As no second horses were at hand, he was allowed to depart in peace.

Long records the fact that on March 27th of that year Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson won the Grand National at Liverpool on Captain Machell's Disturbance, a great day

THE KENNELS.

for North Lincolnshire. The season finished on April 1st, with a big meet at Audleby Villa.

August 27th, 1873, found the Hendale Woods ringing with music once more, the young dog hounds entering into the fun of the thing with most satisfactory zeal, and helping to break up a cub at the end of the morning; while two mornings later the lady pack had even better luck, opening their season's account with a brace of foxes.

On September 27th they had a morning in the Manby Woods, where they had not been for over twenty years, nor do they go there now. They found two and a half brace of cubs, but after an hour's work they all got to ground. The educational period was not a very satisfactory one, but hounds managed to kill thirty-nine foxes in thirty-seven mornings, besides marking fourteen to ground, before the curtain went up at Laceby Cross-roads on November 3rd.

The first item of note was a fast run forty-five minutes with a fox from Claxby Plats, who first headed for Holton, and after running up and down the hills for some time, was sent through Normanby Dales, and killed two fields away the other side.

There was a very big muster at Brocklesby Hall on December 3rd, which included a large house-party, and there was a capital day's sport, hounds being hard at it for four hours. They found their fox in the osiers at Newsham, and after several rings in the Newsham Coverts, they hunted him away through Habrough village to Foxholes and Roxton Wood. A series of rings around Keelby and the Sprothorns followed, and then hounds found themselves back at Roxton Wood once more, eventually going away towards Immingham and Reeds Mere, and turning again to run through Immingham to Killingholme, where the fox was headed. The pack then hunted him through Houlton's covert, and down the marshes nearly to Battery Marsh, till a right-handed turn took them to the cross-roads at Immingham, where came a long check owing to the foiling of the line by sheep. Hounds had run without check since leaving Roxton Wood the first time, an hour and forty minutes in all. On hitting it off, they ran through Immingham towards Roxton Wood, but were run out of scent before reaching that covert.

But the best thing of the season up to that time came off two days later from Swallow Cross-roads, hounds beginning with a couple of hours' hard running in the Pillar Woods, till one, very beat, got to ground just in front of the pack. At about two o'clock they found again in Irby Holme, and they continued to run hard till they were stopped at five o'clock. After hanging in covert for half an hour, the fox went away by Welbeck Hill, and crossed the Barton street, running nearly to Laceby before a right-handed turn led hounds to Bradley Wood, where there were several foxes afoot. They went away with one, the Gears being on the left, nearly to Waltham; but he turned short back, and part of the pack marked him to ground in a drain on the Waltham and Bradley road, while the rest went on towards Barnoldby with another good line. Leaning to the right, hounds now crossed the beck and the Barton street, and, with Hatcliffe Mill close on their left, headed for Beelsby. They went on with Ravendale and Gunnerby left and right, still leaning to the left all the while, and crossing the Wold Newton and Thorganby road, ran nearly to Binbrook Scallows, where a boy headed the fox short back, and in a turnip field at Wold Newton hounds had two lines and changed foxes. They went on by Click 'Em Inn to Swinhope, and there Long stopped them after a very hard day.

There was another hard day from Normanby Clump on December 8th, hounds first running fast from a pit near the place of muster to Cuxwold, and thence to Croxby, where they marked their fox to ground, dug, and killed. They then set off with another from the same earth to run by Cuxwold Asholt, Thorganby Hall, and Ravendale, to Ashby Cottagers' Plats, and thence, with a fresh fox, by Peterhills and Ravendale to Ashby-cum-Fenby, where he ran them out of scent, after they had been running continuously for four hours twenty-five minutes. Two days later there was another four-hours' run from Bradley Wood. They seemed to have struck a rich vein of sport in December, for on the 20th, after a meet at Weelsby House, hounds brought off a very fine run of an hour and thirty-five minutes, the greater part of it fast. They began by killing a Weelsby fox after half an hour's work, and then started off from the Grimsby Osiers on the run of the day. Placing Little Coates and Coates Gorse on the left, and Great Coates village on the right, they ran nearly to Healing, where the fox was headed by a plough-team and sent over the railway into the marshes; but he eventually returned by Stallingborough Covert to Healing, having the Wells on the right and the Gorse on the left, as he ran to the confines of Riby parish. Turning back left-handed through Aylesby, hounds ran the beck-side to the Laceby Spinnies and crossed the Laceby road to run to Bradley Wood and fresh foxes. The leading hounds kept to the run fox, however, and sent him away to try the earths at Scartho, and on to Waltham Station, where he turned back, and hounds running from scent to view, pulled him down one field from the Waltham and Scartho road. The pack had worked admirably throughout. It is very probable that they changed foxes near Healing Wells.

On January 10th hounds met at Elkington Cow Pasture after the Louth Ball, and had a good day's sport, which included a run of an hour and forty minutes from a patch of gorse near Welton Vale House, finishing twenty-seven and a half miles from home at Burwell village. There was also a good day on January 28th from Aylesby village, beginning with a fox from the Carr Plantation, who first went to Coates Gorse, and thence through Bradley Wood to Waltham, where hounds pulled him down after a smart twenty-seven minutes' burst. They then found a lot of foxes afoot in Bradley Wood, and went away with one to Scartho bank, turning left over the Grimsby and Laceby road, and swinging round Little Coates, went on with Coates Gorse and Maud Hole left and right nearly to Healing Gorse. Turning at Pyewipe, hounds then went over the railway to run a wide ring in the marshes, and to recross the railway at Great Coates village and take on another fox there. This one they also sent into the marshes, and round through Grimsby Osiers to the confines of Grimsby Town, where the fox was headed and turned towards Bradley Wood. Again they changed, recrossed the Grimsby road, and then ran over Grimsby Field, placing Little Coates on the right as they pressed on past Coates Gorse to the village, where faulty information stopped the chase after a run of just on three hours.

There was no hunting between February 2nd and February 14th on account of frost; but amends were made by two good days on the 16th and 17th, the bitches accounting for one fox and the dogs for a leash, as a reward for their efforts.

March was a very blustery, bad-scenting month, and the only item worth mentioning was a visit of Mr. Foljambe and Will Dale, who saw the dog hounds roll over a leash of foxes during a satisfactory day's hunting.

Long makes a note in his diary that Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson won the Grand National for the second year in succession, on Reugny, on March 26th.

The curtain went down on April 7th after a bye day, the hounds having been out one hundred and thirteen times, killed ninety-three foxes, and marked forty-four to ground; and it rose again on August 24th, when the lady pack put in a good spell of work, and rolled a cub over, the dog pack doing ditto the following morning. The last day of education was October the 31st, and was marked by a good fifty-five minutes' run from Kingerby Wood into the Burton country, hounds running into their fox in Fen Wood; and the opening day from Laceby Cross-roads provided an hour and a half's run with a kill as a good start to the season.

A very good run came off on November 20th, hounds accomplishing a point of over eleven miles, but being unfortunately run out of scent at the finish. They found their fox in Hungerhills, dashing quickly away to Stallingborough Mill, and leaving it close on the left as they swung round through Healing Wells, and placing Healing Gorse and Maud Hole on the left as they ran down to Aylesby village. With this on the right, the pack crossed the brook at Laceby village, running its bank for some distance before turning right towards Welbeck Hill and left to cross the Barton street nearer Barnoldby. Beelsby and the Hatcliffe Mill on the Barton street were placed right and left, and hounds pressed on over Ravendale nearly to Peterhills, where the fox turned left-handed nearly to Ashby Cottagers' Plats; and being headed on the Barton street, returned right-handed, running in succession through Stock Furlong, Beesby Wood, and Hell Furze—it being possible that hounds changed in either of these coverts—nearly to Ludborough. Turning short to the right over the Louth road, hounds hunted on, with Wyham on the right, nearly to Lambcroft, scent growing weaker and weaker till they came to a standstill at Binbrook Scallows.

They were stopped by frost from keeping their appointments on eleven occasions in November and December, and there was a long break from December 16th till January 5th, caused by some six or seven inches of snow and a very severe frost. It was not till January 18th that a Bradley Wood fox provided a capital fifty-five minutes' run before surrendering his brush near Reeds Mere, and lifted the sport above the average.

There was a very fast thirty-five minutes from Wootton Gorse on January 29th, through Pond Close Wood nearly to Barnetby, and over Searby to the Hendale Woods, hounds catching their fox just before reaching their shelter; and they followed this up with an hour and twenty minutes' steady hunt around the woods and over the Searby slopes to Low Somerby. The same pack, the bitches, also brought off a good run of an hour and three-quarters from Houlton's covert on February 2nd, running into their fox in orthodox style in front of Mr. Symond's house at Goxhill.

The season came to an untimely end on February 5th, owing to the death of the Earl of Yarborough in London.

The new one opened on August 30th with the killing of a brace of cubs in Thomas' Wood, the present Lord Yarborough then being a minor, and the pack being under the mastership of Victoria, Lady Yarborough, who was ably assisted by Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, a gentleman who has always taken the greatest interest in the breeding and hunting of the pack, and whose valuable advice has done much to make it what it is now. The first hard day's work came with the Bradley foxes on September 24th, hounds running fast all the time, killing a cub, and being absent from kennels eleven hours. There was also another hard day on October 29th, from Binbrook Scallows, and hounds did not get home till seven o'clock. Thirteen and a half brace of foxes was the total of the slain during the educational period, and the season proper opened from Laceby Cross-roads on November 1st with a smart fifty-five minutes from Bradley Wood, hounds killing their fox at Waltham Station. There was also a good run from Bradley Gears, the pack running into their fox at Welbeck Hill. But November was far too stormy for good sport, and it was an unsatisfactory month on the whole. A calamity happened to one of the hounds on the last day of the month, Lufra falling and breaking her neck on Mr. Coates' Beelsby farm. There was a good hunting run from Kingerby Wood on December 3rd, hounds hunting in capital style to between Legsby and Hainton, where the amount of snow on the hills compelled Long to stop them and return to the low country. The country rode very deep the whole of this month, and at times, when hounds ran fast, they were two or three fields in front of the horsemen. There was a good run, most of it fast, from Bradley Wood, on December 15th, hounds running for an hour and thirty-five minutes over Scartho, Weelsby, and by Peeks to Humberstone; thence towards Holton-le-Clay; and by Waithe, Waltham, Brigsley, and Barnoldby, nearly to Bradley Wood, and left-handed to Laceby, where the fox went to ground in the beck, and unfortunately hounds could not get him.

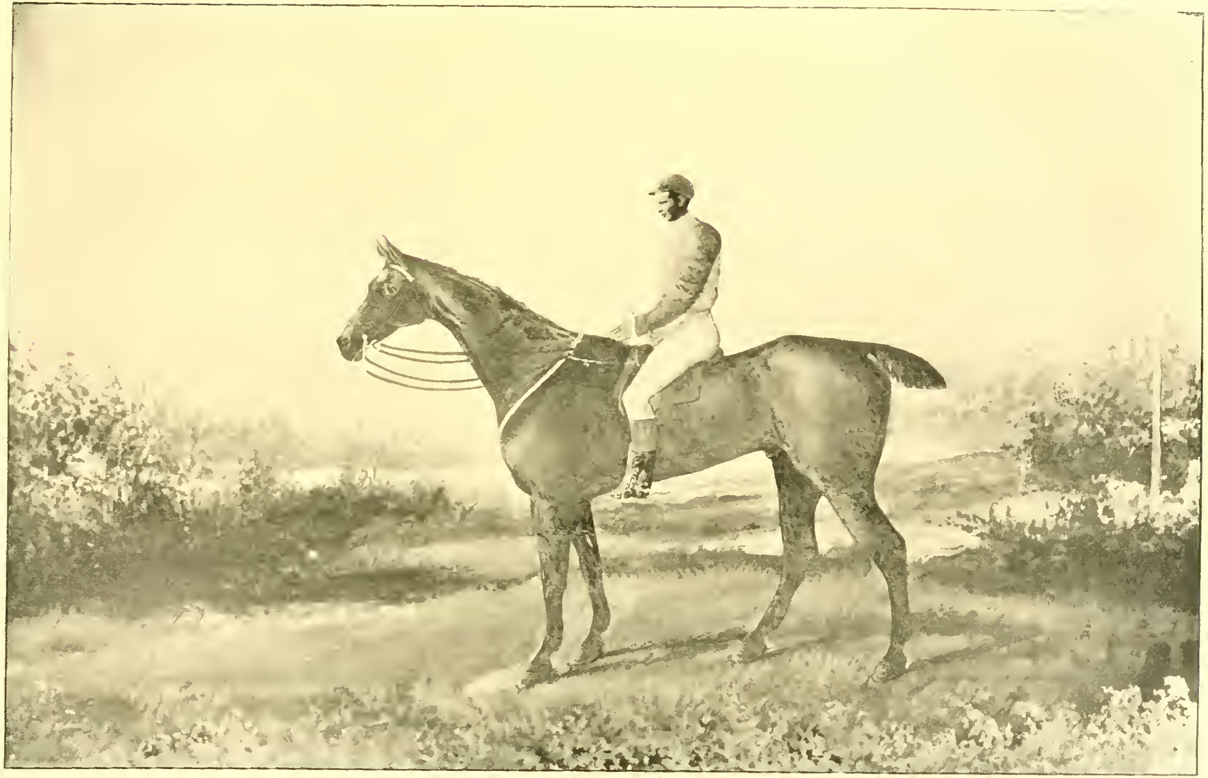
Mr. Harry Constance was out on January 15th at Bradley Cross-roads, and experienced a hard day, thanks to the usual scent before a frost, for hounds did not take the field afterwards till January 19th.

On the 25th of the same month Goosecap got away from Stallingborough with a fox by herself, and as she was just on the point of running into him on the railway near Great Coates, a luggage-train bore down on them; the fox only escaped by a fluke, and the good little bitch was cut in two. On the same day Damsel was kicked and had her shoulder broken.

But it is the bye day from Riby Cross-roads on January 26th that stood out brightest in that season, for the dog hounds were running continuously for two hours and three-quarters, and never checked during an hour and ten minutes. After a moderate beginning, hounds roused a good fox in Irby Dales, sending him first, with Irby village and Irby Holme on the left, nearly to Beelsby; here the fox was headed, and turned left-handed over Welbeck Hill and the Barton street, to cross Lock 'Em Lane close to Laceby, and to turn right-handed over the beck and past the mill, making another right-handed turn, nearly to Bradley Wood. Placing this and the Gears on the left, and Waltham on the right, hounds then crossed the Grimsby and Waltham road, and went to within a field of the railway, where the fox was headed to the right close past Waltham Station, and some sheep brought about the first check one field further on. From now the fox began to run very short, and his wanderings were of a very serpentine nature indeed. Turning first to Waltham village and then to Scartho, he still bore to the right, and crossed the railway as if for the Weelsby Coverts; but running close by Weelsby Hall, he recrossed the railway for the outskirts of Grimsby town, running through the Abbey gardens, from which he made his way back over the railway to Weelsby, where he was viewed, looking very beat. But he was a game, stout fox, and still plodded on, past Scartho village towards Waltham, and then left-handed back over the railway, with Peeks close on the right as he went to the Humberstone road. Hounds carried a good head to the road, near where the bridge spans the beck by Clee Cross-roads, and there they stopped; and, try as he could, Long could not recover the line of his fox. It was a most unsatisfactory finish to a really grand hunting run.

Three days later there was another good day's sport, this time with the lady pack. They met at Market Rasen Market-place, and began with a fast forty-five minutes from Hambleton Hill to ground at Willingham, a few turns of the spade giving hounds their fox; and they followed this up with a fine run of an hour and three-quarters from Claxby Plats. They ran by Claxby village to the iron-mines, placing them close on the right, and, after crossing the Nettleton road, the Asholt on the left. Then, crossing the High Street, and with Rothwell Gorse on the left, they pointed for Thoresway. Turning first to the right and then to the left, hounds next pointed for Smithfield, but a turn to the right took them to the Stainton Plantations, and thence nearly to Tealby, where the fox was headed. Turning nearly to the Smithfield Plantations, a right-handed turn over the Barton street led them, with Otby on the left, to Claxby Wood, running through both the wood and the village, and along the hill-sides past the iron-mines to Tugdale, where the fox went to ground in view. Only Messrs. Harry Brooks and George Davy were with the huntsman at the finish, and they assisted him to get his hounds home.

There was a good hunting run from a ploughed field near Bowlands on March 8th, hounds running, with Croxby Pond on the right, over Gunnerby and Ravendale, and



MR. G. E. DAVY ON "SULTAN."

round by Hatcliffe Mill, through Irby village to Irby Dales, where they changed foxes, and ran through Swallow Vale and the Top Woods to the Fonaby Hillsides. Most of it was very fast.

The season came to an end on March 16th, though there were fixtures for March 18th and 20th, which frost prevented.

Nimrod Long's last season with the Brocklesby commenced on August 20th in Thomas' Wood, when a leash of foxes were offered up for the benefit of the young entry.

There was a good day from Grimble Wood on October 21st, when no fewer than two and a half brace of foxes were killed and another was marked to ground; and two days later came a good day from Thorganby, the best of the fun being an hour and a half's run from Irby Holme. After running in covert for a while, hounds went away to Welbeck Hill and back again, taking another turn in covert, running a ring outside, and at the third attempt going away through Beelsby village to the Hatcliffe Plantations. Being headed here, the fox turned, with Hatcliffe House on the left, to Croxby Pond, and, after a circuit of the coverts, going away over Gunnerby, with Thorganby on the right, to Click 'Em Inn. The pack next skirted Binbrook Scallows and Arthur's Holt, going thence to Binbrook Hill, where they got a momentary view of their fox; then they ran through the plantations to Tows Lane, where some dogs chased the fox, and so spoilt all chance of a worry, for hounds were brought to a long check. They eventually hunted on to Ludford, where they gave up the chase after a fine gallop, the greater part of which was very fast. It was a wonderfully hard day for hounds and horses, who were away from home twelve hours; and there was no little grief during the day, too, Mr. Harry Brooks, among the number, taking a toss into Tows Lane and breaking a wrist.

It was a good cub-hunting season, hounds being blessed with holding scents, and putting in a lot of work, besides providing some most excellent sport during the latter part of the time. They were out on thirty-four mornings, killing twenty-five brace of foxes and marking eight brace to ground.

Regular hunting commenced on October 30th, the first item of note being an enjoyable ringing hunt of an hour and forty minutes, from Kingerby Wood, on November 13th, the fox going to ground in a drain, from which he was flooded out and killed. But Wednesday, November 29th, from Riby Cross-roads, provided two good runs, each of which would have "made the day." The first was from Hungerhills, hounds going a great pace to Stallingborough Mill, through Healing Gorse, and with Maud Hole close on the left, over Aylesby to Irby Dales. Running straight through this, they turned to the right, and with the Hermitage on the left, crossed Riby Park to the Barton street. Then came a check, for the fox lay down in a turnip field; but some men put him up, and hounds soon raced into him. It was an excellent gallop of fifty-five minutes. The next was a Maud Hole fox, hounds sending him first to Healing village and left-handed to Healing Wells. Then came a left turn over Aylesby and Riby Park, where the fox was headed and turned through Washing Dales to Irby village. Another turn and he recrossed the Barton street, running behind Laceby village and over Lock 'Em Lane and the beck to Bradley Wood. The pack drove him straight through the wood to the Scartho drain, where he was headed and turned back to Bradley Wood, and, getting among fresh foxes, hounds had to be stopped after a fast run gallop of an hour and thirty-five minutes.

The 18th December also provided a good run, though, on account of the wet night, it was not till 2.15 that hounds found a fox. The meet was at Wyham House, and Ashby Cottagers' Plats provided the much desired. He turned into the low country to begin with, but, with Ashby village close on the right, swung round to cross the Barton street near Ravendale Cross-roads. Pointing for the village then, the fox next turned right-handed and ran a twisting course to the Hatcliffe valley, and thence to Croxby Pond, going through the woods and by the cross-roads nearly to Beelsby. But he turned short of this village, and ran to Cuxwold Lodge, pointed for Badger Hills, and then ran over Cabourne to the Pillar Woods, which he reached only just in front of hounds. The pack turned left-handed down the woods, but the fox, being headed by a woodman, doubled back and crossed the Limber and Swallow road in the direction of Riby. Near the top buildings he lay down in some thorns ;' but he jumped up wide of hounds, and managed to struggle over two fields before they ran into him near Limber Top, after a fast run of one hour twenty minutes. The country rode very deep, and there were only a few who got to the end of the run.

Two days later there was a splendid fifty minutes from Oak Wood to the Mausoleum, hounds actually running from find to dark ; and on December 22nd they brought off a good hunt of two hours five minutes from Roxton Wood, running from scent to view and killing their fox near Grasby Bottom.

But Friday, December 29th, is a red-letter day in Long's diary, for, with eight and a half couples of hounds, he brought off a fine hunt of one hour forty-five minutes. and, single-handed, killed his fox. They met that morning at Thornton College, and drawing both the gorse and Langmere Furze blank, found a brace of foxes in Chase Hill. Hounds got a bad start with one to East Halton village, and they turned at the back of the village down the marsh lane, where they found they had a brace of foxes in front of them, and the pack divided. Both whippers-in went in pursuit of one lot, but they did not get to them till they had reached Brocklesby Park, having run by Chase Hill, Burkinshaw's covert, Houlton's covert, Habrough, Roxton Wood, Waterhills, and Newsham Chase.

In the mean time, Long, with his eight and a half couples, went on with the hunted fox by Langmere Furze to the beck, thence to Goxhill Bridge, towards Thornton, and over the railway, with Butters Wood on the left, nearly to Goxhill Station. Threading some gardens here, the fox then ran the railway for some distance, turned right-handed over some small enclosures at the back of Goxhill, and crossed the marshes to Mason's osiers. Hounds sent him straight through this covert to the Humber bank, Long getting a view of his fox as he ran, only a little way in front of hounds, to New Holland Station. Then he left the bank, and ran by the railway towards Barrow Osiers, hounds catching him fast. He began to twist and turn through the gardens; but the pack would not be shaken off, and driving him away to a turnip field, pulled him down in the open. The two whippers-in and the rest of the pack met Long near Thornton Gatehouse, on his way home, and it will be seen that both lots brought off a fine run.

The next day was a bye day, and the lady pack placed a good fifty-five minutes' gallop to their credit with a Roxton Wood fox. After drawing for some time, they had a brace of foxes afoot, and soon settling down to one, sent him over the Keelby and Little London road and through the Sprothorns to the Southwells, where they had a leash of foxes in front of them. But they never left the hunted animal for a moment, driving him over the Barton street to within a field of the Bratlands, where he turned left-handed to Riby village, and being headed there, right-handed to the Hermitage. Pointing next for Swallow Vale, hounds then turned left through Irby Dales, swinging up the slopes to the village of Irby, and away left-handed nearly to Laceby Cross-roads. Again was the fox headed, and turned left-handed to run parallel with the Barton street, and to cross it near Riby with a point for Hungerhills, the fox going to ground in a little place on the Stallingborough roadside, only just out of view of the leading hounds. A few turns of the spade gave him to the pack, who so thoroughly deserved him, after so good a gallop on the last day of the old year.

The new year opened with an excellent run of an hour from Poolthorn to ground in the boundary fence between Kelsey Moor and Clixby, on January 2nd. Pepperdale provided the afternoon fox, and he in turn an hour and twenty minutes' hunt—the first fifty minutes very fast to Wrawby Moor, after which it was all woodland hunting. There was also a very exacting four hours' run over the Wolds from Rothwell Gorse on January 12th, the last fox going to ground only just in front of hounds. A lot of country was covered, though no great points were made, and the horses were very tired at the finish.

Another good day came off on January 16th from Rye Hill, beginning with a Zincs fox, that, being repeatedly headed, took three-quarters of an hour to leave covert. Then he went away over Ulceby and past Rye Hill towards Habrough, till he turned to the left for Killingholme, where he threaded the gardens and made a point for Houlton's covert. A turn left and right and the pack plunged into the marshes, and with Killingholme lighthouse close on the right, they ran parallel with the Humber for some distance and then turned up to Chase Hill. Running through this, hounds again took a turn in the low country, eventually turning up to East Halton village, where they killed their fox in Mr. Bygott's garden. Time, one hour two minutes from leaving Zincs, and a fine hunting run. Another run of the same length followed, hounds running from Thomas' Wood and losing their beaten fox in Ulceby village at night.

There was a fast forty minutes' gallop on January 19th from Binbrook Hill to Otby House, where hounds ran into their fox, and a good run from Wootton Gorse the next day was marred by a passenger train running into the pack near Ulceby, killing Warbler and seriously injuring Racer, two very good young dog hounds.

Nimrod Long was absent from the field on January 24th and 26th, he having been summoned to the death-bed of his father, rare old Will Long. He was buried on February 7th.

February 2nd provided a good run of an hour and five minutes from Bradley Wood to Brocklesby, the line being by way of Great Coates, and with Laceby on the left and Aylesby Mill on the right, to Healing Gorse, thence by Healing Wells, Little London, and Keelby, between Foxholes and Roxton Wood, and by Rough Pastures to the paddocks, where they lost their fox.

An exceedingly hard day was February 12th, when from Bradley Wood the bitches ran three foxes for two hours fifty minutes, and were stopped at dark by Lady Yarborough's orders. They ran first through the Gears to Waltham, then nearly to Barnoldby and left-handed to Brigsley, thence past Ashby, and so over the Barton street, where the first change took place, hounds killing the fresh fox at once, and then pressing on to another halloa back over the Barton street. They next ran through Ashby Cottagers' Plats, and over the Barton street, with Hawerby close on the left, to within a field of Beesby Wood, where they swung to the right past Stock Furlong, and with Wold Newton and Peterhills close on the left, pressed on to Ravendale. They turned right-handed as far as the Barton street, and left nearly to Hatcliffe Mill; and still left over Ravendale to Gunnerby, and yet again left to Click 'Em Inn. Then the fox pointed for Wold Newton, but placing it and Peterhills right and left, went straight over the Barton street and through Ashby Cottagers' Plats to Ashby village. A left turn over the Grimsby road, and then, after passing Moorhouse Farm, hounds once more turned left-handed over the Barton street to Hatcliffe Mill, where they were stopped.

The next day was also productive of a good run of an hour and thirty-five minutes, the dog pack running a fox from Howsham Barff to Melton Gallows, from there to Elsham, and through Worlaby and Burnham, past Dunkirk to Croxton village, where they ran from scent to view, and pulled their fox down in the open. Hounds hunted particularly well through the Elsham hares.

January to February seem to have been full of the best of sport, for another fine run of an hour and three-quarters was brought off from Bradley Wood on February 21st. The pack went away through the Gears, but the fox being headed back, they took a turn or two round the covert before going away again nearly to Laceby, short of which they turned left-handed over the beck, Lock 'Em Lane, and the Barton street for Welbeck Hill. With this on the left, hounds next skirted Irby Holme, pointed for Swallow, and then went on to Badger Hills. Going straight through this, they next ran the boundary fence to the Rothwell road, a brace of foxes in front of them, and so away to the High Street, which they ran for most of a mile before turning off it, with Normanby Clump close on the right, to the Thoresway Plantations. They had two lines into the plantations, and unfortunately got on the wrong one, which led to nothing. The first part of this run was fast. Long was laid up from March 19th to March 31st with a bad finger, his first whipper-in hunting the hounds.

April 21st was the last occasion on which Long carried the Brocklesby horn, the season yielding ninety-eight foxes in one hundred and fifteen days, and being a very good one indeed as regards sport.

After leaving Brocklesby Nimrod Long took the King's Head Hotel at Louth, in the adjoining South Wold country, where he lived for many years, going from thence to Bicester for some time, and then to the Berkeley Arms Hotel, Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, where at the time of writing he is still living, as hale and hearty—though a trifle more bulky—as ever.

Of Long's favourite horses, Monarch was the one that carried him so well through that historic run on March 6th, 1869, by far the best run he ever saw. He was an exceedingly well-bred dark chestnut horse, very fast, and a perfect jumper. Long rode Topthorn, a dark bay or brown, by Lampton out of The Martyr's dam, in the morning, and that is the horse he is riding in the Hunt picture. Lord Yarborough is riding Ivan in the picture. He was by Ivan, and was bought of Mr. Holmes, of Beverley. Another good hunter was Esca, by Bolingbroke, the winner of several steeplechases. Lord and Lady Yarborough both rode Esca at times. Two grey mares, Duchess and Queen Mab—the latter a thoroughbred—also carried Long well.

The Hunt picture was painted by Lutyens in 1875, in which Lady Yarborough is riding John Brown. Dick Yeo, the first whipper-in, who is holding the gate open, is on Zig-zag; and Will Burton, the second whipper-in, is on Beverley. Lord Worsley, the present Lord Yarborough, is just behind his father, and Lady Gertrude Pelham, now Lady Gertrude Astley-Corbett, and the Hon. Victor Pelham, are also in the picture. Of the hounds, Royal, looking up at the Master's horse, and Ambrose are the most prominent, the beautiful bitch Gipsy has her head down, and Garland, Proctor, Aider, Glory, and Rocket are the others.

NIMROD LONG'S SEASONS AT BROCKLESBY.

Season.	Commenced.	Finished.	Days out.	Killed.	To Ground.
1864–65	August 22nd	April 7th	93	61	32
1865–66	August 16th	March 28th	108	86	51
1866–67	August 23rd	April 16th	110	96	35
1867–68	August 30th	April 1st	112	82	46
1868–69	August 24th	April 6th	115	90	35
1869–70	August 30th	April 2nd	96	79	32
1870–71	September 5th	March 25th	84	71	19
1871–72	August 26th	April 2nd	109	77	33
1872–73	August 27th	April 1st	103	74	37
1873–74	August 27th	April 7th	113	93	44
1874–75	August 24th	February 5th	74	59	27
1875–76	August 30th	March 16th	90	60	33
1876–77	August 30th	April 21st	115	98	66
13 Seasons.			1322	1026	490

Will Dale.

A name that must always be writ large in Brocklesby history is that of Will Dale, not alone for the exceptional sport that he showed during the twelve years that he was Lord Yarborough's huntsman, but for the very high state of efficiency, both on the flags and in the field, to which he raised the Brocklesby pack. The fact that while Dale carried the Brocklesby horn, hounds were out 1282 times, and 1351 foxes came to hand, shows that he could kill foxes, and a casual glance at his diaries points out how frequently there was a red-letter day, while a careful inspection of times and points sufficiently proves that the day has not been coloured without very good reason. Dale was a born huntsman, and he has never done anything else but hunt all his life. His early training took place in the woodlands and hills of the Surrey Union country, when Colonel Sumner was Master, and as a boy of ten he whipped-in to his father there. Old John Dale was known far and wide as a fine horseman, having a thorough knowledge of hunting which enabled him to cope with every dodge of the wiliest fox, and he was also a most scientific hound breeder and kennel-man as well. With these virtues bred in him and instilled into him from his earliest youth, what wonder that Will Dale rose to be the great huntsman that he is. One of the performances of these early days, of which he is most proud, is the memorable occasion when, after a wonderful run, he and his brother assisted their father to kill his fox in the vast stronghold known as Prince's Wood, just at nightfall, and every hound was present at the worry. Dale had just entered his teens when he first left home to take service with Mr. Augustus Johnson, who was then hunting a pack of harriers in Lincolnshire; and though he has gained experience in the fields and kennels of other counties, it is with Lincolnshire that his fame is most intimately connected. After two seasons with Mr. Johnson, that gentleman parted with his hounds, and Dale had a spell with the Duke of Buccleuch's in Scotland; then he had a season as second lieutenant with the V.W.H., hunted at that time by Will Bolton, who had whipped-in to the last of the Smiths at Brocklesby. Next came service with Lord Galway till 1871, where, under Jack Morgan, he gained much valuable knowledge from which he was not slow to profit; he also cemented an alliance with a hunting family of equal celebrity with his own by marrying Jack Morgan's daughter, and when Will ruled at Brocklesby and Sam at Grove the connection between the two kennels became very intimate, and many good strains in each pack is traced to a dash of blood from the other. On leaving Lord Galway's service, Dale became first whipper-in to the Burton, under the mastership of Mr. F. J. Saville Foljambe, who took over the hounds from the last master of the Old Burton Hunt, Mr. Henry Chaplin, the same year. Will Channing was huntsman then. When he left, two seasons later, Dale was promoted to the dignity of carrying the horn, and for ten years the Burton men enjoyed such sport as will never be forgotten in that country, and a finer exhibition of hard riding and scientific huntsmanship no Hunt could wish for. But it is not my province to deal with his doings in mid-Lincolnshire, and I must pass on to his connection with Lord Yarborough's historic pack, just mentioning that, before taking up his abode at Brocklesby, he had two more seasons with the Burton under Mr. W. R. Erskine Wemyss, and two with Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth; but the gentlemen and farmers of the Burton Hunt presented him with a marble timepiece and a cheque for four hundred guineas before parting with him. The Lords of Yarborough have the reputation of never parting with a good huntsman who cares to remain with them, and it was only on account of the reduction of the establishment and the offer of a lucrative post at the kennels of an equally historic pack, the Badminton, that Dale

WILL DALE.

severed his connection with Brocklesby. It was in 1884 that Dale came to Brocklesby. Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson had hunted the dog pack during the years 1882 and 1883, and he did so for the next two years; then Dale had charge of both packs, and continued to hunt them till 1895, when Lord Yarborough found it necessary to cut down the expenses of the establishment, and the beautiful dog pack, the result of years upon years of skilful hound-breeding, was sold to Lord Lonsdale.

Dale commenced cub-hunting on August 25th, 1884, he then having thirty-one and a half couples of old hounds in kennel, and twenty-one couples of young ones. It was not a promising beginning—at Rough Pastures, it might be mentioned—for there was not a scrap of scent, and hounds failed to get hold of a fox. There was, however, a capital run of two hours and a half with an old fox from Thomas' Wood on September 25th, over a very blind and very dry country, the first forty minutes of which was very fast. Hounds ran over Immingham, Habrough, and Killingholme to Zincs, from which covert they set out across the lordships of Ulceby and Wootton round to Brocklesby Station, then through the Brocklesby woodlands to Pond Close Wood, and back over the deer park to the railway at Habrough, where they ran into their fox. They were out cub-hunting forty-one times that year, and they killed forty-five foxes. The first run of note in the regular season took place on November 10th, when an hour and twenty minutes' gallop up and down the marshes finished with a kill in the open. I believe I am right in saying that there was only one blank day during Dale's stay at Brocklesby, and that was on November 15th in his first year. To a meet at Kirton Station belongs the unique distinction, and although cubs had been reported at Grayingham, Redbourne, and Scawby, they could not be found that day. November 19th was marked by a fine run of an hour and twenty minutes from Laugmere Furze at the close of the day. Hounds ran very hard about midway between Goxhill and Killingholme over a capital line of country, but darkness put a stop to the pursuit of a fast sinking fox. The good mare Bounce carried Dale very well through this run. On November 22nd the proceedings from Healing Wells opened with a mad race of twenty-five minutes down the marshes, hounds running from scent to view and killing their fox in the open in orthodox style. There was also another good two hours' run the same day, the first forty minutes of which were very fast, and the rest at a good hunting pace. It emanated from Reeds Mere, the subsequent proceedings taking place in the marshes, and the fox eventually got to ground at Habrough, but was bolted and killed.

The only other day of note that year was on December 27th, when the bitch pack met at Linwood; they had a very hard and very long day's hunting, were not stopped till seven o'clock, and did not reach kennels till half-past eleven, and this in mid-winter, too. The New Year (1885) opened brightly with a very fine two-hours' run from Langmere Furze on January 2nd, on which occasion Tapster did some excellent work. This hound was used as a sire both at Brocklesby and elsewhere with great success. He was by Blankney Tapster out of Rantipole, by Milton Reveller, stood twenty-four inches, had beautiful legs and feet, the best of shoulders, and well-set-on neck. There were two good runs on January 30th and 31st, hounds running hard for an hour and three-quarters on the first day from Irby Holme, and killed their fox, while, on the second, they had a fine run of two hours and five minutes from Chase Hill, and were beaten at the finish by a terrible storm near Thornton College.

An hour and three-quarters' gallop, also from Chase Hill, on February 9th, finished with a kill at Newsham Bridge, and in this run Raglan, by Lord Middleton's Rylan out of Ruin, by the Milton Ringwood, particularly distinguished himself. The lady pack brought off a great run on February 11th with a fox put up in a field near

Irby Dales, and Dale waxed enthusiastic on the stoutness and dash with which they led the field over a grand line of country. Setting off over Aylesby lordship, they went across Healing and Stallingborough, ran round the fastnesses of Roxton Wood, and returned by way of Habrough and Immingham to Zincs. Pressing on to Thornton and East Holton, they unfortunately changed from their dead-beat fox, and the fresh one was run to ground in a drain at Killingholme after an excursion to Chase Hill. It is a five-mile point from Irby Dales to Stallingborough, and eight miles as the crow flies from there to Thornton; and this grand, though twisting run, which was at a good hunting pace throughout, occupied two hours and twenty-five minutes. There were lots of good things this February, for on the 19th of that month there was a fine marsh run of two hours and thirty-five minutes from Houlton's covert, with a kill between Immingham and the Humber to wind up with; and on the 25th there were two exceptionally good runs. The first was a fast fifty-five minutes from Drake's Gorse down the marshes, where hounds ran from scent to view, and rolled their fox over handsomely; while the second, of an hour and forty-five minutes' duration, emanated from that good blackthorn covert, Peeks. The first part was a ring over Scartho, Waltham, Humberston, and Cleethorpe, back to Peeks; but the fox went straight through, and hounds, gradually increasing their pace, drove him hard over Weelsby and through the Grimsby Park and Tennyson's Holt to Bradley Wood. Still pressing on, they sent him to Laceby, and then brought him back to Bradley Wood, coming up hand over hand and actually running him in view, when he popped into a tunnel in Mr. Harrison's yard. However, a speedy eviction took place, and every one of the little ladies shared in the worry. The whole of it took place in a fine hunting country, the pace, at times very fast, was good throughout, and the bitch pack ran with no end of dash.

On March 6th Dale took a bad toss, and hurt his right hand; on the 9th there was a good three hours' wold run from Wyham; and a good two hours' gallop from Bradley Wood over Barnoldby, Ravendale, and Cadeby to Ludborough, marked the 16th day of March. The last meet of this capital season was at Wold Newton, and was finished with the death of a brace of old dog foxes, hounds having been out one hundred and twenty-three times and killed the same number of foxes.

Dale began his second season at Brocklesby with thirty-four couples of old hounds and nineteen couples of youngsters, and the cub-hunting season, which commenced on August 28th with the demise of a fox at Rough Pastures, finished with a total of forty-five killed in thirty-six days. The first day of note came off on November 6th in the shape of a fine run of two hours and three-quarters from Barrow Osiers over Barton, Goxhill, Beaumontcote, and Ferriby, and back to Barton, where the fox just got to ground in front of hounds. There was also a very fast hour and a quarter from Smithfield, by way of Swinhope, Click 'Em Inn, Ravendale, Hatcliffe, and Thorganby back to Swinhope, and thence, on through Arthur's Holt, to Binbrook, where hounds pulled their fox down in the open. Another good wold gallop happened on the 21st of the same month. For the first hour and a half of the two hours' run the bitches went a great pace; but a declining scent beat them at the finish. Beginning at Ravendale, they sped away down the slopes to Ashby, and at Brigsley changed foxes. Recrossing the Barton street, they ran back to Beelsby, and, with a right-handed turn to Barnoldby Cross-roads, pressed on nearly to Bradley Gears; but they turned off left-handed nearly to Bradley Wood, and then checked for the first time. Hitting it off in the direction of Laceby, the bitches went on over Mr. W. R. Marshall's paddocks, the nursery of many a runner on the flat, and, by way of Aylesby Mill, ran to Healing. Here they turned to the left for Hungerhills, Keelby South Wells, and Roxton Wood, and after a turn or two in covert went away to Rough Pastures and Newsham, where they got into difficulties, having accomplished a ten-mile point. There was some excellent sport on November 23rd from Kingerby Wood beginning with a dip into Burton domains, by way of Toft, Pilsford Bridge, Fen Wood, Bishop Bridge, and West Rasen, and so back to Kingerby, where they killed after an absence of an hour and twenty minutes.

There was another good run of an hour and a half from South Wood, but hounds eventually lost their fox at Owersby ; and another good run came off on the last day of the month from Elsham to Hendale, hounds eventually killing their fox at Kirmington after an hour and a quarter's gallop. The first notable event in the New Year was a two hours' gallop from Drake's Gorse to Battery Marsh, thence to the Humber bank, where there was a check, and so back along the marshes to Sutton Thorns, and from that covert to Healing Station and Healing Wells, where hounds changed foxes immediately and went on over Aylesby to Irby Dales, and had to be stopped there.

The only other exceptional run came off on February 4th, from Bradley Wood, when the bitches ran hard for two hours and twenty minutes, and killed their fox in the open. From Bradley they first went to Laceby, where they turned left-handed to Welbeck Hill, and continued to run parallel with the Barton street as far as Barnoldby Beck, at which point they turned back to Bradley. Running straight through without pause or hesitation, hounds made for the Laceby Osiers and then swung round over Aylesby to Laceby Cross-roads. Crossing the Barton street, they pressed on, with Irby village on the right hand, and skirted Irby Holme as they made for Beelsby. Then came a left turn as hounds started to run in earnest for their fast-sinking fox, and at Hatcliffe Dale had the satisfaction of blowing *la morte* over his tattered remains.

A very unsatisfactory season, in spite of several good runs, finished on April 10th, hounds having been out one hundred and nine times, and killed one hundred and five foxes. They were frequently stopped by frost and snow, and there was frost, on and off, from December 5th to March 20th.

The cub-hunting season of 1886 commenced in the Mausoleum Woods on September 4th, and a cub was killed after three hours' hard work. Hounds went out thirty-four times during the educational period, and took toll of forty-seven foxes. The only item of note during the first half of the season was a capital run of an hour and fifty minutes from Nor Wood to Benniworth, where the lady pack killed their fox.

January 24th was the first red-letter day of 1887, and proceedings commenced with a grand thirty-minutes' race down the marshes from Chase Hill to Great Coates stick-heap, and this was followed by an excellent, though very twisting, run of two hours and twenty minutes from Healing Wells, the whole over a fine hunting country, hounds eventually killing their fox at Foxhole Close. There was another good run of two hours and a half four days later from Ferriby Cliff; but hounds were only out eight times that month owing to frost, though they succeeded in rolling over a dozen foxes in the time. The dog pack brought off a good old-fashioned run of three hours over a fine country on February 4th, working exceptionally well, and only losing their fox by his getting to ground. They began from Houlton's covert with a ring into the marshes and back to Killingholme. Then they ran by Habrough Mill towards Zincs; but the fox was headed back through Killingholme, and so led hounds round by Habrough into Newsham. Changing in the coverts there, hounds went away in pursuit of a fresh fox, over Ulceby and Wootton to Burnham, at which place the fox was headed and turned back through Long Close Wood to Wootton, where he found sanctuary.

The next day provided a veritable feast of good things, for the which the lady pack, aided by straight-necked foxes and an excellent scent, must claim the credit. Twice during the day did they effect an eight-mile point, and every horse that saw the finish of the day was done to a turn. Meeting at Aylesby Mill, hounds found in the osiers below, and dashed away at once to the Grimsby Osiers, went on to the railway, and by the side of it ran to Great Coates and Drake's Gorse. Pressing on by Maud Hole and Aylesby Manor to Riby, hounds then turned up to Washingdales, just skirted Irby Dales, and drove their fox hard into Swallow Vale, where they rolled him over after a grand run of an hour and fifteen minutes, twenty minutes of which had been at *racing pace.* To Bradley Wood next, and a quick find was followed by a mad race to the Grimsby Osiers and so on to Great Coates, where the bitches pulled their fox down, quite burst, after a splendid twenty minutes' scurry. Back to Bradley for fresh material, and hounds were soon speeding away to Barnoldby Cross-roads, where they checked. Dale hit the line off towards Beelsby, and hounds carried it on to Croxby Pond, and through Beelsby, Hatcliffe, and Ravendale back to Croxby, where the chase had to be given up as it was too dark to continue. They had been running hard and well, carrying a good head, right up to the last, and very proud Dale was of his little ladies.

On February 10th hounds met by invitation at Wickenby. There were two good runs, one a fine old-fashioned hunt of three hours, and the dog pack accounted for a brace of foxes. Next day Mr. Wemyss returned the call by bringing the Burton to Stallingborough, and showed a capital day's sport. It was a very hard one for hounds, who were running twisting foxes the day through, but they were only served by a moderate scent.

The last good run of the season was provided by the dog hounds, who ran hard from Ravendale past the Becklands and nearly to Bradley, where the fox turned and was caught and killed on the beck side near Welbeck Hill. The season came to an end on April 16th. In spite of being stopped some twenty advertised days, there had been much to enjoy, and there were one hundred and sixteen noses on the kennel boards to represent the one hundred and nine occasions on which hounds took the field.

Cub-hunting in 1887 began on August 17th, nearly three weeks earlier than the previous year, the Mausoleum Woods again being the rendezvous, and the dog hounds scoring. A satisfactory cub-hunting accounted for fifty-seven foxes in forty-four days.

The opening of the season, on November 2nd, found a huge gathering to witness the presentation of Mr. Frank Holl's well-executed portrait of the noble Master, which had been subscribed for by three hundred and twenty tenants and hunting friends. There was a very fair day's sport afterwards.

But November 9th was a red-letter day indeed, and the dog hounds scored a most remarkable run from Barrow Hall, the ancestral home of that sporting family the Upplebys. To Langmere Furze belongs the credit of harbouring the good fox, the hero of the day, and he led hounds away to East Halton first, and thence away through North and South Killingholme to Immingham. Here he turned into the marshes, and the pace increased as the pack swept over those glorious stretches of grass. However, soon after passing this village, two flocks of sheep pulled them up; but the forward cast showed what a good fox hounds had in front of them, and with Reeds Mere on the left they once more pressed on to Stallingborough, and with a lean to the right, went nearly to Healing Wells. The fox had already accomplished a nine-mile point without touching a covert, and he still disdained shelter, leading hounds on past Hungerhills and Riby, and left-handed with both Irby Dales and Irby Holme on the right. At Mr. Guy's farmstead came another turn to the left, down through the Moats and over the Barton street away to Lock 'Em Lane. With Laceby on the left, hounds then pointed towards Bradley, but, missing the woods, they crossed the road near Mr. Gooseman's house, and

PLATE VII.

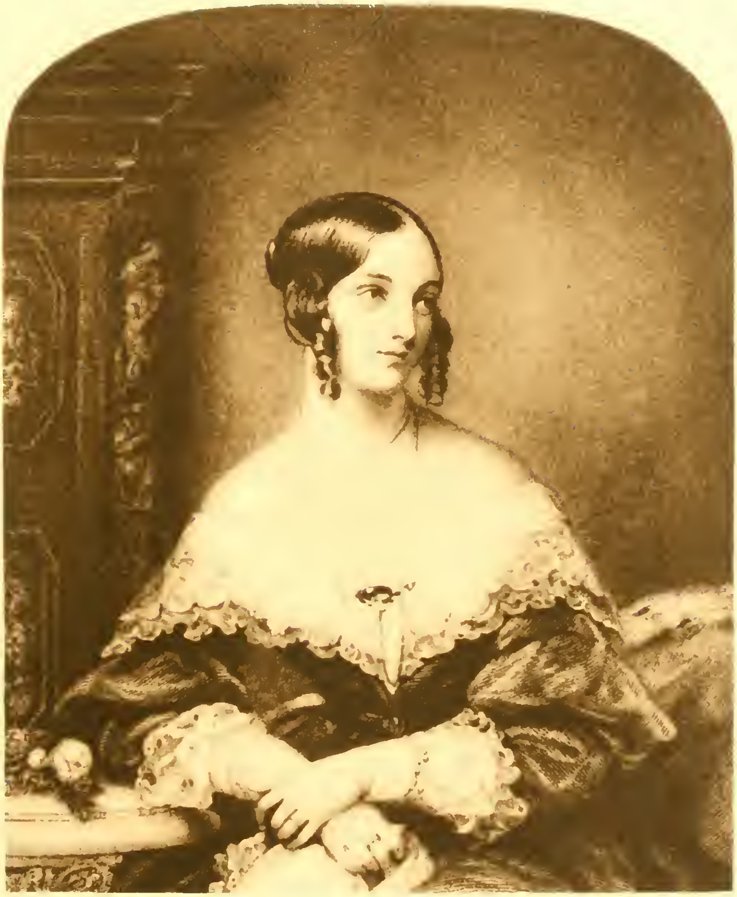
The Hon. Adelaide Maude,

Daughter of 3rd Viscount Hawarden,

Wife of the 2nd Earl of Yarborough.

She married, secondly, in 1869, William John,
Viscount Oxenbridge, and died, 1897.

From miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.



were there stopped when it was much too dark to proceed. The widest points of the run were at least fifteen miles apart, and hounds had gone considerably over twenty miles, and the time two hours and forty minutes. It is quite possible—nay, even probable—that hounds had changed foxes; but they had never entered a covert since leaving Langmere, so if they did transfer their attentions to another, it was to a travelling fox. They had traversed a splendid hunting country and of varied character, and every hound was up when they were stopped. Cadney and Bounce had the honour of carrying Dale, and right well they did it; and of the splendid dog pack that acquitted themselves so well that day, Tapster, Shiner, Smoker, and several others specially distinguished themselves.

Another good run of two hours from the same neighbourhood took place on December 2nd, when hounds ran hard from Goxhill Oxmarsh below Goxhill and Langmere Furze, and through Thornton College Gorse towards Zincs. Turning up past both the Killingholmes, they then pointed first for Habrough, and afterwards Immingham, and skirting Reeds Mere, followed him, hard pressed, into Battery Marsh. Fresh foxes were afoot, but the pack never left the hunted animal, and running as if tied to him, drove him into the open and there rolled him over. A fine performance.

From January 24th till February 28th, 1888, Dale was *hors de combat*, and the weather in February was so bad that hounds were only out nine times, killing nine foxes. On February 28th, the day that the Brocklesby huntsman returned to active service, the late Duke of Clarence was present at the meet at Immingham, but there was only a very poor day's sport.

Sutton Thorns, a charming blackthorn covert in the marshes, planted by the Rev. Cecil Legard on land belonging to Sir Richard Sutton, provided a fine two hours gallop on March 29th, the pack streaming away over the grassy sea and the bottomless drains by Killingholme, Habrough, and Ulceby, till they killed in the open at Habrough, a six-mile point from the find.

It was a most disastrous season that came to a conclusion on April 16th, no two days being alike, and the weather being of the worst possible description. Hounds were stopped from their appointments on over twenty occasions, but in spite of a hopelessly bad scenting season, the rough weather continuing till April, they rolled over ninety-eight foxes in a hundred and five days, and marked twenty-five to ground.

It was not till October 1st that cub-hunting began in 1888, and the day was marked by a most unusual occurrence in the shape of a heavy snowstorm during the afternoon, the stooks of corn and the fields around Pelham Pillar being deeply covered with snow for over twenty-four hours afterwards. No particularly good sport occurred during the cub-hunting season, or indeed till November 24th, when there was a fine run of an hour and twenty-five minutes from Kingerby Wood, hounds rolling their fox over, after accomplishing a ten-mile point, at Badger Hills.

There was a meet in Barton Market-place on December 28th, the first for over a hundred years, and on February 23rd there was an exceptionally fine run of two hours and a quarter, which had both pace, distance, and country to recommend it. South Kelsey had been the rendezvous, and it was a Kingerby Wood fox that provided the fun. Hounds were served with a screaming scent, and they ran over grass and plough alike, turning with their fox as if tied to him. They accomplished a twelve-mile point, and traversed at least twenty miles, having to be stopped at last at Hardigang on account of the number of fresh foxes afoot and the terribly beaten condition of all the horses.

Although not marked by runs of exceptional excellence, the season 1888–89 was a very good one throughout, there always being plenty of sport, and every opportunity —invariably seized—for good hound-work. One hundred and fourteen foxes killed in one hundred and twelve days was Dale's record for this season.

Cub-hunting began very much earlier in 1899 than in the previous year—on August 25th, in fact—and a wonderful educational period it proved to be. There was nearly always a good scent, and the fact that seventy-two foxes were killed in forty-two days shows that the young entry were well blooded, and that the cub-hunting was a fitting prelude to the excellent season's sport that followed. On October 25th, only four days after the initial lesson, the youngsters accounted for no fewer than four brace of foxes in the marshes; for, thanks to a red-hot scent, they killed three foxes in and around Battery Marsh, while the snug, secluded little covert of Reeds Mere gave up five more.

The year 1890 began badly for Dale, for on six consecutive days he had to work without a whipper-in, both being laid up with influenza. The first red-letter day came on January 29th from a meet at Ravendale Cross-roads, when, in response to a quick find in the plantations, hounds dashed away over the Barton street and sped down the slope to Ashby. Turning to the right, they came back to Ashby Cottagers' Plats and crossed the road to run to Hawerby Park, pressing on thence by Stock Furlong, through Beesby Wood to Cadeby and Wyham. With this latter place on the right they ran on, past Ludborough and Utterby, crossed the railway at Little Grimsby, and went on past Alvingham and Covenham to Yarborough, where hounds pulled their fox down in the open, after a really grand run of an hour and five minutes, all over a splendid country. They found again below Sharp's, and went away to Holton-le-Clay, turning back over the railway to run a big ring by Tetney Cross-roads and Dowse's back to Sharp's Park. Here they ran their fox in view for nearly ten minutes, till he sought shelter in a rabbit-hole, from which he was ignominiously scratched out.

Hounds had a hard day on March 14th, running without pause for three hours, over the Ravendale, Thorganby, Laceby, and Bradley countries, and only failing to kill on account of the frequent changing of well-beaten foxes for fresh ones. There was a steady stream of good sport from start to finish of the season, and the one hundred and nineteen days' hunting yielded no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six noses for the kennel boards, besides which twenty-five brace of foxes were marked to ground.

The cub-hunting of 1890 began on August 22nd, and proved a very satisfactory one. November 1st was the last day of a good servant to Dale, the grey cob that had carried him through six cub-hunting seasons and never given him a fall. A most tiring and exacting day's work, which this good little animal had gone through without a grumble or falter, proved too much for one whose heart was almost too big for its body. That winter was the most severe for thirty years, and from December 13th, 1890, till January 26th, 1891, the frost king held high carnival. On the 18th of that month twenty-three degrees of frost were registered, and on the 19th twenty-nine degrees. Well does the writer remember this winter, for his first introduction to North Lincolnshire was on January 7th in a blinding snowstorm, with nine inches of snow on the open country at the same time.

No day of marked excellence stands out in this most disappointing season, during which hounds were stopped for three weeks by the dry weather in the autumn and seven weeks by frost. But, in spite of this, they kept their appointment on ninety-nine occasions, and accounted for eighty-six foxes killed and twenty-one brace run to ground, a great difference on the previous season, truly ; but it only goes to show that the best of hounds and huntsmen cannot contend against adverse climatic conditions.

The following cub-hunting season began on September 2nd, and it finished with a grand burst of sport, hounds killing thirteen foxes in the last week (four days and a bye), and each after some capital fun and meritorious hound-work. There were several excellent and fast runs in the open, and hounds could generally run through sheep or rooks, and twist and turn with their fox as if running him in view.

Hounds did not keep their appointment on January 14th, owing to the death of the Duke of Clarence, who, it will be remembered, hunted with Lord Yarborough's hounds from a meet at Immingham on February 28th. 1888.

The first great run of which I have personal recollection came off on February 13th, and well I remember it. It was a chill, grey morning, with the wind in the north-west, on which we assembled at Kingerby, a somewhat small Brocklesby field being augmented by contingents from the Burton, the South Wold, and, I believe, the Blankney. Kingerby Wood was tenantless, but Sedge Cop Gorse held a brace, the vixen being the first away, but only to lead us for a few fields before bringing us back to covert again. How we heaped blessings on the head of that dog fox who had considerately waited in covert and now took up the running. An uplifted hat proclaimed his departure, and in another minute the little ladies were streaming away in hot pursuit. It first looked as if we should go back to Kingerby Wood; but Dale's wish, expressed earlier in the day, that he could invade Burton territory, was to be realized; and as hounds swung to the left, it soon became a case of sitting down to ride if one wanted to see the way hounds went. I have seldom seen the bitches run with more dash: they packed like pigeons, and went at a pace that required a bit more than a "useful" horse to live with them for long. The plough at Middle Rasen was distinctly holding, and with one consent we turned on to an adjoining stretch of grass as hounds pressed on over a wild but capital scenting country, and entered Burton domains at Buslingthorpe, and then ran their fox into Wickenby Wood. A momentary pause. and welcome, too, and then the signalman from his coign of vantage views our fox over the railway, the hounds following a minute later, and "fo'rard on" is the huntsman's cheer. Through Wickenby and Lissington villages we clatter, and Will gets a view as the fox crosses the Holton and Snelland road; and now the bitches have got their hackles up, for they are running for their fox. At Holton Beckering they rolled him over, he turning to meet his foes in mid-field, and dying as a gallant, game fox should; and every hound was up at the time. It is a good eight-mile point from Sedge Cop to Holton Beckering, and hounds had run at a great pace for exactly fifty minutes; and thanks, too, to a bonny grey mare by Special Pleader —Portia by name—I had been able to see the whole of the run over this big, wild, sporting line of country.

The next good thing was an eight-mile point accomplished on March 7th in a twisting gallop lasting an hour and a half, Langmere Furze being the starting-point, and Barton the finishing.

But March 16th was *the* red-letter day of the season, for on it hounds ran, with scarcely a pause, for four hours, and they had to be stopped eventually because every horse was done to a turn. The run began from Battery Marsh, so that the first part was over the cream of the marshes, hounds running first to Houlton's covert, and so on over Immingham and Habrough to Roxton Wood. Emerging from this stronghold at the Stallingborough corner, they ran to South Wells, and thence to Riby Bratlands, from which covert they had a brace of foxes in front of them, and with Irby Dales Close on the left went to Swallow Vale, where part of the pack marked one fox to ground. Quickly getting his forces reunited, Dale pressed on in pursuit of the other, who had gone away over Cuxwold to Badger Hills, and he led hounds to the confines of Rothwell village, where he was headed, and so turned back over Cabourne to the Top Woods. On facing the open again hounds ran to Cabourne, but the horses could scarcely raise a trot, and at the first opportunity Dale stopped the pack, every one of the little ladies being up at the finish of this most exacting run.

During this season of excellent sport hounds were out one hundred and seven times, accounting for one hundred and twenty-five foxes killed and twenty brace run to ground.

The cub-hunting of 1892 began on September 3rd, but nothing of note occurred till November 23rd, when there was a splendid run of an hour and ten minutes, hounds running at a great pace from Sedge Cop over a strongly fenced country to Brandywharfe, where they turned over the river, and unfortunately changed foxes just when the huntsman was momentarily expecting to be able to handle the hunted animal. Hounds were stopped as soon as possible, but Dale tried in vain to recover his fox, who thus saved his brush in the luckiest manner possible. The next year, 1893, proved an eventful one for Dale, as he unfortunately jumped into some wire netting near Hendale Lodge on January 30th, broke his leg, and was unable to hunt again that season, Mr. Richardson coming forward like a good sportsman to carry the horn in his stead. He showed some excellent sport, and in spite of five weeks' frost, hounds went out one hundred and four times, killed fifty-nine and a half brace of foxes, and marked twenty brace to ground.

August 14th saw the beginning of cub-hunting in 1893, and the first run of note took place on December 23rd. It emanated from Stallingborough Scrubbs and lasted two hours and ten minutes, the country traversed being Stallingborough to Healing Wells, and thence over Aylesby, and through Drake's Gorse to Bradley Wood. Still keeping to the run fox, they next sent him to Barnoldby, and brought him back to Bradley dead beat; but unfortunately they changed foxes then, and every effort to recover the hunted animal failed. There was also a good old-fashioned sporting run from Hungerhills on the 28th of the same month, hounds first running over Aylesby to Irby Dales, and by way of Riby, Aylesby, and Healing, to Maud Hole and Drake's Gorse, where a spell of covert work was followed by two rings in the open and an excursion to Great Coates. By the railway side hounds then went back to Great Coates, took another turn round Drake's Gorse, and then drove their fox away to Healing, where in mid-field they ran into him.

Meeting at Aylesby Mill on February 9th, 1894, hounds registered a good fast run of fifty minutes from Irby Dales, their beaten fox just saving his brush through the medium of an open drain. Facing the open at Washingdales, they went away over Rush Hill to Laceby, and crossing Lock 'Em Lane swept over the Vale, with Bradley Wood on their left to the Gears. Running straight through, they went to Tennyson's Holt, and then turned right-handed to run at best pace to Scartho, where their fox found sanctuary. But the plum of the season was the great "Cleethorpes run" of March 5th, and thanks to a good little blood mare called Miss Davis, I saw every yard of it, and I never enjoyed a gallop more. We had met at Roxton Wood, and the earlier proceedings were most flat, stale, and unprofitable. It was not till late in the afternoon, when the bulk of the field were "coffee-housing" hard by, or had gone home, that we roused the good fox in Milner's Wood that was to send some of us home so thoroughly happy and pleased with ourselves, and at the same time to turn "the picnickers" green with envy and disappointment. And yet we nearly lost the gallop at the outset. Dale had drawn down from the Keelby road and back again, without a whimper, and was blowing hounds out on to the road again, and the second whipper-in, having cracked hounds to him, was in the very act of leaving his post when, a few yards away, he caught sight of a fox stealing quietly from the Keelby corner of the covert, and, as he thought, unobserved. He must have lain snug at the very edge of the covert, for hounds had drawn quite up to him. A ringing holloa told him that he was discovered and caused him to quicken his pace, and a minute later Dale had the Brocklesby bitches in hot pursuit on his track. Going away towards Limber, first they turned and crossed the Keelby road at

MR. J. BROOKS WOOD.

the Half-way house, leading hounds at a rare bat over the plough, and past the Riby Bratlands and Mr. Henry Dudding's house to the Barton street at Riby Cross-roads. Pressing on past Aylesby as if bound for Healing, hounds then turned to the right on Mr. McAulay's farm, and crossing the Great Coates road, had a brief check near Aylesby Mill, the first so far. But they hit it off themselves, and dashing away along the valley, ran by way of Little Coates and Grimsby Field, past Tennyson's Holt to Scartho. Still pressing on, they crossed the railway and ran through the Weelsby coverts to Old Clee, after which came some slow hunting brought about by the fox being twice headed near Cleethorpes. Having been turned left-handed nearly into Grimsby, we found nothing but timber for our tired horses to negotiate, which they did like the rattle of castanets, but without dire calamity. Then came a left turn over the railway on to the sands between Cleethorpes and Grimsby; but scent died away to nothing, and hounds were robbed of their beaten fox, who, without doubt, was in safe hiding a very little distance away. They had accomplished an eleven-mile point in an hour and three-quarters, it being a fast run to Aylesby Mill, and they had traversed in all some seventeen or eighteen miles.

Speaking from memory, I think the following saw the best of the run—the huntsman and his first whipper-in, Fred Pittaway, and Messrs. J. M. Richardson, T. Kirkby, F. Brooks, F. Hookham, T. Spencer, C. Wilson, T. Sutcliffe, and J. Brooks Wood. The last two gentlemen had been "coffee-housing," but hearing a twang of the horn, bolted for their horses, and by dint of hard riding caught up the chase at Riby Cross-roads. Well do I remember, too, how Mr. Hookham's old grey mare negotiated the stile into the Humberstone road. "Ten to one Hookham raps the stile," said the deputy-master, when he and I had landed into the road; but the old mare picked herself over in most perfect manner, and he would have lost his money.

The season which finished on March 29th was a very satisfactory one, one hundred and twelve foxes being killed and forty-six marked to ground in one hundred and seventeen days, and some excellent sport having been enjoyed.

The following season, 1894–95, was most eventful, for not only did it contain more red-letter days than any previous one, and not only was there a better record of the slain than in any other year during Will Dale's tenure of office, but it was the last year during which he had two packs of hounds under his care at Brocklesby, Lord Yarborough, owing to the great depression in agriculture and other reasons, having decided to part with his dog hounds. This pack, the result of nearly three hundred years' careful breeding, was sold to the Earl of Lonsdale at the end of the season, and what it cost Lord Yarborough to part with these beautiful hounds can only be imagined. It is not too much to say that every hunting man in the Brocklesby country felt it as a personal loss, while to Dale it came as a terrible blow, and the last words penned in his diary, on April 16th, 1895, were as follows:—

"The most dreadful thing attending it (the last day of the season) was that it was the last day of the dog hounds before parting with them. The greatest calamity ever known to hunting and Brocklesby."

Cub-hunting began on August 22nd, but the hounds were confined to kennels a week owing to the death of that fine old sportsman, Sir John Astley; he was buried on October 16th, and the gathering of Brocklesby sportsmen was a most representative and impressive one.

The first noteworthy run this season was on November 5th, when an outlying fox from Saxby stood up before hounds for an hour and a half, they eventually running from scent to view and killing him in the open at Burnham.

But the most remarkable run in Dale's recollection took place on the 12th of the same month—in fact, he put it down as the best he ever saw. It was an eight-mile point (eleven as hounds ran) in forty minutes, and that speaks for itself. The bitch pack had met that morning at Kirton Station, and finding at once in Kirton Covert, went away "a cracker" towards Scotter and Scotton. There was never a check from find to finish, and the only view of the chase the huntsman got was the occasional glimpse of a tail hound, and he alone, with Jem Smith the present huntsman, who was then first whipper-in, got to the end of the run. By Scotton Common and through Laughton Wood swept the chase, both Dale and his lieutenant plodding on over an exceedingly wild and, to them, unknown country, past Hardwick Warren and Bunker's Hill, nearly to Wildsworth, and so along the marshes by the banks of the Trent. And here at length they came up with the hounds, every one of them, they having killed and eaten their fox before the arrival of the authorities. And up a tree hard by they found a terrified native, who, never having seen such a performance before, had taken refuge there on the approach of the hounds, and had from his elevated position witnessed the demise of bold Reynard. Nor would he descend from his perch till thoroughly convinced that hounds would not tear him in similar fashion. This November was a wonderful scenting month, and was crowded with good things, the next best to the great Kirton run being an hour and forty minutes' gallop on November 19th. The lady pack had met at Kingerby, and, after a moderate beginning, found "a gallant fox" at Usselby Fish Pond, and settled down to run in earnest. Going away through the gorse, they swept on over Owersby, Osgodby, and Kirkby, and with Kingerby on the right came round by Sedge Cop Gorse. Hounds went straight through, and ran a ring round Osgodby and Kirkby, came back past Sedge Cop, and then dashed away over West Rasen to the villages of Toft and Newton. With the gorse on the left they went on to Doglands and past Lord Brownlow's house, but near Neville's Gorse Dale had to take advantage of a check to stop the hounds. They had crossed a very heavy and exacting country, and it was no doubt the plough at Toft that saved the fox's life. The bitches had given a marvellous exhibition of hunting, and every one of them was up when Dale stopped them. Beatrice had carried her by no means feather weight in grand style; but even then her labours were not over, for hounds were over twenty miles from their kennels, which were not reached till nine o'clock on a dark winter's night.

Dale created a Brocklesby record by killing his one-hundredth fox before Christmas Day, and this took place on Christmas Eve. Hunting was entirely suspended owing to frost during the first week of the New Year, and it was not till March 8th that anything like a good run took place. This was a fast forty-five minutes from Fenby Wood, with a kill in the open at Laceby. Three days later a meet at Kirmington was signalized by two excellent gallops, the one of an hour and forty minutes, and the other of thirty minutes, and both foxes were killed in the open. Pond Close Wood provided the first fox, and Wootton Gorse the other. There was a wonderful sequence of good things about that time, for on the 11th of the same month there fell to the lady pack "as good a run as any one wants to see," to use the huntsman's own words; and he further remarks that "the bitches carried a good head all the time and ran very stout." They began badly from Chase Hill with a fox going to ground; but on going to Battery Marsh they found a brace of foxes, got well away with one, and settled down to run at once. Dashing away down the marshes, hounds turned up below Stallingborough, and, going with a rattle past Scrubb Close, crossed the railway at Little London, and reached Roxton Wood after a steeplechase of thirty minutes. One tour of the wood and then hounds found the open again, and, running hard by Keelby Grange to the mill, came round by the South Wells back to Roxton Wood. One more turn round the wood and away they streamed over the grass to Milner's Wood, went straight through it and up the Brocklesby Woods, by Cottagers' Dale to Pimlico, thence back again to Limber, down the woods, and away over the paddocks to the Racecourse, where the fox took shelter in a rabbit-hole, but was ignominiously scratched out in less than two minutes. It was a very fine run of two hours and a quarter, the bulk of it over an excellent country, and every hound was up at the worry.

The curtain went down on this capital season's sport on April 16th, and it was with a very sorrowful heart that Dale took the famous dog pack, the pack that he had bred himself, back to kennels for the last time. And it had been a record season, too, for between August 22nd, 1894, and April 16th, 1895, hounds went out one hundred and ten times, and they killed no fewer than one hundred and forty-eight foxes, while it says no little for the earth-stopping that only fourteen brace were marked to ground. The figures read as follows:—

Cub-hunting	38	days,	killed	32½ brace.
Regular hunting	72	,,	,,	41½ ,,
Total	110	,,	,,	74 ,,

Cub-hunting with the bitch pack only commenced on August 21st in 1895, and was very successful, for there was some capital fun, and hounds rolled over twelve brace of foxes in twenty days, besides marking three and a half brace to ground. But there was only average sport till the New Year, and it was not till January 14th that hounds brought off a really great run, and well I remember it. We met that day at Swallow Cross-roads, found at once in Irby Dales, and no sooner were hounds thrown into covert than a big brown fox was holloa'd away towards Irby village. Placing this on his right, he led us to Mrs. Long's park at Laceby, and with Laceby village on the left, crossed Lock 'Em Lane as if bound for Bradley Wood. But a sheep-dog turned him from his point, so, turning to the right, he then took us straight to Bradley Gears. Hounds just skirted it, and without pause they pressed on towards Scartho, a brace of foxes then being in front of them, made a lean to the right and checked for a few minutes, just behind Waltham Old Hall. The pace had been "a cracker" all the way from Irby Dales, so that it was by no means unwelcome. Dale hit off the line below the village on the Bradley side, and hounds were soon tearing away past Mr. Charles Nainby's snug little covert, and led us over the brook—well do I remember the bullfinch on the landing side—to Brigsley. Here they got up to their fox, in the screen on the roadside; but he managed to get away, and pointing first towards Waltham, came round right-handed to Ashby-cum-Fenby, and so led us, with Waithe on the left, to Grainsby Park. A very brief check here, and then the pace was very much increased as we galloped nearly to Autby, where the fox was headed and turned over the Barton street to Hawerby. Leaving Mr. Harneis's house behind, we pass Stock Furlong *en route* for Wold Newton; and Dale thinks we must have changed somewhere here. But hounds kept pegging away, and, taking us by Binbrook Scallows to Kelstern, had to give it up through a declining scent in the big wold fields there. They had been running for two hours and a quarter, and had covered considerably over twenty miles. They had effected a twelve-mile point from find to finish, and it was a nine-mile point from the turn out of the vale at Grainsby. Bridget and Bertram carried Will Dale and Jim Smith respectively in excellent style through the run.

There was a very big meet at Bradley Cross-roads on March 10th, but the proceedings at first were tame enough. However, hounds found a good fox in Sutton Thorns, and then the fun became fast and furious. They went to Battery Marsh at a tremendous pace, running clean away from their field, took a turn or two round the covert and then went on by way of Immingham to Houlton's covert, where they killed their fox after a fine sixty-five minutes' run.

The Warwickshire Hounds, having finished their season, were invited by Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, who was acting Master during Lord Yarborough's absence in

Egypt, to come for a few days in the Brocklesby country, and some capital sport did Lord Willoughby de Broke show us. As a rule such visits are not productive of good sport, the weather or the foxes proving inimical. But Lord Willoughby was particularly lucky. A week's rain previous had put the country in most excellent scenting and riding condition, the foxes proved bold, straight-necked ones and lovers of the grass; big fields were the rule (some six or eight other packs sending representatives, so that stabling room in the neighbourhood was at a premium during the week), and there was nothing whatever to cause a hitch or mar the pleasure of the visit. There was a huge crowd at Bradley Cross-roads, and the most wonderful and unlooked-for event of the day was the drawing of Bradley Wood blank. But this was no doubt a blessing in disguise, for had we found at Bradley we might not have gone to look for that good fox that lay snugly curled up in Irby Holme. He first broke on the Irby side, but being headed back into covert, went away at once at the opposite end, and placing Welbeck Hill on the left, crossed the Barton street, and went to Bradley Wood as straight as the crow flies, hounds going a great pace the whole time. They ran straight through the wood, turned to the left at Tennyson's Holt, and on crossing the Laceby and Grimsby road we viewed our fox trying the earths at Little Coates. The main earths were closed, but he managed to get into a big rabbit hole connected with them, and so escaped. It was a capital gallop, and all were loud in their praises of Lord Willoughby and his famous pack. This run was followed by a burst down the marshes from Sutton Thorns to Grimsby, the fox entering the timber docks, and after leading hounds down the railway for some distance, surrendering his brush in Messrs. Wintringham's timber-yard, the stacks of timber around forming a capital amphitheatre from which to view the final obsequies.

On March 31st Lord Willoughby had Stallingborough Station for his tryst, and the proceedings opened unfortunately with the chopping of a vixen in Scrubb Close. Then came a trot to Battery Marsh, with the result that hounds were soon speeding away down the marshes in pursuit of a good fox, a hard-riding field in their wake. To Houlton's covert first, and thence by Killingholme and Rye Hill to Newsham, where hounds set some fresh foxes afoot and were stopped. However, Lord Willoughby got on to his hunted fox again, and after an excellent run of an hour and twenty-five minutes ran into him at Habrough. This was followed by a capital fifty-five minutes with an afternoon fox from Zincs, hounds sending him along at a rare bat over Killingholme to Habrough, and there killing him. It was a perfect hunting day and there was a grand scent.

The season closed, Will Dale's last at Brocklesby, on April 16th, the bitches having been out sixty-eight times, killed thirty-five and a half brace of foxes, and run sixteen brace to ground. There was always a good scent after Christmas, at times very good indeed, and there were many excellent runs, the best generally being in the Bradley, Croxby, or Irby Holme districts. Foxes mostly preferred to run in the vale, and generally ran straight. It was a very open season, the weather at times being as balmy as summer, and hounds were not stopped once from hunting.

By the way, I came across a curious epitaph in Dale's diary, and I think a very appropriate one for a good fox-hunter. It is as follows :—

"Reader, tread lightly o'er the sod,
A man of nerve lies here,
Whose spirit bow'd before his God,
But knew no other fear."

Dale's record at Brocklesby is appended, and I think it speaks for itself. Far and wide throughout the kingdom one finds the evidences of the good work done by Brocklesby stud hounds, and as it was in days gone by, so has it been in recent years, and for this much of the credit belongs to Will Dale. Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, the Master of the South

Wold, would be the first to acknowledge the assistance Dale was to him in the building up of his kennel, and in the sporting history of Lincolnshire his name must find a well-deserved place among such as the Pelhams, Lord Henry Bentinck, Mr. Saville Foljambe, and the Brocklesby Smiths.

Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson knew that, when he gave up hunting, the Brocklesby dog hounds and his interest in the breeding of the pack would be in good hands when left in Dale's, and one of Dale's treasures is a letter from Mr. Richardson telling him that under his care he has every confidence that the historic pack will not deteriorate either in good looks or work.

Among other highly prized letters are a batch from Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, in one of which he refers to a great day's sport on which occasion Dale had no whippers-in out to help him, yet never a hound was missing at the finish. "This," said Mr. Foljambe, "would have earned you the blue ribbon in my father's estimation." Mr. Foljambe also writes in complimentary terms of a great run in the Buslingthorpe country, and of a great scenting day at Swinhope, when hounds could drive over ground stained by thousands of rooks, and through a wide spread of rubbish smoke, extenting for most of a mile.

Dale's hunting career may be summed up as follows. He was born in the Oakley Kennels in 1834, whipped-in first to his father with the Surrey Union, and at the age of thirteen to Mr. Johnson, whose harriers were at that time hunting the Wytham district of Lincolnshire. Here he remained two seasons, and then went as second whipper-in to the Duke of Buccleuch's for one season, and to the V. W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) for another. In 1863 Dale went to the Rufford, Major Welfitt being the then Master, and three seasons later was transferred to Lord Galway's, where he spent four seasons, and then he went as first lieutenant to Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe at the Burton. It was in 1871 that he went to Mr. Foljambe, and in 1873 he was promoted to carry the horn, which he did, with the greatest success and to the utmost satisfaction of all concerned, until 1881, the last two seasons being under Mr. Wemyss's Mastership. Then came two seasons with Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth, to be followed by twelve with Lord Yarborough, Dale leaving Brocklesby for Badminton in 1896, where his friends hope he will remain for the rest of his days, if they cannot get him back to Lincolnshire. Dale is now harder worked than ever; but it is a labour of love, and much of it is a self-imposed task, and it is no exaggeration to say that his one mission in life is to hunt and to kill foxes.

Dale's favourite horses at Brocklesby were Bouncing B., Bounce, Cadney, Boniface, Bridget, and Beatrice. Bouncing B. was a wonderfully good mare and a very big jumper; she was killed through jumping at some very high rails near the water-tower when turned out to grass at Brocklesby. Dale has her feet now. Bounce was also a good hunter, and Cadney carried the huntsman for seven seasons; Lord Yarborough gave Dale a painting of him which now hangs in his cottage at Badminton. Cadney was by Broomilaw 2nd, and was bought by the late Mr. T. L. Skipworth of Mr. J. Lett for Lord Yarborough. Boniface was a great favourite of Dale's; he was purchased by Mr. Muntz at the sale of hunters when Lord Yarborough decided to reduce his establishment.

Bridget carried Dale through the great run from Kirton Covert; and Beatrice did a lot of good work, and proved herself a fine hunter. Dale did not like her at first, thinking her slow and short of quality; but she could stay for ever, and was a capital jumper. She once got all her field beat, and trotted away from the whole lot of them over some heavy plough near Spridlington Thorns; and on another occasion, from Redbourne, she greatly distinguished herself. They first had a very fast sixteen minutes from Grayingham Gorse to Willoughton Cliff, where hounds ran into their fox in the open, and then came a long draw over a lot of country without finding. Dale had just told his second horseman that he would draw for an outlying fox to please the farmers, but without any expectation of finding, and that he should then get on his second horse. But, as luck would have it, they did find. Dale never got his second horse, as hounds went away at a tremendous pace, and his second horseman, George Borrill, could never get to him; they ran right into the Burton country, finishing at Glentworth. It was 9.30 when hounds reached kennels that night, and Dale calculated that Beatrice had carried him over seventy miles that day. She is now the property of Mr. W. B. Swallow, of Wootton Lawn, and has made a name for herself in the Show ring as a hunter brood mare, besides breeding some capital foals. In 1900 she was probably the best weight-carrying brood mare in England. There is some credit in an animal like this, that has been hammered about and carried a heavy-weight huntsman for several seasons, winning in a Show ring, and the past record of hunter brood mares should certainly be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes. One sees so many four and five-year-old brood mares in the Show ring nowadays, animals that would certainly not have been there at their age unless they had proved worthless as hunters, and so their good looks are made to earn their living, the freshness of their limbs frequently giving them a victory over far more deserving animals. Surely a mare with an honourable past should take precedence over a good-looking fraud.

Season.	Commenced.	Finished.	Days out.	Killed.	To ground.
1884–85	August 25th	April 13th	123	123	34
1885–86	August 28th	April 10th	109	103	21
1886–87	September 4th	April 16th	109	116	29
1887–88	August 17th	April 16th	105	98	25
1888–89	October 1st	April 23rd	112	114	47
1889–90	August 25th	April 8th	119	136	50
1890–91	August 22nd	April 13th	99	86	42
1891–92	September 2nd	April 19th	107	125	40
1892–93	September 3rd	April 4th	104	119	40
1893–94	August 14th	March 29th	117	112	46
1894–95	August 22nd	April 16th	110	148	28
1895–96	August 21st	April 16th	68	71	32
			1282	1351	434

JIM SMITH.

The doings of Lord Yarborough's hounds under the present huntsman, Jim Smith, are of too recent a date to require much comment. But it being the purpose of the writer to make the history of the pack as complete as possible up to the beginning of the present century, it will be necessary to deal with some of the most important runs, and to give a general summary of the different seasons. The father of the young huntsman, who is showing such good sport in the Brocklesby country, was sergeant-major of the Earl of Yarborough's Light Horse, and the boy first saw service with Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, in 1878, in whose stables he learnt to ride. When Mr. Richardson transferred his hunters to Brocklesby, on account of his hunting the dog pack, young Smith had the offer of either staying with the steeplechase horses at Limber, or going to Brocklesby to ride Mr. Richardson's second horse, and he chose the latter course. Smith entered Lord Yarborough's service in 1884, and rode second horse to Will Dale till 1889, when he was promoted to be second whipper-in, the following year finding him at Blankney, under Capell, in a similar capacity. In 1891 he was promoted to be first whipper-in, and he remained three seasons, returning to Brocklesby in 1894, as first whipper-in to Dale; and when Dale left to take charge of the Duke of Beaufort's pack, Smith was promoted to be huntsman.

Jim Smith commenced his first season as huntsman to Lord Yarborough's historic pack in 1896, cub-hunting beginning on August 17th at Thomas's Wood, Fred Reeves and Sam Morgan being his whippers-in; and a moderate morning's work finished with the killing of a cub at Newsham. It was a bad cub-hunting time on the whole, and foxes were far too numerous; still hounds

(Lord Yarborough had only the bitch pack then, it will be remembered, he having sold the dog pack to Lord Lonsdale in April, 1895) were out twenty-eight times, killing thirteen and a half brace of foxes and running eight brace to ground.

The season opened at Brocklesby Hall on November 3rd, a small meet, with many well-known faces missing, and it proved a disappointing day. The first two good days came on November 13th and 17th, from Thorganby and Healing Manor respectively, the first day giving a good run of an hour from Peterhills, and the second a fifteen minutes' race from Healing Gorse to Keelby Sprothorns and back to ground in the main earths at Little London; a thirty minutes' fast run from Scrubb Close to a kill in the open two fields beyond Sutton Thorns; and a good hour's hunt from Drake's Gorse, hounds being stopped near Irby Dales at dark. There was also a good day's sport from Roxton Wood on November 28th, beginning with an excellent woodland hunt of one hour forty minutes and a kill, to be followed by a fine forty minutes from Brocklesby Church to Audleby Park, where hounds ran from scent to view and killed in splendid style, and a race from the Audleby Square Wood to ground in the Fonaby valley finished the day.

December 8th was remarkable for its good scent, which enabled Smith to handle three foxes during the day, all after good runs, and for a hunt 'neath the moon and the stars. Smith had his fox well beat, and was most anxious to kill him; but, as hounds were running hard for the stronghold of Roxton Wood, and it was then nearly five o'clock, he deemed it wisest to stop them before crossing the line at Habrough. Only Captain Dudley Pelham and Messrs. Tom Sutcliffe and Cavil Lowish, together with the huntsman and his first whipper-in, saw the finish.

There was a very good run from a meet at Stallingborough Station on December 26th, hounds finding a good fox in Maud Hole, and, after a twisting hunt of an hour and ten minutes over a good country, coming to a full stop at the brook at Laceby Paddocks, the fox, without doubt, coming to grief in its rushing waters, as hounds could do nothing further with him. They ran hard right up to the finish, and it was a capital hunt, full of incident and delightful hound-work set by a very twisting fox.

There was a hard day from Chase Hill on January 20th, and Smith records the fact that he never remembered the country riding so deep, but that he was splendidly carried by Barbette.

One of the hardest days in Smith's recollection was February 20th, from Barnoldby Cross-roads, hounds beginning at Bradley Wood, and running hard all day, lost a beaten fox through the second whipper-in not telling Smith that he had viewed him away, thus wasting a lot of time which was never recovered. The season finished on April 13th, with a meet at Newsham Lodge, a twenty minutes' race from Langmere Furze to ground at Thornton College being an enjoyable finale.

Hounds were out sixty-nine days, killing thirty-six and a half brace of foxes and marking eighteen brace to ground.

Cub-hunting in 1897 began on August 30th in Cottagers' Dale, a brace coming to hand before we returned home to breakfast. Stephen Dickins and Jack Bell whipped-in to Smith this season, the first coming from the Duke of Sutherland's and the second from the Holderness. There was a satisfactory cubbing, although scent was generally moderate, and at times very bad indeed, and hounds accounted for thirty-one foxes in twenty-one days, besides running three brace to ground. The young entry proved to be all workers, with the exception of Stoutness, and the old hounds hunted better for their huntsman than they had done during his first season.

The opening meet, on November 3rd, was at Brocklesby Hall; but although a leash of foxes were killed, sport was not of a particularly high order.

The first really good day was on November 24th, from a meet at Welbeck Hill. Hounds went on to Bradley

MR. T. SUTCLIFFE.

Wood first, and after one turn round the covert dashed quickly away nearly to Welbeck Hill and then turned right-handed into Mrs. Long's garden, where they ran into their fox after a fast twenty-eight minutes' gallop. Then came a fine fifty-five minutes' hunt from Drake's Gorse, a ring over Healing, Aylesby, Riby, and Laceby back to the Gorse; but hounds, unfortunately, changed foxes first and then got on to a stale line afterwards that came to nothing. A capital run of an hour and a half from Riby Bratlands, hounds having to be stopped at dark, although close to their fox, finished the day. The middle gallop was the best, and Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson and Jim Smith, who showed us the way, and Lord Yarborough, Captain Dudley Pelham, Mr. E. R. A. Shearman, Miss Carr Smith, Mr. T. Sutcliffe, Mr. C. R. Stephen, Mr. C. Darley, and Stephen Dickins saw the cream of it.

A good run, too, came off on December 11th, after a breakfast meet at Burnham Beeches, and a moderate morning's sport. The good fox who provided the gallop lay kennelled in Thornton Gorse, but he went out one side as hounds went in at the other, and they ran hard up wind as if for Ulceby Station, crossing the railway and the road with a point for Wootton. Leaving the village on the right, hounds then ran on to Ulceby village, where the fox was headed and turned left-handed to Zincs. Just touching the covert over the road, and trying the earths at Rye Hill, the fox then set his mask for Immingham; but, still bearing to the left, he brought hounds to a check, the first since leaving Thornton, which caused the huntsman to tender his assistance. He struck him in the road, and hounds ran up it for a quarter of a mile towards Killingholme, Parody alone speaking to the line with any confidence; then going with East Halton on the right, hounds made a point first for Thornton and then turned back through East Halton village to Chase Hill, which we reached in an hour and twenty minutes. The hunted fox was frequently seen in the covert, but pressure could not be concentrated on him in consequence of there being several fresh foxes afoot, and we had at length to give him up, though hounds had practically hunted him to death. I remember how well a four-year-old thoroughbred mare, called Lucy Glitters, carried me through this run, and she did equally well on January 22nd, when we met at Stallingborough Station, and she received her first introduction to the open drains. We first had a very fast ten minutes over the drains at Sutton Thorns, which emptied a few saddles, returning to Sutton Thorns, and going out again at once to Great Coates Station. Then came a turn left-handed into the marshes, and, with Sutton Thorns on the left, we sped down the marshes at best pace nearly to Battery Marsh, where a hare, who would persist in running in front of the pack, got them into difficulties. There was no scent in Battery Marsh, but directly hounds got outside they flew, just skirting Stallingborough Scrubbs, and marking their fox to ground at Little London; a three-and-a-half-mile point in fifteen minutes. A brilliant burst from Roxton Wood, and another from Iron Gates Wood, both of which were productive of blood, finished a good day's sport.

Four days later came a fine day's sport from Waltham Grove, the residence of that good sportsman, the late Mr. G. A. Carr. It began with a run from Peeks through the Weelsby Coverts towards Cleethorpes, and round behind Humberstone, where the fox went to ground. He bolted of his own accord, and hounds coursed and killed him in fifty yards. Time, just fifty minutes. We went back to Peeks, and ran a fast twenty-five minutes to ground in a culvert by the roadside at Tetney. Handmaid went in and bolted him, and her sisters did the rest. Then came a trot to Bradley Wood, which was followed by a fast thirteen minutes, hounds getting away with their fox and coursing and killing him in rare style. They went away on bad terms with the next, and, hunting slowly past Laceby, lost him before reaching Riby. But the first three gallops made it a day considerably above the average.

A rare hunt of two hours forty minutes came off from Thorganby on February 12th, after some moderate sport in the morning, although a fox came to hand. It was one of Mr. Coates's turnip-field foxes who provided the run—Mr. Coates always has a good turnip-field fox if one is wanted—he first crossing the Beelsby and Barnoldby roads, and the Barton street, with a point for Bradley. Then he turned to his left over the Barton street, and by Welbeck Hill made his way to Irby Holme; going out on the Beelsby side with Beelsby Manor on the right, and turning back in the bottom, he ran straight back through Irby Holme and over Irby, through Mr. Long's park, and across the Barton street to Laceby Brook. Here he turned to the right over the brook as if for Barnoldby, but coming round right-handed over Welbeck Hill to Irby Holme, he ran much the same line as before, but going on to Bradley Wood this time after crossing the brook once more. Hounds ran straight through nearly to Scartho, where a sheepfold turned the fox, and swinging round through Tennyson's Holt, went nearly to Bradley Cross-roads. Placing Laceby Cottagers' Plats on the right, hounds ran on to recross the brook, and the Barton street, at Welbeck Hill, but near Irby Holme had to acknowledge themselves beaten, after a really fine hunt, in which Stylish particularly distinguished herself, and Passion and Sensible, and indeed all the hounds, worked to perfection.

On February 16th a dead-tired fox beat hounds by taking shelter in East Halton Church, and on March 23rd there was a capital thirty-five minutes ("the best run of the season," I find written in my diary), from Grimsby Osiers. We met at Bradley Cross-roads, and after an excursion into Grimsby town, and the chopping of a fox in the osiers on the return there, hounds set off to fly over Grimsby Field, and Little Coates to the Laceby Paddocks. Turning left-handed at the mill, hounds pressed along the beck towards Barnoldby, and bearing to the left again, made straight for Bradley Gears, running from scent to view, and killing their fox in fine style two fields short of the covert. There was a good run from Bradley Wood later on, the fox being left dead-beat at Peeks at night.

One of the best runs I remember that year was from Drake's Gorse on March 16th, for we ran a nine-mile point in about fifty minutes, and only touched one covert, and that soon after the start, and we certainly did not change there. We got quickly away from the gorse, and running through Maud Hole, hounds turned across the Great Coates road to run through the osiers in the valley and the Laceby Paddocks to the Grimsby road. With the new mill on the right and the old one on the left, hounds then pressed on towards Barnoldby, turned right-handed over Welbeck Hill, and, just skirting Irby Holme on the left, ran on to Beelsby Vicarage. A swing to the right found us galloping parallel to the Croxby road, Croxby Pond being on the left and Cuxwold Asholt on the right. "What do you think of the Healing foxes now?" says Mr. Richardson triumphantly, as we pressed on over Rothwell; for we had been crabbing them unmercifully this season. But a field from Rothwell Gorse saw the decline of our sport, for hounds unfortunately changed foxes, the fresh one leaving a very different scent behind him to that of his predecessor, and the run fizzled out about a quarter of an hour later. We also had a good six-mile point and forty minutes' hunt from Irby Dales to the Target Plantation later on in the day. Hounds ran well on the grass, but scent was not quite good enough on the wolds to kill a beaten fox.

A terrible fire partly destroyed Brocklesby Hall on Sunday, March 27th, and a great many valuables were either burnt or damaged by water, so hounds did not keep their appointment on the Monday, meeting at the kennels the next day instead.

The season 1897–98 evidently determined to die hard, for hounds scored two more days considerably above the average before going into retirement for the summer, and good sport was maintained right up to the finish. First let me tell of the doings from Hawerby Cross-roads on April 2nd. A brace of foxes were quickly away from Stock Furlong, hounds dashing hurriedly away with one to Beesby Wood, where they got hold of him, just to put them in heart for what was to follow. Five minutes' silence in Grainsby Healing and then a twang-twang from the deputy-master's horn set our minds at rest, and caused the cramming on of hats and the tossing away of cigars. Two minutes later hounds had settled down to their fox and were streaming away towards Grainsby Park, then turning to go straight through Fenby Wood, and right-handed abreast of Ashby Cottagers' Plats and just short of the road. We then ran parallel to the Barton street to below the Ravendale coverts, where a momentary check occurred, a cur-dog having coursed our fox into the low country. But Smith soon set hounds right, and at somewhat reduced speed—for we had come fast to the first check—they ran, with Ashby-cum-Fenby on the left, increasing their pace on the grass after crossing the brook, and placing Brigsley on the left as they pressed on to Waltham Mill. Skirting Mr. Charles Nainby's little covert and the Becklands, we then went swinging down the Barnoldby slopes to the brook, where "the scribe" took a toss, owing to poached banks, and heaped blessings on Whippy's patent saddle-bar. Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Mr. G. P. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Miss Enid Wilson (Lady Chesterfield), and Messrs. Cecil Stephen, H. Whitworth, J. Tonge, G. Houlton, Langly and Sands, together with our own huntsman, and Frank Bartlett from Lord Fitzwilliam's, were all "going great guns" up to this point. Pounding on in the rear, I followed hounds over the Barton street to Hatcliffe Top, found the fox had skirted the Ravendale Plantations, and had then turned down the slopes to Ashby Cottagers' Plats. At Ravendale I met a female in distress, and a tearful voice exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Nimrod, I broke my stirrup-leather and missed the run!" which was hard lines on a lady who generally sees most of our good things.

At Ashby Cottagers' Plats I was just in time to see a brace of fresh foxes go away unmolested, and then to see the pack come out close on the back of a third, leaving the hunted animal in covert. But they went with such drive and dash in pursuit of their fresh fox that, after sending him over Grainsby, with the park on the right, they ran into him before he could reach Hell Furze. There was some more "devarsion" during the day, but this was the *pièce de résistance*.

The last good day of the season came four days later from Great Coates Station. The first item was a thirty-five minutes' burst down the marshes from Sutton Thorns to the manure works just outside Grimsby, and part of the way back, till hounds caught their fox near some cottages. We then had a quick thing from Stallingborough Scrubbs to Battery Marsh, where hounds went away on a stale line that came to nothing; and then from Reeds Mere ran to Little London, thence to Roxton Wood and Foxholes, and so back to Little London, where the fox shook off his pursuers.

The season died a reluctant death on April 21st; it was a good one on the whole, in spite of short-running foxes and a somewhat moderate scent up to February. After that scent improved and the foxes ran straighter. Hounds were out sixty-eight times, killing forty-two brace of foxes and running fourteen and a half brace to ground.

The cub-hunting season of 1898 began on August 29th, the dog pack taking the field first at Thomas's wood, where they killed a cub, and followed this up by taking toll of the litter in Rough Pastures. Smith then went home with the dog pack and brought the bitches out, making a beginning at Rough Pastures, and killing a cub after twenty-five minutes around Brocklesby village. Twenty minutes in Milner's wood brought a cub to hand, and having got all the family to go away, hounds returned to kennels, with two brace registered for the first day.

Operations were suspended between September 7th

Mr. G. P. Tyrwhitt-Drake.

Mr. E. G. Pretyman, M.P.

Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe.

Capt. the Hon. Dudley R. A. Anderson Pelham.

Mr. C. R. Stephen.

and the 16th owing to the dry state of the country, and a bad scenting cub-hunting season came to an end on November 5th, hounds having been out twenty-five days and killed twelve and a half brace of cubs, four brace having been run to ground. The regular season opened from Brocklesby Hall on November 7th with a fast thirty-five minutes at the end of the day; but November was a bad scenting month, and there was no sport worth mentioning till December 10th, when there was a good three hours' hunting run from Immingham, hounds changing foxes four times, and being beaten by a failing scent in the end. But the best day's sport before Christmas came on December 22nd from a meet at Healing Manor. Hounds found in the Gorse and hunted beautifully through Healing Wells and Sutton Thorns (Songstress leading), and back by Healing Station, through Drake's Gorse, over Aylesby, and through Irby Dales, losing their fox close by Irby Dales in most unlucky fashion. They found again at once in Mr. Coates's turnips, and went away at a tremendous pace through Beelsby as if for Barnoldby; but a turn to the left, leaving Irby Holme on the left, took the field through Irby village to the main earths at Swallow. Faulty information caused a check on Mr. Bingham's farm, but Smith persevered with his sinking fox, and hitting him off at Henholes, hunted on—the scent improving each hundred yards till the pack started to race for their fox—leaving Irby village and Irby Holme on the left, and Beelsby close on the right. At Welbeck Hill hounds ran from scent to view, and a kill in mid-field made a fitting conclusion to a capital hunt of an hour and fifty minutes.

A very tiring day, that saw all our horses well beaten at the finish, was on January 28th, 1899, from Thornton College. After a moderate beginning hounds settled on a fox in Chase Hill and gave him a rousing twenty minutes in the open by Killingholme and East Halton, back to Chase Hill, where they changed, and gave the fresh fox forty minutes' brisk work over much the same line of country. They went away again towards the Humber, turned towards Langmere, and then went on nearly to Zincs; but Smith dare not let his hounds go in, for all the horses were done to a turn, and he was afraid of changing foxes. It was a beautiful country we were in all day, but it rode woefully deep, and was productive of no little grief. The bitch pack worked magnificently.

The best scent of the season undoubtedly was on February 17th, but it was an unsatisfactory day for all that. Meeting at Great Coates Station, hounds found Sutton Thorns, for a wonder, without a tenant, and they failed to get the Drake's Gorse fox away too. But a fox, found in Cartwright's osiers, was burst up in fifteen minutes, and then the fun began in earnest. Those who know the country will see from the outset that hounds must go a great pace in order to run from the Grimsby Osiers to Roxton Wood in fifty minutes. Only part of the pack got away, their huntsman with them, and they went a tremendous bat over Little Coates and Great Coates to Drake's Gorse. Leaving the covert close on the right, the pack pressed on by Aylesby Mill along the valley to Laceby, where the fox was headed from his attempt to cross the Grimsby road, and turned back along the valley to run past Pyewipe to Healing Gorse. Then he set his mask for Riby; but, turning right-handed, he placed Healing Wells and Stallingborough Scrubbs on the right as he made for Roxton Wood. But outside this stronghold Smith drew rein, and with his diminutive pack and field returned for reinforcements. On being reunited hounds made an attack on Stallingborough Scrubbs, and, finding at once, dashed quickly away in hot pursuit of a straight-necked fox, who had his mask set fair down the marshes. This delightful playground always carries a scent, but on this occasion it must have been red hot, for though there was a hard-riding field out, including some good men and true from Yorkshire, they could not see the way hounds went. When they caught them they had checked at Killingholme. It was a breast-high scent in a fine scenting country, for the most part grass, and Smith says he had not seen hounds run with their heads up and sterns down, as they did all day, for years.

Though there were one or two good runs, it was a bad season on the whole, the poor scent being all against the young dog pack, who naturally wanted all the assistance they could get in their first season.

A fresh start was made on September 18th, 1899, at Newsham Chase, and a brace of cubs were offered up for educational purposes. Stephen Dickins and Jack Bell were still the whippers-in. It was a dry cub-hunting, but hounds worked well, the young entry giving the highest satisfaction, and they killed twenty brace of cubs in twenty-eight days, besides marking four brace to ground, which latter says much for the Brocklesby earth-stoppers with Parks at their head.

The opening meet this year, on November 6th, was at Welbeck Hill. There was a very fair day's sport, more remarkable for good hound work than anything else, and a brace of foxes were killed. The dog pack were out.

Smith was confined to the house with influenza on January 5th, 1900, and till January 15th, so Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson hunted the hounds. He commenced with a grand hunt of two hours and thirty minutes from Rothwell Gorse, killing the redoubtable dog fox that had been providing such good runs every time the hounds went into that covert. There was a wonderful scent for the Wolds, and both hounds and horses had done enough by the time the veteran came to hand.

Mr. Richardson followed up this good run with the bitches with another fine run from Grasby Bottom to Halton Skitter brickyard with the dog pack. Finding at Grasby Bottom, hounds ran hard to the deer park, where a fresh fox jumped up in view, and they hustled him through Irongates Wood, through the Chase by the ride at the narrowest point, and so on through Mark Cooper's covert and over the railway to Ulceby village. A point for Thornton, and the pack swung right-handed over the road and the railway as if bound for Zincs. But the fox did not cross the brook, and I never saw prettier hunting than when hounds took the line, now by the brook side and now by the hedge, to the bridge near Thornton, the fox being unable to make up his mind whether to plunge into the cold water or not. We still looked like going to Thornton Gorse, but a swing to the right took us away to East Halton village, through which hounds hunted slowly and prettily. A kill looked a certainty ; but hounds came to a full stop at the brickyard at the Humber bank, and try as our good amateur huntsman could, he failed to make any more of his fox, so concluded he had found a safe haven among the bricks and tiles.

It appears that our dead-beat fox was shot by a man working in the brickyard (we did hear a shot when about half a mile from the Humber bank) ; but it is gratifying to know that when he came boasting of his exploit to his master the next day, he received his dismissal instantly.

Mr. Richardson's last day was marked by an evening gallop from Peeks to Tetney, but hounds were stopped at the first check, it being too dark to go on.

January 27th, 1900, gave us a very good day's sport from Waltham Station. It began with a fine run from Peeks to Tetney, the fox first making his point Waltham Station ; but being headed, he went straight for the sea, Humberston village being on the right, and then swung round to run parallel with the shore to Tetney. He tried a drain, but found it too full of water for comfortable shelter, so twisted about in the neighbourhood of Tetney village for some time ; faulty information then put the huntsman wrong, and an old jack hare, who would persist in dancing in front of hounds, did the rest. I heard afterwards that the fox did get back to the drain before mentioned, and that he was found washed out, dead, the next morning. It was a very fast good gallop, and over a fine line of country. One item was the way

Smith flew the Humberston Beck on the grey horse, Belvoir (the best horse he ever rode, he says), which was then a coffee-coloured torrent running bank high.

After some slow work in a storm from the Grimsby Osiers, the chase was set going again in Bradley Wood, the fox being found on the Scartho side. The hunt began slowly, hounds facing the open opposite Mr. Anningson's house (the house in which old Mr. Philipson had entertained so many fox-hunters), and with Tennyson's Holt on the right, pegging steadily on till they slowed up in a field of plough. Here Reveller pulled them through, and with a better cry hounds led us on past the workhouse to the outskirts of Grimsby town. Some footballers near the People's Park headed the fox over the road to the Weelsby side, and, leaving Scartho well on the right, he tried to make for Weelsby Bridge, being frustrated in his first effort by a sheep-dog. Waltham Station lay on the left, and hounds pressed on for three fields in the direction of Holton-le-Clay, till the fox turned short to the left over the railway, Dulcimer doing some good work in the plough as he led hounds between Peeks and the Weelsby coverts and the railway to the bridge. Crossing here, the fox made straight back to Scartho, where I got information from the local earth-stopper that we had a fresh one in front of us. But Smith vows we had not changed, and the man may have made a mistake, for hounds had run to the road at Bradley without once pausing, and so to Mr. Anningson's house, where they came to a check, and Smith dared not hold them on to the wood in the gathering gloom. They had been running hard for an hour and a half over a good plough country. Stephen Dickins was not out, so Jack Bell was sadly missed from his place as second whipper-in, where he has shown to more advantage than any one I know.

Peeks again provided a good fox on February 24th, and he, like the rest of the litter, first made a move for Waltham Station, and being turned left-handed by carriage folk to Humberston, swung round the village, having it on the right as before, and pointed for Tetney. Smith had another try at the Humberston Beck, riding Bridge, a chestnut, this time, and again he got well over. The fox did not cross the road for Tetney village as the others had done, but held straight on, and Tetney Lock was reached thirty-five minutes after leaving Peeks. Here there was a longish check, for the fox had turned off the bank on to the Fitties, where there was not a scrap of scent, and he ran the sands till reaching the Humberston foreshore. Here hounds got started again, and headed for Peeks, and the fox ran out of the covert two fields and then went back again to seek shelter in a rabbit-hole, from which he was ignominously scratched out, just on two hours since finding him. There was a good fifty minutes, and a kill, from Bradley Wood, as a finale to a really good day's sport.

But the fastest run (considering the time we were running) I can remember, came off from Pelham Pillar on March 5th. Hounds found at once in the young trees, and dashed quickly away to Cabourne Church, a good field in close attendance. Then hounds swung up the slope to Caistor Top House, the huntsman, the first whipper-in, Mr. E. Davy on a horse belonging to Mr. G. J. Young, Mr. Braithwaite's nephew, and "the scribe" being alone with hounds when they crossed the road, and for an hour the rest of the field never saw us again. We had kept close to the flying pack, while the others had eased their horses up the hill from Cabourne to Caistor. Hounds swung right-handed over Canada Lane, and it was steeplechasing, pure and simple, to within half a field of the Audleby Square Wood. Here they swung down to the corner of the Audleby Home Wood, and turned left to Fonaby House, in the front of which they turned right-handed over the Brigg road and ran nearly to Nettleton Lodge. They came back over the Sand Braes, and had Caistor close on their right as they rose the slopes of the Wolds, crossing the road close to the Top House and pointing for Normandby. A left turn over the High Street and *the first check* occurred one field from Badger Hills. Smith soon found the fox had not gone on; and casting back, struck the line of *a* fox behind Cabourne, with which hounds raced back to the Pillar Woods. That it was a fresh fox is practically certain, for the hunted animal could not possibly have lived to the end of that race over the Cabourne Hills. Mr. Davy dropped out on a beaten horse at Cabourne, and Mr. Cecil Stephen chipped in. The fox was viewed into the woods a field in front of hounds, and we had to gallop our hardest down the velvety rides to keep pace with the flying bitches, who raced past the Swiss Cottage and faced the open at the Swallow corner. Skirting Dauber's covert, and with Henholes close on our left, hounds ran down to Swallow village, went through the Vicarage grounds and Beech Holt, and had three lines into Badger Hills, the main body marking their fox to ground in the field on the other side of the covert. The huntsman, who was riding Captain Pelham's bay horse, Alsatian, says, "it is the fastest hour and fifty minutes it has ever been my lot to see," and "the scribe," for the first and only time, got to the bottom of his chestnut mare, The Geisha. The only check was the one before Badger Hills, after hounds had been running an hour.

April 11th was the last day of an enjoyable season, during which hounds were out one hundred and three times, killing forty-four brace of foxes and running nineteen and a half to ground. The latter part of the season was much the best.

The season 1900–1901 was by far the best we have had during Jim Smith's period as huntsman at Brocklesby. It was mild, wet, and open throughout, and nearly always deep going. Yet much of the success of the season, apart from climatic conditions, was due to the capital cub-hunting. For the greater part of it there was a grand scent, and when a dry spell set in just before the opening day the young hounds never forgot what they had learned, nor looked back afterwards. They killed fifty-five foxes in forty-four days' cubbing, and the luck again changing on the very opening day, they brought off perhaps the best season in my experience. The foxes ran very stout, if not particularly straight, and there were only two hard, dry days for hounds to register in the spring. Wrangler, Foreman, Sailor, Shamrock, Stormer, Harkaway, Finder, Satellite, Archer, Advocate, Dormant, and Trimmer all proved hard-driving hounds, and two young hounds, Rubicon and Auger, were showed to possess good noses and throw their tongues well. No huntsman could have been better mounted than Smith, and Bridge, a wonderfully good little blood horse, particularly over a big country, and Belvoir, perhaps the most perfect mannered and best hunter Smith ever rode, were as good as any man need wish to cross. The stallion, St. Andrew (by Ascetic), Bedouin, Builder, and Beryl were all first-class hunters, and all fast except the last named, who was, however, a charming mount and a beautiful jumper, as I can myself vouch for. Smith was admirably served by his two whippers-in, Jack Bell and Will Freeman, and it is indeed a pleasure to conclude the history of a great pack with such satisfactory records. The 1900 entry was a wonderfully good one, and the youngsters all proved workers; so, with a good Master, a good pack of hounds, a good staff of Hunt servants, and a good country to ride over, the prospects of fox-hunting in North Lincolnshire are as bright as ever they were.

As previously mentioned, the season opened brightly on November 5th, from Riby Cross-roads, a capital hunt of an hour and forty minutes from Riby Bratlands being the chief item of an enjoyable day; but the first day's sport of exceptional interest came off on November 21st from a meet at Aylesby Manor, the home of that most hospitable of good sportsmen Mr. Robert Walker. Hounds ran continuously for two hours and fifty-five minutes, of which two and a half hours was as good as one could wish for; but they had to be stopped at last, as all the horses were beat and no second horsemen could be found. They had effected a nine-mile point. Proceedings commenced from the Carr Plantation, the fox first going to the Little Coates earths, doubling back nearly to the decoy, and being headed there, making a bee-line for Bradley Wood. Hounds went straight through and out at the Barnoldby corner, from which point they had a fresh fox in front of them. Pressing on nearly to Welbeck Hill, the pack turned right-handed to Laceby Park (Mrs. Long's), where they checked, hunted back to Laceby, and checked again; and on hitting it off at the brook side, went quickly away over Welbeck Hill, placing Irby Holme on the right and Beelsby on the left as they ran to Cuxwold Asholt. This too was placed close on the right, and hounds ran on steadily to the earths in the boundary fence between Croxby and Thoresway. Turning down the slopes, they crossed the road near the little spinney, and placing both Thorganby Gorse and Swinhope close on the right, ran nearly to Click 'Em Inn, where they checked, and the fox was not persevered with. The pace was never very fast, but it was a real good hunting run over a variety of country. Trusting to memory, Lord Yarborough, Captain Dudley Pelham, Victoria Lady Yarborough, and Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, Mrs. W. J. Clarke, and Messrs. Ewbank, Cove, C. Wilson, and P. Frankish were among those who finished.

Practically no one saw the best of the fun on November 30th from Nettleton Lodge, though the morning hunt of an hour and three-quarters from the Nettleton Woods over the hills and to ground in the Otby Bottoms was enjoyable enough, and finished up all the one-horse folk. The hero of the day was found in a turnip-field near Normanby Dales, and having run through the dales towards the High Street, was headed back through the dales to Otby, where he turned, and ran to Claxby Wood. It was here that hounds slipped their field, for they never paused an instant, and racing away down the hillside had only the huntsman and first whipper-in in attendance, and they alone saw the finish. Captain Pelham and the second whipper-in struggled as far as West Rasen, and then gave it up. The pack ran on through the Usselby Plantations, over the Market Rasen racecourse, and with Sedge Cop away on the right, went to within a field of Toft Newton. They then ran on, with Owmby and Normanby on the right, and were stopped just behind the Vicarage at Spridlington. Time from finding, one hour and fifty minutes, very good except the last twenty minutes. An eleven-mile point. Very few people were out, as it is not a popular side of the country. Hounds were well into the Burton country when they were stopped, were twenty-five miles from home, and did not reach their kennels till 8.40.

On Wednesday, December 5th, we find there was a fine hunting run of three hours and thirty-five minutes from Aylesby Mill, and a very hard day for hounds and horses it was, as the country rode woefully deep. It commenced from Drake's Gorse, and a rough outline of a twisting run is as follows: round Great Coates and along the valley to Laceby first, back to Healing, and thence to Riby Park and Irby Dales. Hounds turned one field from the covert and ran back to Aylesby ; and then came the following points in succession : Healing, Hungerhills, Riby Park, Irby village, Irby Dales, Swallow Vale, Swallow Cross-roads, Swallow Vale, Bellows Pipe, Riby Bratlands, Swallow Cross-roads, Swallow Vale again, the Pillar Woods, and so to Riby Bratlands. The very tired fox, no doubt, went straight through, though a horseman, who was standing there, vowed he could not have missed him, and so a good run was robbed of an orthodox finish. Of course hounds changed several times.

On Friday, December 7th, there was a capital hour and a half from Pond Close Wood, hounds running from scent to view and killing their fox handsomely ; and on the 10th there was another of an hour and thirteen minutes from Goxhill Oxmarsh to Killingholme Lighthouse, where the fox went to ground in a drain. Hounds first ran the Humber bank to New Holland, but, turning to the left, with the Oxmarsh on the left, went nearly to the

MRS. W. J. CLARKE.

railway. Headed here, the fox turned short back, and going just below the village, made as if for Butters Wood till a left turn over the big drain between Langmere and Thornton led hounds to Mr. Dee's farm, where a sheep-dog took the body of the pack off the line. However, Policy, Rushlight, and Stately never left it, so no time was lost, and having tried Bradshaw's tunnel (an historic place, for it was built years ago to tempt foxes in, from which they never went out alive), the fox pressed on with Chase Hill and Birkenshaw's covert two or three fields to the right, and so to Killingholme Lighthouse, where he just managed to save his brush. The lady pack hunted beautifully, and effected a seven-mile point.

To mark the impossibility of understanding scent, hounds brought off a fine run of an hour and thirty-five minutes in the roughest of weather, on Saturday, December 15th. Only a very few people put in an appearance, and it seemed impossible for hounds to be able to run. The dog pack was out, and began by chopping a fox in Mr. W. H. Coates's turnips near the tryst, Barnoldby Cross-roads; and finding another over the Barton street, settled down to run at once. Placing Barnoldby on the right, they swung round in a semicircle over the Waltham road, and, running through Barnoldby Gorse, placed Brigsley on the right as they ran nearly to the Asholt. Here they turned to the right, and, with Ashby-cum-Fenby close on the left, ran nearly to the Barton street. Turning right-handed here, the fox crossed the brook and brought us to the Becklands, from which point he went on to Waltham brickyard and the mill, again turning short to the left to try the earths in the sandpits, and afterwards to make a point for Bradley Wood. Another turn to the left, and hounds came back through the Becklands to Barnoldby Gorse, where a passing storm undoubtedly saved the sinking fox's life. Hounds went at a smart pace nearly the whole time, and I remember how hot and uncomfortable I felt, for, with equipede and apron, I had come prepared for a rough, wet day, and no galloping.

On December 29th there was a very fast run from Smithfield to Ludford, back to Tealby hillside, and thence to ground at Stainton. Fifty minutes, two brief checks, and every hound up. There was also a good sixty-five minutes from Grainsby Healing to Wold Newton, and back by Peterhills and Ashby Cottagers' Plats to North Thoresby; a gallop in the fog, and really unfit to hunt.

The Roxton Wood day on January 12th was another of those hard tiring days for hounds and horses, for we were at it all day with scarcely a pause, and the country very deep going too. On the way to the meet hounds encountered a fox going in the direction of Keelby, and another met them just outside Roxton Wood. This time they would not be denied, and sending him once round Roxton Wood at Top Hole, ran him to ground in a drain on the racecourse. The terrier put in killed the fox and brought him out. Hounds found again on the Keelby side of Roxton Wood, and continued to run with a splendid cry for three hours and fifty-five minutes over Stallingborough, Keelby, Healing, Aylesby, and Roxton, changing repeatedly, of course. Some tail-hounds killed one dead-beat fox in a hedgerow,* but the body of the pack were running close on the brush of a fresh one at the time, and so he was not broken up. Smith was never so pleased with his hounds, I think, as he was this day.

There was another hard day on January 14th from a meet at Waltham Station, hounds finding their first fox in the Grimsby Osiers, as Peeks and Weelsby proved unfruitful, and running hard with Little Coates on the right along the valley and up to Drake's Gorse, just skirting that covert and going through Maud Hole as if for Hungerhills. Turning to the left over Aylesby, hounds crossed the beck, and the Grimsby road at Laceby Mill, and ran hard straight through Bradley Wood to mark their fox to ground in a drain two fields towards Grimsby. Fifty-five minutes, good. Finding again in Bradley Wood, hounds ran fast by Bradley Church and Laceby Cottagers'

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* His grinning mask faces me as I write.

Plats to Laceby Beck, where they divided, one lot running a ring towards Bradley, and then bringing their fox back to meet the other, the reunited pack coursing the fox, quite fresh, to Welbeck Hill, where they divided again. The main body ran nearly to Irby Holme, and away back over the beck, close up to Bradley Wood, and back to Laceby, where the other lot had marked their fox to ground. They pressed on once more, a united pack, nearly to Bradley Wood again, and by Laceby Cottagers' Plats over the beck, and across Aylesby and Healing nearly to Hungerhills, being eventually run out of scent at Aylesby, through having most probably got on a stale line. Time, an hour and forty minutes. Hounds went back to eat their fox run to ground in the morning.

January 18th, from Stallingborough Station, is another day that deserves permanent record, for hounds ran hard twice, over a big, deep-riding country, and finished alone. They began the day with a race from Sutton Thorns to Battery Marsh, where there were fresh foxes, and hounds changed, running by the main drain through Reeds Mere to Immingham, by the church, and over the marshes to Battery Marsh again. Here they twisted about between Battery Marsh and Reeds Mere till they got on a stale line, and eventually came to a full stop. Time, about an hour, and all good till the last few minutes. But the finale was the most brilliant episode of the day. Several coverts were drawn blank, and it was not till Riby Bratlands was reached that hounds found again; but they at once set off at a tremendous pace on the back of their fox, with Mr. Dudding's house and the Hermitage on the right, through Washing Dales, and over Rush Hill as if for Irby Holme. Then they turned over the Barton street straight for Laceby Cemetery, and, leaning to the left, ran straight to Maud Hole and close by Healing Gorse to Healing Wells. Leaving this on the right, the pack pressed on right-handed over the railway below Healing Station, it then being quite dark, and hounds had run clean away from their field, and they were found near

Sutton Thorns, a boy declaring that he had heard hounds kill their fox.

Owing to the death of our beloved Queen, hounds did not go out between January 21st and February 5th, and frost kept them in kennel on February 13th and 15th; but forty couples had a turn in the woods the next day, and killed a brace of foxes. Good sport continued to fall to our lot, but the next day of exceptional merit took place on February 23rd, after a breakfast meet at Wootton Lawn. Unfortunately neither Master nor deputy Master were out, and hounds were at times shamefully overridden by some visitors from over the Humber. Not finding till Thornton College was reached, hounds there killed a lame fox; but not breaking him up, dashed quickly away with another, leading us at best pace by Killingholme Manor to Chase Hill, little Syndicate, belonging to Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, carrying the writer to perfection. Here hounds changed and ran to Killingholme; but they got beaten there, and then the Thornton fox was broken up. Finding again in Zincs, they next ran fast and well to Habrough, and by Immingham to Houlton's covert, where they changed, and, with a bad start, hunted beautifully round Killingholme and Habrough to the railway at Foxholes. There the fox was headed back by Habrough Church to Houlton's covert again, and the pack had a brace of foxes in front of them. They ran straight through as if for the marshes, but turning left towards Chase Hill, continued to come round, past Killingholme—with three foxes now in front of them—to Habrough, where Smith decided to stop them when pointing for Roxton Wood. It was a very hard day for hounds and horses, and the country rode very deep.

March 6th and 8th gave me two of the most enjoyable days' hunting I can remember, and both were as good as man could wish for. The first was from Welbeck Hill, hounds finding in Irby Holme, and racing away over Beelsby at a tremendous pace, Messrs. J. Maunsell Richardson, E. P. Rawnsley (the popular Master of the South

Wold), and Tom Sutcliffe, together with the huntsman and first whipper-in, showing "how to do it." The pack ran hard, with Beelsby on the right, over the Hatcliffe valley and nearly to Ravendale, where they turned over the Barton street, and the brook, past the Becklands to Waltham brickyard, at which place the first slight check occurred. They then ran nearly to Bradley Gears, turned short to the left, and went straight to Welbeck Hill, and, with Beelsby close on the right, made a bee-line over Barnoldby to the Bradley main drain. Here there is no doubt hounds changed, and going into Bradley Wood (where second horses were snapped up), they spent some little time running round the covert before going away again. This was on the Scartho side, and they then ran very fast, with Scartho village on the left, nearly to Waltham Station, crossing the railway, and then going as if for Peeks, but turning short to the left through the Weelsby Square Covert, to mark their fox to ground near the keeper's house. The keeper had heard hounds running, and had hastened to stop the earths—just a moment too late. They had been hard at it for two hours and fifty-five minutes since finding in Irby Holme, and had provided a grand day's sport.

Now for the other, and, I think, the best day of this wonderfully good season.

Great Coates Station, the mustering place, and a stirrup-cup at the house of Mr. Cecil Stephen, to set us on our way. It was the lady pack out, the dog hounds having provided the fine day's sport above mentioned. Hounds found in Sutton Thorns at once, and dashed quickly away down the marshes, swinging up to Great Coates Station, where an old jack hare—always a nuisance at that time of year—threw hounds into temporary difficulties, so that the fox got a long start, and the pack took but a very faint line into Drake's Gorse. Three or four foxes were found afoot there, and hounds were quickly away, running a very fast ring towards Hungerhills, and left-handed over Aylesby, and by Aylesby Mill over Wybers Farm back to

Drake's Gorse. Twenty-five minutes in the open without a check. Some little time was spent in covert before a fox went away again, and then hounds set off to run the same line as before, but turned right-handed at Aylesby Mill to go to the Grimsby road, and then right-handed again through the Laceby Paddocks, where they ran from scent to view and rolled their fox over in rare style. Thirty minutes this time, very fast, and again without a check. Bradley Wood next, a quick find, and away we go over the Bradley Vale to the Barton street at Mrs. Long's park, where the fox is turned right-handed to Rush Hill. The barking of a sheep-dog heads him from Irby Dales—thank goodness—and sets him off to run a straight course to Irby Holme. One turn round the covert—and I think, from subsequent events, hounds must have changed—and away we go, with Beelsby on our right, to Hatcliffe, and in Flinthills hounds paused momentarily for the first time since leaving Bradley. It was only momentary, though, then away they dashed again through Deepdales to Thorganby, through the osier-bed, and away nearly to Click 'Em Inn, where the fox was headed and hounds came slowly back with him to Thorganby, and there is no doubt he popped in somewhere and saved his brush. A splendid day's sport and a hard one for horses and hounds. The bitches did remarkably well, and ran particularly stout, every one of them. I had again—as I have on many occasions—to thank Mr. Richardson for two excellent mounts, that carried me safely and comfortably, and enabled me to see all there was to be seen.

The last day's sport that I shall make special mention of—though nearly half the days hounds were out deserve detailed description—came off on March 11th from Immingham. The first item, a fine run, lasting just an hour, emanated from Reeds Mere, hounds hunting briskly to the Immingham allotments, where they settled down to race, running a ring with Stallingborough Scrubbs, Battery Marsh, and Immingham Church on the right, back to the allotments. Pressing on still, the chase swept on past

PLATE VIII.

Charles, 3rd Earl of Yarborough.

Born, 1835; married, 1858; died, 1875.

Maux Hall with Little London on the right to the Riby road at the outskirts of Stallingborough, where the fox was headed back through Stallingborough Churchyard and over the line nearly to Scrubb Close. But the fox did not go into that snug little covert, and turning back, for he was sinking fast and beginning to run short in consequence, recrossed the line and led hounds by Stallingborough Mill to the gardens of Healing Manor, where they killed him —an old dog fox—after a very fast and enjoyable gallop. The next gallop began at Sutton Thorns, the starting-point of so many good runs, hounds getting their fox into the open without a moment's delay, and sending him by Great Coates Railway Station and the Church, along the valley, and up over Wybers Farm to Pyewipe. From thence to Healing, left-handed over Aylesby to Hunger-hills, and by the Riby Almshouses, Keelby Stone-pit, the Half-way House, and the Limber Schools, into the Mausoleum Woods at the gas-house, where, with several fresh foxes afoot, the huntsman stopped his hounds after they had been running hard for an hour and ten minutes.

This wonderfully good season finished on April 13th, the score standing at ninety-eight foxes killed, and fifty-one run to ground in one hundred and twenty-three days' hunting. It is not a great many foxes to kill; but the Brocklesby country is too well stocked with them to kill many. Personally, it was the best season I have seen with the Brocklesby in a nine years' experience. I only hope I may live to enjoy many more like it.

JIM SMITH.

Season.	Commenced.	Finished.	Days out.	Killed.	To ground.
1896–1897	August 17th	April 13th	69	73	36
1897–1898	August 30th	April 21st	68	84	29
1898–1899	August 29th	April 11th	106	73	25
1899–1900	September 18th	April 11th	103	88	39
*1900–1901	August 20th	April 13th	123	98	51

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* The season 1901–1902 was also a good one, the sport being perhaps the best shown by any northern pack, and fifty-one brace of foxes were killed. The great run from Bradley Wood, on January 11, 1902, was without doubt the best this famous covert has ever produced.

THE BROCKLESBY HUNT UNION CLUB AND SOME OF THE FIELD.

THE Brocklesby Hunt Union Club was established at Caistor in November, 1835, and from the Minute Book, kindly lent the writer by the late Mr. Charles Nainby, of Barnoldby, it started with a roll of fifty-four members. Mr. Thomas Brooks ("Old Tom Brooks of Croxby") was its first Chairman, and Mr. W. Torr, junr., of Aylesby, its Hon. Sec. and Treas. The first "Steeple Race" took place the same year, from Riby Slingsmere, and was followed, as was invariably the case, by a dinner, generally at the George Inn, Caistor, the tickets for which were 7*s.* 6*d.* each, and members who did not attend were fined 3*s.* each, to go to the wine fund.

The conditions of the early races were as follows: A sweepstake of £5 each, with £50 added from the club funds. Open to all England. Weights, 4 yrs. old, 11 st.; 5 yrs. old, 11 st. 9 lbs.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 12 st.; mares allowed 2 lbs. Distance, four miles across a country. The owner of the second horse to receive ten sovereigns. To be ridden by gentlemen or farmers, or members of a Fox-hunting or Racing Club. Messrs. R. Nainby, Thomas Brooks, and Theophilus Harneiss were the first Stewards, and Mr. Thomas Borman was Judge. Old Will Smith used to start the race with a twang of his horn.

Mr. Lionel Holmes won the first race on a mare belonging to Mr. Hargreaves. He took a toss, but remounting the mare as she rose to her feet again, little time was lost.

Flying Billy, the property of "the Squire of Limber," who ran against Touchstone for the Doncaster Cup, fell at the last fence. Mr. Coates's Cannon Ball, ridden by Mr. Grantham, won in 1836, jumping a sheep-fold in a corner as his last fence but one. The course was parallel to the Barton street, from Barnoldby to Riby Cross-roads, the same as in the Point-to-Point of 1892, and Capt. Becher fell at the boundary fence between Laceby and Aylesby. Some one lent him another horse, and he managed to see the finish, and he was in great form that night, singing a song about Grimaldi, and "The Stile at the Top of the Hill." He would have stayed longer, but a mount on Vivian at Egham tempted him away from the festive party.

There were fifteen nominations in 1837, of which thirteen faced the starter, and the judge placed the following: 1st, Mr. G. Skipworth's Antelope; 2nd, Capt. J. Skipworth, on Mr. H. Whitworth's Bumpkin; 3rd, Mr. R. Nainby's Moses; and 4th, Mr. Richardson, on Mr. Thomas Whichcote's Longwaist. "After the race," says the Minute Book, "a party of seventy-one gentlemen dined with the Stewards at the Granby Inn, Grimsby, Richard Nainby, Esq., in the chair." Mr. G. Skipworth was the recipient of no little chaff and many congratulations on falling all his length into the winning field, but being first past the post after all.

An old grey horse called Valentine won in 1838, the course being over Clixby, Grasby, and Owmby lordships. He had been lame and had also done some service in a harvest waggon; but Mr. W. G. Loft patched him up, and riding him with the greatest care, won in a field of twenty-one starters; Mr. Cook's Transport, ridden by Mr. Riby Nicholson, was second. Ormsby won the next year, Peter Simple being second, and Gay Lad unplaced. (This is according to the "Druid," but Will Smith, in his diary, says that Mr. Carnley won on Old Mr. Fry.) When the maiden clause was abolished, Gay Lad had a third try, though he only won by Capt. Skipworth's quickness, for he noticed that the winning waggon had been moved, and he pulled round in order to go the right side of the flag. The owner of Croxby (by Velocipede) had to refund, and this little affair cost the club £140.

No county turned out two better chasers than Peter Simple and Gay Lad, though some declared they were not the equal of Lottery. They only met him towards the end of his career, when he was certainly not at his best.

Peter Simple was a very good-looking horse and a beautiful mover, but he had not a very good mouth, and he went a tremendous pace at his fences. He was a wonder through the dirt, and it never seemed to stop him, no matter how deep or holding. John Elmore once bid seven hundred guineas for him.

Gay Lad was not a taking horse to look at, having an ugly head and being light through his brisket. He was a fast galloper, and particularly good at fences and water, but timber was not his strong point.

Mr. Loft won on Creeper in 1842, with Mr. C. Nainby second, and Mr. Baxter third, in which race Paul Pry, a cream-coloured horse, came to an untimely end. The course lay from Keelby Sprothorns over Aylesby and Laceby, the road being crossed at Irby Scrubb Close, and the winning-post was in Mr. Philip Skipworth's large grass-field. Then Mr. Charles Nainby won three years in succession on his father's horses, Crocus, and the two greys, Newcastle Tommy and Northallerton Tommy. Crocus's race was the last one attended by the second Earl of Yarborough.

Both Newcastle Tommy and Northallerton Tommy were sold for £200 each, and the latter would have gone for £30 a few months before the race, but a storm prevented him from crossing the Humber to Beverley Fair.

Captain Skipworth won on the hard-pulling Dubious in 1846, and Mr. Lamplough came out of Holderness the next year, to take the stakes out of the district for the first time, with Salvation ; Mr. Oldacre won the last two races before they were allowed to drop, the first with his own mare Jenny Lind, and the last with Mr. Richard Nainby's Rachel.

In 1839 the added money from the club funds was increased to £60, and in 1840 to £75; and in 1839 winners of Steeple Races (matches excepted) had to carry 7 lbs. extra; while in 1842 the race was confined to maiden horses only. A second race had been added to the programme the previous year, a sweepstake of £7 each with £15 added, open to horses of all ages, to carry 14 stone, and the distance was four miles across a country. This was Mr. Charles Nainby's first race, and he won it on Mr. Tom Brooks's Hang 'Em, in a field of five runners.

Cure All, who won the Grand National at Liverpool in 1845, and who was owned, bred, trained, and ridden in the great race by Mr. W. G. Loft, does not appear to have run in any of the Brocklesby chases.

Mr. Tom Brooks, of Croxby.

Mr. Tom Brooks was a great man to hounds in the first quarter of the last century, and one of the most celebrated sportsmen of his day. He was born at Laceby, one of a large family, and farmed at Cabourne, Nettleton, and Croxby. One of his peculiarities was never to wear socks or stockings. The "Druid" credits Mr. Brooks with having ridden the winner of the first steeplechase ever run in Lincolnshire; but that is not so, as the father-in-law of the present writer formerly knew an old Mr. Draper of Wickenby, who frequently used to refer to a steeplerace between Mr. Tom Cartwright and Mr. Tom Clitheroe that took place some years before 1821, the course being from Wragby Church to Wickenby Church. Mr. Brooks's great race with Mr. Nicholson took place on March 30th, 1821, and not in April, 1820, as stated by the "Druid," the points being North Thoresby Mill and Aylesby Church. Mr. Brooks rode a mare by Pilgrim out of a granddaughter of Eclipse, belonging to Mr. Frank Isles. The sire of this mare (the dam of Mr. Brooks's mount) was bought from the royal stud by Lord Yarborough.

This is the "Druid's" account of the historic race—

> "Field Nicholson had just returned from his first season at Melton (where he afterwards shone so brightly as a steeplechase rider, on Magic, Plunder, etc.), flushed with triumph at having won a small match there on a fourteen-hand pony, and bringing with him a mare which he fancied fit to beat all the Brocklesby Hunt. Tom Brooks, of Croxby, had been a rival of his in riding, from their very boyhood; they had sat on the same school bench, thinking doubtless more of foxes than fractions, and then taken their fences, stroke for stroke, for some years before Field graduated in Leicestershire, whither Tom followed him for a season. Field's boasting was not to be borne, and accordingly Tom told him that his animal, who was a magnificent jumper, but slow, was 'a nice bagman's mare,' and followed up this home-thrust by offering to run him ten miles within a month for fifty guineas a side, for the honour of the old country, each to carry fourteen stone. From Thoresby Mill to Aylesby steeple, with some seventy or eighty fences in it, was the line chosen. Every man, woman, or child that could walk, ride, or drive, lined the ten miles, and it seemed as if all the horsemen of Lincolnshire were drawn up in array at Barton street. The pair went the first half-mile together, and then parted. At Ashby and Brigsley Brooks was in difficulties, as his mare three times refused a water-course with post and rails. All seemed lost, but at the nick of time Nicholson appeared over a fence.
>
> "'Why, Field, you're just the man I want!' roared Tom; 'give me a lead over.'
>
> "'I'll show you the way to jump, my boy,' was the jaunty reply; and Tom's mare followed him like a bird. They met no more in the race, as Field went below Barnoldby and got too far out of his line; while Tom kept the high ground on the other side of the village, and reached the steeple, out of which those two ancient elderberry bushes still persevere in growing, like a couple of ears, in the very teeth of archdeacons and churchwardens, as clever a winner as his fondest backers could wish."

The "Druid" has a bit more to say about Mr. Tom Brooks in "Saddle and Sirloin"—

> "Lincolnshire lost a fine old sportsman in Mr. Thomas Brooks, or 'Tom Brooks,' of Croxby, as he was familiarly called. For many years past Tom had officiated as judge at the Royal and other great shows. He liked being among the hunter or the blood-horse classes; and his stalwart figure, with his rather high, broad shoulders, thinnish legs, and somewhat small, weather-beaten head, made him a man of mark in the centre of the ring. He knew his work thoroughly, and would not brook 'veterinary dictation;' and his rejoinder when one of them raised his hat and remarked, 'It seems that I may retire—I am not wanted

MR. T. BROOKS.

here,' caused many a laugh among those who 'could see Tom saying it.' To the last he could go a burster in the hunting-field for a short distance, and no one loved the sport better, or remembered more accurately the work of every great Brocklesby hound. Old William Smith's name brought up many a racy story, told in a dry, quiet way. He bought a large number of hunters for Baron Rothschild; and although he did not bother about breeding blood-stock, he liked a race dearly. We well remember meeting him in the paddock on Caractacus's Derby-day, and his telling us that 'he didn't quite see the winner,' but he had his eye on Lord Clifden, as a regular clinker for the next Derby, and that he should never see such a two-year-old again. He was also a capital judge of cart-horses (although he hated the job), and a grey he met at the Worcester Royal was the apple of his eye.

"A few weeks before his death he had the misfortune to have one of his little fingers chopped off in a circular sawing-machine. It did not heal well, and at last he applied some salve, which cured it, perhaps too quickly. After that he burnt the back of one of his hands severely. Both of these accidents told on him; and then he got very wet over a farm valuation. On reaching home he took to his bed, and lay there from the Tuesday to the next Monday, when he died. Lincolnshire will long think of her fine old hunting 'worthy.'"

Mr. Field Nicholson.

A contemporary and friendly rival of Mr. Tom Brooks was Mr. Field Nicholson, who was born at Bradley, and afterwards lived at the same farm. Another rather celebrated Nicholson was his brother Brady, who lived at Wootton Lawn. Dick Christian has a word to say about Mr. Field Nicholson: "That King of the Valley you've heard of was Mr. Maxse's horse. Old George Marriott—how I have seen him go, to be sure, in the Ranksboro' country!—showed this 'ere grey to Tilbury, when the down mail stopped somewhere; he says, 'If you don't buy him, I will;' so Tilbury did buy him. There were seven of us in that great go from Noseley Wood to Billesdon Coplow. Field Nicholson won on Magic, and I was second on this King. I got dreadfully crowded in, and I had two falls, or I should have beat them. Mr. Haycock was leading on Clinker three fields from home, nearly a hundred yards before Magic. Poor Clinker! He was blind with defeat when his bridle came off. I was two hundred yards nearer the Coplow when I fell; they talked a deal about my jumping thirty-three feet that day, but I've done a vast more than that."

Dick Christian rode Clinker in the great Clinker and Clasher * match for fifteen hundred guineas aside.

"Field Nicholson was always a great man with Sir Harry Goodricke," says the old rough-rider; "him and Tom Brooks, of Croxby, came for a fortnight to Melton together, and stopped at the George."

The mare, Marigold, on which Dick Christian made his famous jump near Clawson Thorns, was taught jumping by Mr. Nicholson in the Brocklesby country. People came from far and near to see the place as soon as it became known. Mr. Nicholson rode in the first Hunt Steeple Race in 1836, when Captain Becher fell over a gate.

Captain "Jack" Skipworth.

The name of Captain "Jack" Skipworth, of Howsham, is almost a household word in North Lincolnshire; and although born as long ago as 1811, it is only a few years ago—he was then in his eighty-third year—that the writer saw him out with Lord Yarborough's hounds. His was a striking figure; erect in the saddle, the raven locks straggling from under the broad-brimmed silk hat, the long-lapped scarlet coat, a brown top-boot on one leg, and a gout-boot and a legging on the other, the picture will never fade from the memory as a type of the grand old sportsman of our grandfathers' days. Peace be to his ashes, for he was a great sportsman.

Captain John Henry Skipworth had a marvellous career, such a one as comes to but few. How many are there who can boast such a record as this? Two campaigns with more than fifty hand-to-hand fights and

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* Clasher was bred by Mr. S. Gooseman, of Bradley, and was by Mr. F. Isles's Clasher. He was sold to Mr. Christopher Coates, of Beelsby, for 20 qrs. of oats, who broke and made him, and afterwards sold him to Mr. Osbaldeston.

skirmishes; a duellist to uphold the honour of his regiment; for upwards of sixty years a first-flight man with the Brocklesby and other packs; a breeder and a good judge of horses and dogs; an excellent shot, and an expert in woodcraft. That reads more like the hero of a novel than a figure in real life. He was born at Cabourne, near Caistor, on June 25th, 1811, coming from a good old North Lincolnshire family, who were originally descended from the Skipwiths of Skipwith, in Yorkshire. Sir William Ingleby had promised to secure young Skipworth a commission in a cavalry regiment; but Europe was settling down after the wars with the great Napoleon, and there was little to tempt the young soldier into the British regular Army. Fortunately for Mr. Skipworth, the Portuguese War of Succession broke out, and he at once determined on active service. Among the many letters of introduction that he took out with him in the *Royal Tar* —he was then only just turned twenty-one years of age— was one from Lord Yarborough (the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and great-grandfather of the present earl) to Colonel, afterwards General Baker, who was then commanding the first Portuguese Lancers.

Mr. Skipworth's first experience of war happened before he landed, as the followers of Don Miguel were closely beleaguering Oporto and Villanova, at the mouth of the Douro, and their guns commanded the river from the surrounding heights. Small vessels at night had sometimes been able to effect a passage, but never so large a vessel as the *Royal Tar*. Mr. Skipworth asked if there was no way of entering, and was told that the only possible way was by hoisting a man-of-war's pennant. But that meant a penalty of £500, and no officer would run the risk. Mr. Skipworth soon had the flag flying, and a civilian took command of the vessel, and took her in under the very guns of the insurgents, who stood awaiting the word to fire that never came. The captain of the vessel was ill at the time, and the other officers thought it was well to keep below. An officer of a British man-of-war lying in the harbour came on board, and there was no end of a row for a time. But no officer had given the order, and so the affair was settled without a court-martial. The British flag had saved the *Royal Tar*, but another vessel that attempted to follow her was sunk at the first discharge. That night the insurgents threw over two thousand shells into the city as a set-off to the trick that was played them.

Mr. Skipworth joined Colonel Baker's regiment as lieutenant, and his knowledge of horses and skill as a horseman soon obtained him the post of riding-master. One of his earliest exploits was the capture of a large picket of the enemy concealed in a low-walled garden, which the horses of Mr. Skipworth's troop cleared before the Portuguese knew what had happened. Mr. Skipworth suffered all the horrors of famine during the siege of Oporto, and a very rough time he had of it. He became captain before the siege was raised, but a touch of dysentery, and a difficulty in obtaining his pay, detained him in Portugal some time after the war came to an end.

Captain Skipworth only had time for a brief visit to England, for Lord Palmerston had granted permission to raise an English legion of ten thousand men, to serve the young Queen of Spain in the War of Succession in that country, and, of course, Captain Skipworth was one of the first to volunteer for service, and he was hard at it again for two years. In his "Soldiers of Three Queens" Mr. Henderson speaks of Captain Skipworth as follows in reference to "a very dashing affair of cavalry which occurred at Loros, when General Baker, Captain Skipworth, and several other officers distinguished themselves":—

> "As was said of the well-known Squire Osbaldeston, 'No age, or time, or country ever produced a better sportsman than this latter gentleman,' and a thorough sportsman always makes a good soldier. I have seen all the crack riders of my time, in the hunting-field and with regiments—steeplerace jockeys and military riders—but I have never seen the man in either place who equalled Captain Skipworth, taking him all in all. Very much of the taste for English horses and English turn-outs, properly and correctly appointed, had its origin at the time I am writing of in the impression made on the Spanish noblemen by Captain Skipworth, Major Rail, and others of their class."

Captain Skipworth's duel came off at St. Sebastian, where he was acting as brigade-major. It was the sequel to an argument on the respective merits of two of their officers, one of whom Captain Skipworth accused of cowardice. Captain Skipworth's opponent took deliberate aim at his adversary, and missed, while he purposely fired wide. Another round was demanded, and again Captain Skipworth was untouched. But seeing that he should have to put a stop to the affair, or it would go on till his opponent put a ball through him, Captain Skipworth, who was noted for his shooting, which had secured him from the annoyance of challenges, adopted the following tactics. His adversary had had his foot injured in a skirmish, and a piece of white wadding showed through a cut in his boot. Captain Skipworth placed a ball straight through the opening in the boot, and settled the affair.

Soon after this he resigned his commission, and although General Evans offered him a Staff appointment, he could not induce him to remain in Spain. He fell down with fever for six weeks on his arrival in London, where he was carefully nursed by his old friend Captain Healey, who was a medical man by profession. General Baker was one of the first to call and see him. Captain Skipworth was always a good shot both in field and covert, but he was pre-eminently a lover of the horse, and as a horseman he excelled in every branch of the art. As a steeplechase jockey, and across a country in the wake of hounds, he had few equals and no superiors in his day, some of the very hardest-contested races falling to his skill, among others being the Great Spalding Steeplechase on Gay Lad.

This is what the old song says about it—

"The merry men of Lincolnshire were foremost in the fray,
When Skipworth rode their Gay Lad and Frisby steered their grey.
Tom Oliver and Vanguard had glory to their meed,
And unrivalled for a season were The Chandler and Proceed.

"Salute and Pioneer amid the bullfinches did revel,
And Newport viewed the energy of Lincoln steered by Bevill.
Peter Simple, by four triumphs, earned this praise from every foe,
'He's an ugly one to look at, but a devil for to go.'"

Captain Skipworth had a breed of setters that was noted far beyond the Lincolnshire borders, and his love of thoroughbreds was nearly as great as it was for hunters. His famous mare Starlight dropped him Planet, Mercury, and many other winners, while such well-known horses as Jealousy, Lictor, Lucifer, Mount Valerian, and The Truth gelding were foaled in his paddocks. His horses always commanded high prices, and among his best customers was his old friend the late Mr. Fitz-Oldacre.

MR. W. MARRIS, OF LIMBER.

Mr. W. Marris, of Limber, was the owner of the grey, Peter Simple, who was bred by Mr. J. Richardson, of Horkstow. He was by Arbutus out of a mare by Sir Malagigi, that was drafted from the Brocklesby stables. His prowess is still fondly remembered in Lincolnshire, and it was invariably the custom at one time to compare the points of every grey hunter with "Old Peter," as he was familiarly called. He was a light-fleshed, varmint-looking horse, not on the large side, but all muscle, and as active as a cat; and no matter what the fence was like, he could get over it somehow. His perfect action he inherited from his sire. He first came into prominence in a run from Bradley Wood to Irby Holme, one foggy morning, when, do what they could, the first flight could not shake off that grey horse, stealing like a phantom through the mist.

Mr. W. Marris also bred Half Cast, by Morgan Rattler out of a chestnut mare by Beiram, who won the Grand National in 1859, Green in the saddle. He was purchased by Mr. F. E. Epworth for Mr. Marmaduke Clark, who afterwards sold him to Mr. Sheward, for whom he won the great race.

Captain J. H. Skipworth.

Mr. George Walker.

Mr. R. C. Lowish.

Mr. T. L. Skipworth.

Mr. W. Wright.

A Group of Celebrities.

The Rev. G. Uppleby and the Rev. J. Allington, Vicar of Croxby, were both good men to hounds during the second quarter of the last century, and the latter afterwards went into the South Wold country, where he more than held his own. Colonel Tufnell, who lived at Horkslow Hall, was another hard rider about the same time; and so were Messrs. Philip Skipworth of Aylesby, and C. Uppleby of Barrow Hall (both spoken of by the "Druid" as being fine sportsmen), S. Robson, of Wyham, "Kit" Robson, of Cadeby, always beautifully groomed, and J. Thistlewood, of Lambcroft, who used also to hunt with the Burton and the South Wold as well. He always had beautiful horses, and was a very hard rider, though rather too fond of pressing hounds.

Mr. C. M. Nainby.

Mr. Charles Manby Nainby was one of the best horsemen of his day, and a thoroughly good all-round sportsman. He was a bachelor, and lived at Barnoldby, where he died in 1890, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Speaking of the sport with hounds in his day, he told me he once rode through a great run from Weelsby to East Halton, a twelve-mile point, and was first up at the kill. Always taking a great interest in the foxhound puppy or puppies he walked, he also told the writer that on one occasion he watched his puppy hunting a hare all by himself for over an hour. Though occasionally checked, he never gave up till he had run it to a standstill and killed it.

Mr. Nainby used to talk of two other great runs besides the one above mentioned. One was in 1854, with a fox found in Holton Park, who first took a ring round Nettleton and South Kelsey to the Aucholme, and then went away over West and Middle Rasen to Lissington, where he was pulled down in the open on Mr. Seagrave's farm. The other, in 1856, was from Riby, hounds running through Hungerhills, over Healing, through Great Coates old covert, and over the road at Bradley Hollow to Tennyson's Holt; from here, with Bradley Wood on the right, they went on to Waltham and Holton-le-Clay, where the fox took shelter in a tree, from which he was speedily evicted. Very few saw the finish of this great gallop.

Mr. Nainby was a well-known agriculturist, farming his own estate, and he was a great lover of the Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn, of which breed of cattle he possessed a fine herd. Being a good sportsman at heart, he took the greatest interest in the doings of the Brocklesby Hounds up to the very day of his death, when the country lost one of the last of those fine old fox-hunting squires, a type that can never be replaced. Kind and courteous in the extreme, and always ready for a chat about bygone days, the writer will ever remember with pleasure his occasional visits to Mr. Nainby at Barnoldby.

Mr. Edmund Davy.

Mr. Edmund Davy was the owner of Gay Lad, and won a great many steeplechases with him—Captain Jack Skipworth generally in the saddle—but Mr. Davy once got off two stones in a fortnight to ride him himself. When he sold him to Mr. John Elmore, the price was £1000, with another £500 if he won the Grand National —a large sum in those days—and this the good horse did. Sir John Astley speaks of him in his "Fifty Years of my Life," and tells how the old gentleman used to thump the table till the glasses rang as he dilated on the merits of his favourite horse. He was by Brutendorf, and was bred by the Rev. Pye-Cooper, Vicar of West Rasen. He could not get through the dirt like Peter Simple; but what he lost by being slow, even on good ground, he made up by his power of going on in his stride after a fence, and although he always seemed to gallop over them, he hardly ever made a mistake. Gay Lad and Peter Simple won a great many races in the Midlands, and it was when they came out that Lottery's troubles began.

Gay Lad's was somewhat of an up and down career. He began in 1840 by running unplaced to Cigar at Northampton, and ran third to Mr. Walker's Peter Simple and Mr. Loft's Creeper the same year at Louth. At Brocklesby in 1841 he finished second to Mr. Lionel Holmes's Croxby; but soon after he managed to turn the tables on him and eight others at Horncastle, winning a four-mile steeplechase of five sovereigns each, with £50 added, in twelve and a half minutes, and this over a natural country, be it remembered. A second to Peter Simple at Boston was followed by a first at Northampton, with Cigar behind him this time. He was unplaced at Nottingham, but he won a ten-sovereigns' sweepstake with £100 added at Chelmsford, beating such horses as Lottery, Selim, Aggravator, Goblin, etc. But Lottery beat him at Newport Pagnell in April, 1841, and Luck's-all at the same place in November. Then came the winning of a £200 match against Croxby at Finchley, Jem Mason in the saddle, and he also won the Great Oxford Steeplechase, and, as a final triumph, the Liverpool Grand National. He was at first ridden in his races by Captain "Jack" Skipworth, but Tom Oliver rode him in the National, and his owner steered him to victory as well as Mason.

Sir John Astley and Squire Corbett.

The late Sir John Astley had a fancy more for "silk" than "scarlet," and was also very fond of the gun; but he was a good sportsman, and there were always plenty of foxes to be found in the Elsham Coverts. His connection with Lincolnshire is told in his own biography, but the following anecdote might be amusing. In 1879 Sir John backed himself against Lord Caledon to plough an acre of land for £200, shoot fifty pigeons for £200, and to ride his horse Drumhead against Lord Caledon's Briglia one mile and a half, at the Newmarket July Meeting, for £500. The ploughing match never came off, though the race did, and the respective jockeys went to scale at 16 st. 6 lbs. and 16 st. respectively in 7-lb. saddles. Briglia was made favourite, but Drumhead got level with her about four hundred yards from home, and won by three lengths. Sir John lost his next match against Solomon, owners up, 16 st. each, through Drumhead breaking down on the near fore leg. Drumhead was once dosed with whiskey in order to make him run kindly, and he took such a fancy to it that he followed his owner all round the paddock, in hopes of another suck at the bottle.

Sir John's father-in-law, "Squire" Corbett, was a great fox-hunter, however, but he was rather short-sighted, and often got into difficulties in consequence. He once started to thrash his horse under the impression that it was bucking with him. He had been jumping sheep-nets! On another occasion he fancied that he had been jumped on by some one riding a grey horse, so he accused and abused every man riding a grey horse for some time to come, believing that he should eventually pick the right one; but in reality it was his own horse

SIR J. D. ASTLEY, Bart.

that had knocked him down as it was struggling on to its legs again. At last he asked Mr. Frank Epworth who it was on the grey horse who had knocked him down, as he had seen him fall; and, on the matter being explained, set about to apologize to every man he saw on a grey horse, for fear he had accused him of jumping on him. He was particularly profuse in his apologies to Mr. Garniss, of Great Coates, whom he suspected most.

Good Men and True.

Other good men in the fifties and sixties were Messrs. G. Skipworth, of Thorganby Hall, and J. King, of North Ormsby, who went extremely well on moderate horses—the latter dressed entirely in black, with a wide flat brimmed silk hat, and had a very clerical appearance. The writer can remember seeing him out some eight or nine years ago, riding a thoroughbred three-year-old, and he inquired at the time "who the venerable sporting parson was?" Mr. G. Towler, of Swinhope, was a great bruiser, though not a particularly good horseman, and he always rode good cattle. Mr. Theophilus Harneise was also a hard man to hounds and a most excellent sportsman. Ever cheery, he never minded a toss, and many a time, when onlookers expected that he had taken a "crumpler" of no ordinary degree, they would find him sitting up and roaring with laughter at what he must have considered a great joke.

Mr. Harneise, the last of the old school of good sportsmen, died at Hawerby in 1901.

Mr. William Philipson.

Mr. William Philipson, of Bradley, is said to have entertained more fox-hunters than any other man in England, and a more hospitable or kindly-hearted gentleman never lived. No one passing near his house, either going to or coming from hunting, but must give him a call. Rumour has it that once when hounds were to meet in the neighbourhood, the ground proved to be too frost-bound for hunting, so a party went to call on Mr. Philipson, and announced their intention of stopping till hunting was possible—a week if necessary. Some of them did stop nearly a week, and the first night—or morning—the party went to bed in their boots and spurs, presumably to be ready in case the frost broke up suddenly.

A good story is also told about a friend of Mr. Philipson's, who, by reason of a nervous affection, had one of his eyes closed for three years. Mr. Philipson swore that port wine taken in sufficient quantity would cure him, and he proved it. The gentleman in question was dining with a party at Mr. Philipson's house, and beamed upon them as usual with his one eye, till, having discussed each man his second bottle of '34—Mr. Philipson had a splendid cellar of port, and was very proud of it, too—to their great astonishment the other eye opened; and it gave him no further trouble afterwards.

He was very fond of his pointers, and could make them "hold up" at any time and anywhere. On one occasion he made a bet with Captain Farr, also a great man for pointers, that his dog would find game before "his honourable and gallant friend's" did. Captain Farr came with his dog to Bradley, dined and spent the night there, and directly after breakfast the next morning operations commenced.

"Hold up!" says Mr. Philipson to his dog, directly he got outside the door; and the dog "held up." They had not gone far before a snipe got up.

"Ha, ha!" says Mr. Philipson, "won my bet, my boy!—But, damn you, sir," he goes on, as Captain Farr promptly drops it, "you've killed my snipe. I've known it these three years, and I'm blest if I could ever hit it!"

Mr. Philipson always rode very young horses, and they were never very fit. He once rode a two-year-old at the beginning of the season. His friends, to chaff him, used to vow it was a yearling, and said that they had seen it running with its dam the year before. He used to go very well over Bradley Vale; but about Laceby, or when rising the slopes of the Wolds, his horses began to tumble, the fact being that they were then too blown to go on. About this time you would hear Mr. Philipson exclaim, as his horse took off at its jump, "I'm in. No; damn, I'm over!" and then in course of time came the inevitable, "I'm in. Yes; thought I should be!"

THE REV. CECIL LEGARD.

The Rev. Cecil Legard, who has done so much for the fox-hound, was a well-known man in the Hunt, and a very good man to hounds, too, when Vicar of Healing for ten years, and as the donor of "Scrubb Close" and "Sedge Cop Gorse" his name is most intimately bound up with Brocklesby history. He it was, too, who was the means of planting Sutton Thorns, that ideal covert, given by Sir Richard Sutton, in our marsh country. I have sometimes had visitors say to me, "Nimrod, what is your 'Ranksborough'?" and I invariably reply, "Sutton Thorns!"

Names to conjure with.

Messrs. W. Casswell, W. Richardson, brother to Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, G. Nelson, and G. Marris, the son of Mr. W. Marris, the owner of Peter Simple, were all good men to hounds in their day, and you may still see the former "banging on" with his old chestnut horse when hounds are running in the north-eastern corner of the country. A better sportsman than Mr. W. Casswell there cannot be. Mr. W. Richardson, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Marris ("the little man") all lived at Limber.

A Famous Trio.

An inseparable trio were Messrs. E. Dowson, W. Wright, and F. E. Epworth, the wits of the Hunt, always in high spirits, and ever ready for a practical joke or harmless bit of fun at each other's or some one else's expense. Mr. Dowson was a great cricketer, and captained the Surrey XI. in the days of Julius Cæsar, Caffyn, and Tom Lockyer; and his son, of Harrow and Cambridge University and Surrey County fame, bids fair to follow in his footsteps. "Squire" Wright, of Wold Newton, was a well-known figure in the Hunt for many years. He at one time kept a pack of harriers, and he holds the unique distinction of having ridden his horse over the lock-gates at Grimsby Docks, when hounds once killed a fox there, on New Year's Day, 1868. Though no longer taking active part in the chase, Mr. Epworth still follows the doings of the old pack with the keenest interest, and no one can tell a better tale of man or horse or hound than he. For a heavy man he went exceptionally well to

REV. CECIL LEGARD.

hounds, and his favourite horses, Atlantic Cable, Confidence, and Maid-of-all-work, were well-known animals in the Hunt.*

Four Well-known Brothers.

Mr. W. Brooks was a good man over both natural and regulation fences, and his brothers, John, Robert, and Tom, were always prominent men in the Hunt.

The Brothers Walker.

Messrs. R. and G. Walker, whose witching horsemanship was known throughout the length and breadth of the land, must not be forgotten, and brief mention of some of the achievements of this famous pair of brothers must certainly be made. Mr. Robert Walker won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool on Keystone in 1870, beating a large field of good horses, and three years in succession, 1869, 1870, and 1871, he won the National Handicap Steeplechase at the Eglinton Hunt Meeting in Scotland on Mr. Henry Chaplain's Snowstorm. In 1884 he won a Hunt Steeplechase over the Grand National course on the four-year-old Heirloom, he then being in his fifty-eighth year and riding ten stone four pounds. The most severe race the brothers ever rode was on March 24th, 1869, four miles over Brocklesby, for a sweepstakes of £145, Robert riding Snowstorm, and George, Barbarian. Coming away from the rest of the field, they jumped the last three fences side by side, and a most punishing race finished by Snowstorm being declared the winner by a short head. Both brothers were regular followers of Lord Yarborough's hounds for over fifty years, and Mr. Robert, though seventy-four years of age, is still seen out with hounds once or twice a week. He says the best horses he rode were Cartalvin, Snowstorm, Yorkshireman, Tom-tom, Keystone, Heirloom, and Bridegroom.

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* Mr. Epworth died on July 12th, 1902.

Among the horses trained and ridden by Mr. George Walker were Patience, a brown mare that won a handicap hurdle race of £60 at Lincoln in November, 1865, a plate of £40 at the Holderness Hunt meeting at Beverley in June, 1865, and the Don Steeplechase, value £95, at the Doncaster meeting in March, 1865. She had previously won the Farmers' Cup at Beverley in June, 1864. The brown gelding Philip won the Sandbeck Hunt Steeplechase at Retford in 1869, and the Brocklesby Sweepstakes of £125, four miles, on the same day as the great finish between Snowstorm and Barbarian. The brown gelding Defence was started seven times, and won on each occasion, the Warwick and Leamington Hunt Cup on November 28th, 1871, being among the number; and Waterfall, a black gelding, placed the following races to his credit: The Gone Away Plate of £50 at Lincoln in 1872, the Hunters' Handicap of £50 at Pontefract, the Hunters' Handicap of £60 at Stamford, the Belvoir Plate of £50 at Leicester, and the Hunters' Stakes at Redbourne Park, all in the same year. Pensioner, a chestnut gelding, won a £75 Steeplechase at Retford in 1866, the Grand Handicap of £585 value at Bedford, four miles, in a field of thirteen starters, in 1867, and the Lincoln Autumn Steeplechase of £112, three miles, in 1868.

It might be mentioned that about the middle of the last century the Brocklesby Steeplechases were called the North Wold Steeplechases, and were run over a course four miles in extent, in different parts of the Brocklesby country. In 1862 they were run between Limber and Keelby, the late Sir John Astley giving a silver-mounted whip to the winning jockey of each of the two races. The first race was won by Mr. George Walker on Mr.

MR. R. BROOKS.

Pelham Barnard's The Martyr, Mr. Robert Walker being second on Mr. Mundy's Croton Oil; and the second race by Mr. Robert Walker on Mr. Marmaduke Clark's Blemish, his brother being second on Mr. Pelham Barnard's The Prawn, so that each took a whip. The same thing happened the following year, when the races were held near Barnoldby-le-Beck, and the two whips were given by Lady Yarborough, the first race going to Mr. Mundy's Croton Oil, with Robert in the saddle, while the other was won by his brother on Mr. Marmaduke Clark's Cat's-paw.

Mr. T. L. Skipworth and Mr. William Torr.

The late Mr. T. L. Skipworth, of Cadney, son of Captain "Jack" Skipworth, was a prominent man in the Hunt, and used also to ride between the flags. Mr. William Torr, who lived first at Riby, and afterwards at Aylesby, was the first Hon. Sec. of the Brocklesby Hunt Club, and it was to him that the "Druid" dedicated "Silk and Scarlet." He was a very celebrated breeder of Leicester sheep and shorthorn cattle, and his wonderful sale at Aylesby still stands as a record in prices. A tree that was planted at the time marks the centre of this historic sale ring. When at Aylesby Mr. Torr farmed about 2300 acres of arable land under Mr. Drake and Colonel Tomline, besides 300 acres of grass and 250 acres of marsh on the Humber side at Stallingborough, and another farm at Rothwell, one of the highest points of the Lincolnshire Wolds. He was a very busy man, either at home among his Leicesters and shorthorns, or flying over the grass by the roadside on farming bent, or behind "the iron horse" on Royal Agricultural business; there was no better known figure in the agricultural world than "Torr of Riby." Perhaps inventing a new gate, sketching a plan for new farm buildings, designing a cottage, giving evidence on cattle transit before the Privy Council, making an after-dinner speech, or discussing finance or the prize sheet at the Smithfield Club or Hanover Square; one never found William Torr idle. His day at home began by the giving of orders from his bedroom window at 5 a.m. Everything at Aylesby had to be pure bred—the shorthorns, the Leicesters, the cats, which were all black, and the game-fowls, which were black-breasted reds.

At Riby he kept Captain Barclay's breed of Dorkings, and also at the Dales Farm; at Rothwell and Riby were Rouen ducks; while at Irby Dales black Buenos Ayres ducks, with their burnished green heads, could be seen disporting among the water-hens. Mr. Torr began hiring bulls from Killerby and Warlaby in 1844, and his famous herd was descended from the Bracelets of Killerby, the Ribys and Brights, the Barmpton herd, the Sylphs, the Fawsley, through the Garland tribe, the Wiseton, the Hartforth of the famous Cherry line, the Kirklivington, and the Cadeby—nine families.

Mr. Torr succeeded Mr. Philip Skipworth at Aylesby in 1848, of whom he purchased the Leicester flock of four hundred ewes for £1500 (Mr. Skipworth's father once gave six hundred guineas for a Leicester ram), and his sheep, besides being in great demand in the British Isles, were shipped to Australia, California, Jamaica, and St. Helena.

The historic sale at Aylesby, after Mr. Torr's death, took place on September 2nd, 1875. Over three thousand people were present, and the eighty-four head of shorthorns averaged the extraordinary price of £510 19*s*. The Leicester ewes averaged close on five guineas, the rams £17 7*s*. 6*d*., and the flock and herd together realized the total of £44,395 11*s*. 6*d*.

It may be of interest to give some of the prices made by the shorthorns:—Bright Queen, 750 gs., Lady Pigot; Bright Spangle, 1055 gs., Mr. Booth, Warlaby (Lady Pigot bid 1050 gs.); Highland Flower, 1500 gs., Rev.

Staniforth; Flower of Germany, 760 gs., Mr. Miller, Singleton, Lancs.; Bright Baroness, 1000 gs., Mr. Andrew Mitchell, Scotland; Flower Alpine, 710 gs., Mr. McCullam, Australia; Lowland Flower, 800 gs., Mr. J. St. Gran-de-Acre, Gloucester; Heather Flower, 1000 gs., Rev. Staniforth; Bright Empress, 2160 gs., Mr. Booth, Warlaby (the highest price ever given for a cow in England); Bright Marchioness, 1185 gs., Mr. Chandos Poll-Gell; Bright Saxon, 1505 gs., Mr. Booth, Warlaby; Riby Empress, 760 gs., Messrs. Cruikshank, Aberdeenshire; Foreign Queen, 805 gs., Mr. Talbot-Crosby, County Kerry, Ireland; Bright Dowager, 805 gs., Mr. J. St. Gran-de-Acre, Gloucester; Riby Pearl, 775 gs., Mr. Hugh Elmo, Norfolk; Bright Jewel, 775 gs., Mr. Booth, Warlaby; Bright Design, 850 gs., Mr. Booth, Warlaby; Riby Marchioness, 1260 gs., Mr. Talbot-Crosby, County Kerry; the three bulls, Fandango, Riby Knight, and Balmoral, each made 700 gs., being respectively purchased by Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. Marshall, New Zealand, and Mr. Micklethorne.

Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson.

One of the most central figures of the Hunt during the last twenty-five years has been Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, formerly of Limber, where he trained two Grand National winners, and now of Healing Manor. At the death of Lord Yarborough, in 1875, the widowed Countess was very greatly assisted in the management of the hounds by Mr. Richardson's knowledge of fox-hunting and hound-breeding, and the Hunt is very much indebted to him to-day for his labour of love on behalf of the historic pack. For four seasons he hunted the dog pack (1882–1886), and capital sport he showed. A perfect horseman, with a most graceful seat and beautiful hands, it has always been a treat to watch him crossing a country, and he can hold his own with the best of them, in any country, to-day, in spite of the fact that it was in 1846 that he first saw the light at Limber. They say that a woman is only as old as she looks, and a man is certainly only as old as he feels; so that, in spite of the fact that the years have silvered his hair, they have left him with the figure, the nerve, and the high spirits of a youth. Always a good judge of a horse and a hound, and with a perfect knowledge of pedigree, there are few to-day who can equal him on the kennel flags or in the hunter show ring, and his services are always in great requisition at all the principal horse shows in the British Isles.

Mr. Richardson married Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, in 1881, and there are no two more popular individuals in any Hunt than the Squire of Healing and his wife.* Their son, now at Harrow, can go with the best of us during his holidays, and with such parents it will be surprising if he does not turn out as fine a horseman as his father; for Lady Yarborough, in her day, had few if any equals across country, and her knowledge of hounds and hunting was superior to any other lady of her time.

Mr. Richardson comes of a very old Lincolnshire family that settled in the country at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and country gentlemen, devoted to field sports, they have been to this day. Always keen followers of "the sport of kings," they were not unknown on the turf either, for Mr. William Richardson, of Kirton Lindsey, a great grand-uncle, won the Gold Cup and the Chester Cup with Conqueror in 1788. The son of Mr. William Richardson, "Johnny Maunsell" as he used to be called, was educated at Harrow under the late Dean Butler, and the love of athletics, the seed of which had been sown in North Lincolnshire, was duly fostered there. His skill at cricket soon became manifest, for he was in the '64 and '65 elevens that beat Eton, and he took the school cup for the best

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* Mr. Richardson and Lady Yarborough now hunt from Edmunthorpe Hall, Oakham, having let Healing Manor to Captain and Mrs. Portman.

MR. J. M. RICHARDSON.

fielder in the eleven. He also won the challenge racquet from Cecil Clay, afterwards the Oxford crack, and he won the long jump and the hurdles too. He carried off Messrs. Angelo's prize for fencing. and his love of steeplechasing was so early developed that, while still *in statu pupillari*, he won a hundred-pound plate with a mare called Vienna, ridden by Mr. George Nelson. Continuing his cricket at Cambridge, he was in the eleven against Oxford in 1866, 1867, and 1868 ; and at Brighton he made 138, not out, for the Jockeys against the Press, and 134 for the Quidnuncs against Bullingdon. Other good scores were 134 for the Na Shuler Club against twenty-two of Louth, at Drumcar, 109 for the same club against the Viceregal Lodge, and 108 against Newbridge. Master of the 'Varsity Drag Hounds in 1868, he won the challenge whip on his mare Rival, and soon showed the promise of what he was destined to become—one of the best gentlemen jockeys that ever wore silk. "Mr. Rolly" (then Lord Melgund, now Earl of Minto and Governor-General of Canada), Lord Aberdour, Mr. Cecil Legard, and some of the Fitzwilliams, were in his set at Cambridge, of course the most sport-loving and the smartest at the 'Varsity. They lived at French's, where Mr. Leopold de Rothschild had lodged. In 1866 Mr. Richardson passed his Little Go, and he was also chosen President of the Athenæum.

Mr. Richardson's first race was at Huntingdon, in 1865, where he won a good race on a mare of his own by Leopold, in spite of a broken stirrup-leather at the first fence. The writer's father used to speak of a red-coat race at Croydon, which Mr. Richardson won in most clever style, and here, too, he broke a stirrup-leather at the first fence.

A complete history of Mr. Richardson's triumphs would require a volume to itself, and so a brief reference only to a few of his greatest victories may be made.

In 1868 he won an Open Handicap Steeplechase on his mare Proserpine, the Yarborough Cup for Mr. G. Nelson on The Pet, and an Open Hunters' Steeplechase on Warden for Mr. Abington, besides carrying off the Aylesbury Open Handicap on Mr. Bentley's Novice.

The following year he rode Cora Pearl for Sir W. Milner against Lord Rosebery's The Fawn, Mr. Newton up, and won by a neck. It was in 1869, too, that Mr. Richardson won his first flat race, the One-Mile Welter Cup, with his own horse Watteau, at Redbourne. One of his best performances was the winning of the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase for Mr. Henry Chaplin on Schiedam; and on Mr. Evans's Master Oliver he beat Captain Tempest a head in the Open Handicap Steeplechase at Daventry.

The year 1871 found a long string of horses in training at Limber, some belonging to Captain Machell among the number, for whom he won the Cambridge Handicap Steeplechase on Keystone, and the West of Scotland Steeplechase at Eglinton on the same horse. Among other races that he won for Captain Machell were three on Defence, namely, the Brocklesby Open, the Warwick Hunt, and the Nottinghamshire Hunt. Another stirrup-leather broke at the first fence when riding Lady Day in the Open Handicap Steeplechase at Rothbury, in Northumberland, but he managed to win in spite of it. Then on Lord Calthorpe's Felix he won the Billesdon Coplow Stake at Croxton Park, and Lord Aylesford's Tabernacle carried him to victory in the Warwick Welter Handicap. Among his other victories in 1871 were: the Corinthian Handicap Plate at Ayr, on Captain Machell's Disturbance; the Hawkstone Welter Cup, for Mr. Ray, at Shrewsbury, on Scylla, beating John Adams on Vanguard a head, with Johnny Osborne on Infidel the same distance behind him; and the Grand Annual on Mr. Chaplin's Schiedam.

No fewer than fifty-six victories fell to Mr. Richardson's prowess in 1872, including one of the best races he ever rode, the Six-Furlong Summer Welter, round Tattenham Corner, on the day following the Derby. He was riding the late Lord Lonsdale's Bickerstaffe, and his dash and boldness was never better displayed, while his coolness and sound judgment alone enabled him to win in most artistic style in a field of seventeen runners. He also won the Granby Handicap at Croxton Park, and the Cup with Mr. Dawson's Roxburgh, the Welter Scurry at Stockbridge on Lord Aylesford's Mafiori, and carried off the Scurry Sweepstakes at Cambridge with Blair Hill. The Selling Welter at Stockbridge also fell to him on Lord Aylesford's Hermitage, as well at the Hurstbourne Welter on Whirlwind, and the Welter Handicap on Buttress, all for the same owner, at the Stamford meeting, where he won the Barleythorpe Stakes on Mafiori as well.

Mr. Richardson was particularly successful on Captain Machell's horses this year, among his victories being the Welter Handicap at Warwick, the Welter Plate at Lincoln, and the Wath Wood Stakes at Swinton, all on Bridgwater. He also won the Six-Furlong Welter Plate at the Epsom Spring Meeting on Lincoln, the Metropolitan Red-Coat Steeplechase at Croydon on Ecce (perhaps the race referred to by the writer's father), and the Craven Steeplechase at Liverpool, and the United Kingdom Steeplechase at Croydon on Disturbance. On Titterstone he won the Cottenham Handicap Steeplechase, beating J. Cannon on Lord Aylesford's Chussum a head, and the Lincoln Open Handicap Steeplechase (beating Snowstorm), the Newport Pagnell Open Hunt Steeplechase, and the Retford Welter Steeplechase on the same horse. Many other races were also won on Captain Machell's horses.

One of Mr. Richardson's greatest triumphs was on Mr. Baltazzi's Furley at Croydon in 1873. Furley jumped his fences in such slovenly style that his chance seemed hopeless; but his rider steadied him, and gradually wearing down Silvermere, ridden by Page, won a grand race by a neck. He also won the Grand Annual at Warwick with the same horse, and pulled off the Grand National at Liverpool in a field of twenty-eight starters, on Captain Machell's Disturbance. He won the Altcar Welter on Lincoln, beating Tom Cannon on Pharaide (6 to 4 against Pharaide) by a neck; pulled off the Tankersley Park Plate at Swinton on

Mr. Jones's Marquis of Montrose, and on Freeman won the Park Plate at Redbourne for Mr. (now Lord) Heneage. Then at the Bibury Club Meeting he carried off the Surrey Welter with Mr. T. C. Walker's Master Bagot, and the Selling Welter with St. Sebastian; and for Captain Machell won the Doncaster Handicap Hurdle Race, the Eglington Hunt Plate, and the Hampton Cup at Packington with Hunter. With the same owner's Jorrocks he won the Open Hunters' Steeplechase at Packington, and the Fitzwilliam Hurdle Race, and the Open Hunters' Steeplechase at Doncaster, also winning the St. Leger Plate at the same meeting on Defence.

Mr. Richardson only rode in one race in 1874, and that was his last, bringing his wonderful steeplechase career to a close by winning the Grand National for the second time in succession on Captain Machell's Reugny in a field of twenty-two runners.

As before mentioned, Mr. Richardson assisted Lady Yarborough by his advice in her management of the Brocklesby Hounds from the time of the death of the late Lord Yarborough, in 1875 till 1880, at the same time taking command of the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse (the Earl of Yarborough's own), which he relinquished at the coming of age of the present earl. During the last two years of George Ash's term of office as huntsman, and the first two of Will Dale's, Mr. Richardson hunted the dog pack twice a week; and, having always taken the greatest interest in hound-breeding and kennel management, his advice has been in continual request both by master and huntsman.

Mr. Richardson is a J.P. and D.L. for Lincolnshire, and for a short time he represented the Brigg Division in the House of Commons, his contest with Mr. H. J. Reckitt causing the greatest interest and excitement throughout the country. Even "Punch" was affected, and a cartoon in which Lord Rosebery was depicted, crossing a rickety plank over a drain, and expressing the hope "that he was well over this Brigg," appeared as the cartoon of the week.

PLATE IX.

Lady Victoria Hare,

Daughter of 2nd Earl of Listowel,

Wife of the 3rd Earl of Yarborough.

She married, secondly, in 1881, J. M. Richardson, Esq., J.P., D.L.

Portrait by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

Cheery and light-hearted ever, it would take a good man to beat that youthful figure across country even now.

> "We will fill him a bumper as deep as you please,
> And we'll give him a cheer; for, deny it who can,
> When the country is roughest he's most at his ease,
> When the run is severest he rides like a man."

Two Parsons.

The Rev. G. Robinson, of Irby, a twelve-stone man, was very difficult to beat, and so was Mr. Charles Cary Barnard, a cousin of Lord Yarborough, and once Vicar of Bigby, who hunted with Lord Yarborough's hounds from 1853 till about 1870, and is still living, and who, in some chatty letters to the writer, had many anecdotes of bygone days to relate. He was out on New Year's Day, 1868, the day after a grand ball at Brocklesby, when hounds ran from Roxton Wood through Stallingborough, and killed their fox in the Grimsby docks. The drains took a lavish toll, and Mr. Barnard was one of the victims, so that he did not arrive in time to see the fox demolished. He remembers that Lord and Lady Yarborough, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. (now Lord) Heneage, were out that day. It was on this occasion that the late Mr. W. Wright, of Wold Newton, rode his horse over one of the lock gates. Mr. Barnard says that he was told in 1866, by an old man at Immingham, whose mother was nursemaid to his grandmother, that at one time all the drains in the marsh were jumped by the Hunt, but he says that they must have been smaller than they are now. Of that I am certain, for several of the main drains are absolutely unjumpable, and if one's horse gets in you are not certain to an hour or two when you are going to get him out. All the main drains have hunting-bridges over them at intervals now.

It is curious to hear from a man who remembers Grimsby a little fishing village, and who speaks familiarly of Croxby, Gay Lad, and Peter Simple, and the heroes of those days. Mr. Barnard was out, as a boy, on the day of the great run from Claxby Wood to Biscathorpe, getting to the end of the run on a horse called Fox, that was given to him by the second Earl of Yarborough, who was out himself that day, and could go very well to hounds when he liked. The late Duke of Somerset was riding a horse of Lord Yarborough's called Pale Face, that he had bought from Sir Richard Sutton. Sir Richard was out too, and his second son, the owner of Lord Lyon. He also remembers a horse belonging to Sir Culling Smith that had been at Waterloo and through six engagements in the Peninsular War. When quite a lad the brush of a fox was given him by Sir Joseph Copley to take home to his father; and on another occasion, when walking with a shooting-party in the Brocklesby Woods, he picked up the only rabbit seen that day. The first Earl of Yarborough abominated rabbits, and he also had a horror of tobacco smoke. Mr. Barnard once remarked to him that there was not a particularly good scent. "Nor is there likely to be with your cigars," was the reply. The first Earl of Yarborough was not a particularly good horseman, but he had a wonderful knowledge of hunting. He told Mr. Barnard that he reduced the size of his hounds as he found they could not go the pace he wished. His favourite horse was a snaffle-bridle grey, and his son also rode it after his death. Mr. Barnard well remembers the horse that terminated Will Smith's eventful career, "the shifty Waverley horse" mentioned by the "Druid." He was a brown, had queer hind-leg action, and went very wide behind. Will Mason, who whipped-in to old Will Smith, was quite a character, and the two did not hit it at all. Once old Will called the other a "little whipper-snapper," which brought forth the remark—

"Well, you're big enough; but goodness knows what you're good for."

On another occasion, when grumpily asked by the old huntsman if he had seen a fox, Mason replied that he had.

"Where?" asked Will.

"Oh, tied to his kennel at home!" was the reply.

Mr. Elwes, says Mr. Barnard, who bred Cossack, the winner of the Derby in 1847, and was a member of the Jockey Club, married a daughter of the first Earl of Yarborough.

Mr. Barnard is still a J.P. for Lincolnshire, but, living in London, does not sit on the bench.

Three First-Flighters.

Three first-flighters to hounds, and brilliant men between the flags, were Messrs. H. Brooks, Neil MacVicar, and G. E. Davy. The former was a son of famous old "Tom Brooks, of Croxby," and lived at Keelby Grange, and won some fifty races in his day, though never having the luck to own or ride a real "smasher." His first victory was at Hedon, near Hull, on his mare Excitement; she was a tiny little mare and very hot, and this was the only race she won. Mr. Brooks won thirteen races at Brocklesby, riding the winner of each of the five races in 1884, including two on his own horse, Elkington, a gift to him by Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, and with which Mr. Brooks won several races. His last race was at Market Rasen, which he had won when he was ridden into by a groom, nearly knocked over, and a sinew cut, and, although his owner got him home with difficulty, he had to be shot. Mr. Brooks twice won Lady Yarborough's Cup at Brocklesby, the first time on Elkington, when the Cup was the gift of Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, and the second on Lord Bacon, the first Cup presented by the present Countess. All Brocklesby men are keen to win Lady Yarborough's Cup. He also won it for his cousin, Mr. W. Brooks, of Irby, on a mare by Denmark, who was particularly good at ridge and furrow, and who was several times steered to victory at Brocklesby and Market Rasen by Mr. Harry Brooks. He also trained and rode several horses for Lord Yarborough, beginning in 1882 with Sensation, which he won with the first time of asking. Lord Bacon, who won the Cup for Mr. Brooks, was first owned by Lord Yarborough, and was given to Mr. Brooks after he had won several races on him. His old jockey and new owner steered him twice to victory at Brocklesby; and won two more races on him at Market Rasen the following week. He was once thought to be a tip-topper, but was a difficult horse to train. He was afterwards sold to Tom Spence for Mr. "Abington" Baird, but did not do his new owner much good.

Mr. Brooks also won several races for Mr. J. M. Richardson, and Mr. W. Wood, of Habrough. On a horse of Mr. C. Archer's (Newmarket) he should have been second to Why Not in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Malton, but unfortunately fell at the last fence. Mr. Brooks's last race was at Brocklesby in 1893, when he had a very bad fall on Fleetfoot.

Mr. Neil MacVicar, of Limber Hill, rode under the name of "Mr. Rolwyn," and between 1874 and 1886 had two hundred and ten mounts, winning forty-eight times and being second on forty-five occasions. He won a number of races on his own mare Evergreen, a wonderful hunter, and also donned the colours of Lord Yarborough, Lord Downe, Mr. (now Lord) Heneage, and Messrs. J. M. Richardson, J. Clark, S. H. Allenby, Lynton (Rush), Melbourn, etc. Lady Yarborough's Cup twice fell to his prowess. In 1877 Mr. MacVicar won three races out of five at the Sandbeck Hunt meeting, and in 1886 won three out of four races at Brocklesby.

In 1877 he was second on Lord Downe's Earl Marshal (a horse he also steered unsuccessfully in Paris the same year) in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, being beaten by Lord Melgund (the present Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada) on Mr. Flower's Daniel. One of the best races Mr. MacVicar rode was on Mr. Perkins's

Mr. J. M. Richardson.

Mr. R. Walker.

Mr. F. E. Epworth.

Mr. H. Brooks.

Mr. Neil MacVicar.

Durham in the Ebor Plate at the York Spring meeting in 1880, when he won cleverly by half a length.

Mr. G. E. Davy, who used to live at Thoresway, was another good man both to hounds and over regulation fences. He won the Brocklesby heavy-weight Point-to-Point in 1892 on his black horse Emanuel, as well as a great number of races under National Hunt Rules.* But his name will always be most closely associated with Sultan, on whom he won several races both before and after he sold him to Mr. J. M. Richardson. Mr. Richardson afterwards sold him to Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., now Lord Battersea, and it was on this horse that Mr. Flower won the first House of Commons Point-to-Point. Mr. Flower had intended riding a young horse in the race, and had merely hacked Sultan (rechristened Home Rule) down to the post. However, his groom told him the youngster could not possibly negotiate an awkward "double," so Mr. Flower decided to keep on the old horse, who won at his ease. But as the race was for maiden horses he was of course disqualified. Some one wired to Mr. Gladstone, "Home Rule has won!" but a little later came the inevitable, "Home Rule is disqualified!" Mr. Davy rode for a number of different owners, among whom were Messrs. R. Martin, F. Cartwright, G. Peck, F. Bennett, J. Maunsell Richardson, J. J. Clark, J. Quickfall, J. Tateson, F. R. Marshall, F. Howard, W. H. Clark, Lord Heneage, R. Faulding, M. Grundy, J. W. Davy, W. Elsey, C. I. Parr, S. Allenby, E. Hibbitt, J. Walter, E. Spenser, S. T. Mendel, E. H. Marfleet, J. Bygott, and N. Melbourne.

The best horses he ever owned himself were Sultan, Master Joyce, Gadfly, Violet, and Novice, and his first mount was at Brocklesby in 1874, when he won a four-mile race on Novice, beating Duc de Beaufort, Legacy, and others. The hardest race he ever rode was also at Brocklesby, three years later, when Mr. MacVicar, on Orange Peel, beat him on The Robber by a head; and another set-to between himself and Mr. MacVicar was in a red-coat steeplechase at Lincoln in 1880. Mr. Davy was up on Master Joyce, while Mr. MacVicar rode Cottesmore, and they were both going their hardest, stride for stride, for the last mile, Master Joyce eventually getting the verdict by a head.

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* The light-weight race was won by Mr. T. Kirkby's Vixen, Mr. J. Drakes, jun., in the saddle.

There was another tough fight at Doncaster in 1876. Mr. Davy was riding Gadfly, and the Hon. E. Willoughby, Panoplite, and in a rattling finish they jumped the last hurdle side by side. Then Mr. Davy took up his whip, but by so doing lost half a length that he never regained.

Covert Owners.

Among the most prominent followers of the Brocklesby at the present time is Mr. E. G. Pretyman, M.P., at one time Captain in the R.H.A., and at the present, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. As lord of the manor of Riby he owns an important part of the Brocklesby Hunt, and in which lie some of the best coverts. Mr. Pretyman is a hard rider to hounds, and does his best to foster fox-hunting on his estate by the strict preservation of foxes and the removal of wire. Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe, a big landowner, is another staunch supporter of fox-hunting. The famous Bradley Wood is one of his coverts. Although not now a follower of hounds, Sir Francis Astley-Corbett, another soldier—for he served in Egypt in the Scots Guards—and the son of the late Sir John Astley, is still an ardent supporter of the chase; a considerable portion of the Elsham estate, belonging to Sir Francis, is hunted by the Brocklesby, and he invariably does his best to further the interests of fox-hunting, and it is no fault of his that that corner of the country is not remarkable for straight-running foxes. No doubt they are so well done in the rabbit line of food that there is no need for them to go far afield in search of provender.

Sir Francis married Lady Gertrude Pelham, sister to the present Earl of Yarborough.

SIR F. ASTLEY-CORBETT, Bart.

Mr. Drake of Shardiloes is another owner of famous coverts, notably Drake's Gorse; and mention should also be made of Mr. Caton Haigh, and Mr. W. M. Wright, both of whom provide coverts for Brocklesby foxes.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

The late Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford, when driven by the Land League from their Irish home, hunted from Little Brocklesby, and no two people could have been more popular with the field or more beloved by the villagers than they were. What was Ireland's loss was, undoubtedly, North Lincolnshire's gain, and in the Limber cottages their names are still household words.

Lord Melgund, the present Earl of Minto and Governor-General of Canada, and Mr. Ernest Baltazzi, joint owner with his brother of Kisber, who won the Derby of 1876, also hunted from Limber for many years. Both were hard riders and excellent horsemen, and both were immensely popular with all classes with whom they came into contact.

HARD-RIDING FARMERS.

About the two best farmers to hounds to-day are Mr. R. C. Lowish of Riby and Mr. C. Wilson of Audleby. Both are fine horsemen, and both have a wonderful way of smuggling a young horse over a country. On a made horse they are generally to be found close in the wake of hounds when they run fast and far, and even when riding a youngster they manage, by judicious riding, to see most of the fun.

SOME OF THE BROCKLESBY LADIES.

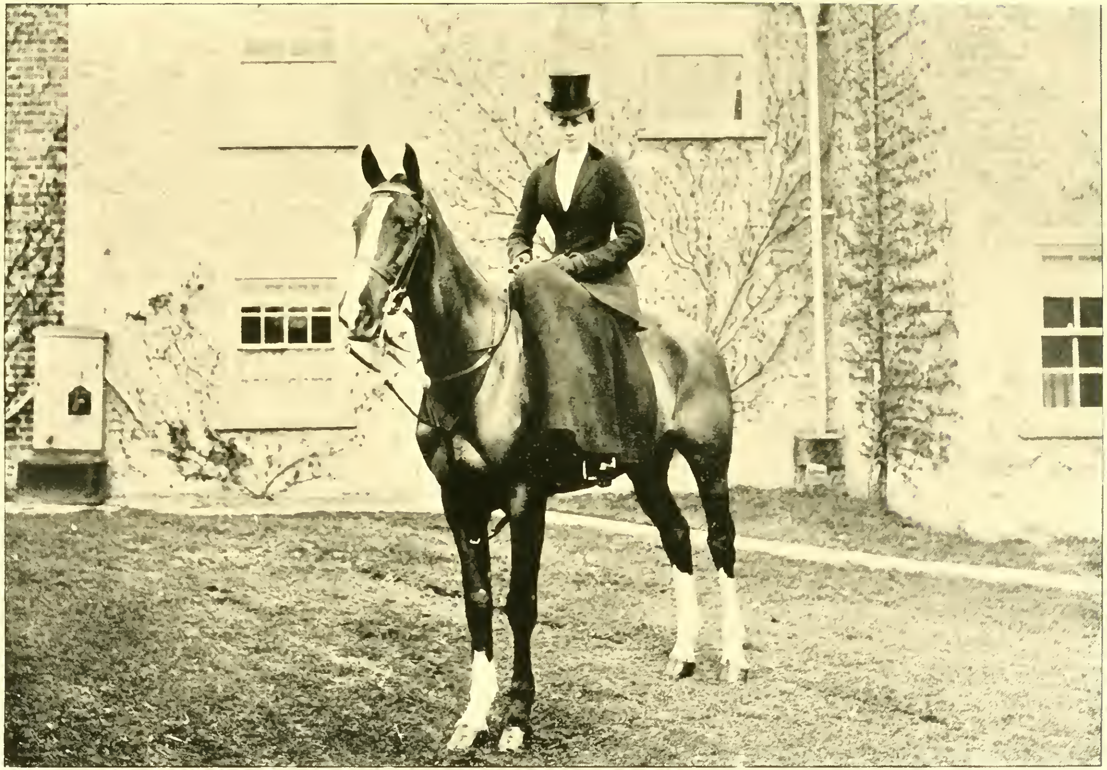
The most prominent lady riders during the past few years have been Victoria Lady Yarborough, Mrs. W. J.

Clark of Binbrook, Miss E. Carr Smith of Waltham, Mrs. C. B. Hankey of Brocklesby, Miss Taplin of Wrawby, Mrs. Parbury of Appleby, Miss Johnson of Kirmington, Miss Wright of Wold Newton, and while in the country Mrs. Lewis Burkinshaw also rode well to hounds. But fewer ladies take the field in the Brocklesby than most Hunts. Mrs. Gerald Portman of Healing Manor and Mrs. Herapath of Ravendale Hall are both recent additions to Lord Yarborough's field, and both go extremely well to hounds.

The Present Field.

Among the veterans still left with us must be mentioned Mr. Robert Brooks of Laceby, always well mounted, and going wonderfully well for his years, cheery, and ever ready to crack a joke or indulge in harmless badinage; nor must the name of Mr. Redfern Kirk, the sport-loving little farmer of Bradley, be omitted. Although his hunting days date as far back as 1843, it is really marvellous how well he gets to hounds on his clever little black horse, and he, if any one, deserves to be considered the "father of the Hunt."

Mention has already been made of Mr. W. M. Casswell of North Ormsby Hall and Mr. Robert Walker of Aylesbury Manor, and among others of the old hands who still follow the chase are Mr. W. H. Coates of Searby Manor and his brother, Mr. T. Coates of Waltham Grange. Messrs. H. E. Davy of Croxby Hall, Mr. W. J. Swales of Ulceby, Messrs. W. D. and H. Field of Laceby, and R. Flowers of Brigg, belong to a more modern generation, while among others who are the first-flighters, and the best known in a present-day field, are Captain Portman of Healing Manor, Major Herapath of Ravendale Hall, Mr. Cecil Stephen of Great Coates House, Mr. Tom Sutcliffe of Stallingborough Manor, Mr. C. B. Hankey of Brocklesby, Mr. G. P. T. Drake of Scawby,



MRS. GERALD PORTMAN ON "FEATHERBED."

Mr. J. Landers of Kettleby Thorpe, Mr. W. Wood of Habrough,* Mr. J. Tonge of Grimsby, Mr. J. Newton of Habrough, Mr. F. Brooks of Laceby, Mr. W. B. Swallow of Wootton Lawn, Mr. Roland Burke of Burton-on-Stather, Mr. W. M. Wright of Wold Newton, Mr. Percy Wormald of Appleby, Mr. W. A. Ewbank of Marsh Chapel, Mr. J. Byron and Mr. G. L. Francis of Normanby, Mr. G. J. Young of Claxby, and Mr. A. C. Burkinshaw and Mr. H. W. Scorer of Barnoldby, Mr. H. Wigful of Killingholme Manor, Mr. R. Bygott of East Halton, Mr. W. Parker of Wrawby, Mr. Walter Ellis of Ferriby, Mr. H. L. Barker of Grimsby, Mr. J. H. J. Webb of Melton, and Mr. T. Sands of Grainsby.

Mr. and Miss Darley, Mr. and Mrs. Davy, Mr. Langley, Mr. H. Whitworth, Mr. F. D. Foster and his nephews, and Messrs. Houlton, Hurtley, and Stephenson hunt with us from Yorkshire once or more a week, bringing others with them occasionally, and there are always recruits from the South Wold and the Burton when hounds meet near their borders.

Sir Berkeley Sheffield is a modern recruit to a Brocklesby field, having only recently taken a hunting-box at Keelby. Sir Berkeley is a large landowner in what would be Brocklesby territory if it were hunted; but, as has been mentioned elsewhere, the extreme north-west corner of the country is not given over to the chase.

Fox-hunting and War.

Of course the South African war drew Brocklesby men to the front as well as from other Hunts. Captain the Hon. Dudley Pelham, 10th Hussars, the Master's brother, was among those captured at the disastrous affair at Sanna's Post, and was for several months a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. At the time of his capture he was lying in an ambulance-waggon prostrate with typhoid. Four prominent followers of the hounds also volunteered for service in the Imperial Yeomanry, and of these two found soldiers' graves far from their Lincolnshire homes. Sergeant Alfred Tomlinson (of Castlethorpe), of the Sherwood Rangers, fell at Lindley, a victim to white-flag treachery, and Lance-Corporal Godfrey Webb, of Melton Ross, and of the same regiment, a good man to hounds, a keen sportsman, and most popular with every one he came in contact with, succumbed to enteric in Kroonstadt Hospital. Mr. F. Riggall of Croxton also served in the Rangers, and Mr. H. H. Errington-Josse of Grimsby, who went out in Paget's Horse, obtained a commission in the New Zealand Artillery, and afterwards in the Rhodesian Field Force.

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* His brother, the late Mr. J. B. Wood, went exceptionally well for a welter-weight.

The Lincolnshire Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry.

Lincolnshire has always been well to the fore with regard to the volunteer forces, and there are now a regiment of Imperial Yeomanry, several batteries of volunteer artillery, and three volunteer rifle regiments in the county. During the first quarter of the century the then Lord Yarborough commanded the county yeomanry, largely recruited from the Brocklesby country, and, in later years, the father of the present earl raised a troop of Light Horse in his country, the idea being that the rest of Lincolnshire should complete the establishment of the regiment. However, as this was not done, and one troop was of little value, the present Lord Yarborough decided to disband it. A new regiment of Imperial Yeomanry was formed in 1901, the Brocklesby, the Belvoir, the South Wold, and the Burton each contributing a squadron. Lord Yarborough has been appointed colonel of the regiment, the captain of D (the Brocklesby) Squadron being Sir Berkeley Sheffield, with Mr. Tom Sutcliffe as subaltern.

SIR BERKELEY SHEFFIELD, Bart.

THE COUNTRY AND THE HORSE REQUIRED.

In the time of the first Lord Yarborough the country extended over the whole of the present Brocklesby and South Wold countries, part of the Burton and part of the North Nottinghamshire, and Lord Yarborough used to go down into both those districts for a month at a time to hunt the woodlands. There were, as he told his grandson, when he began hunting, only two or three fences between Horncastle and Brigg, a distance of at least thirty miles, so most of the country must have been either woodlands, rabbit-warrens, or sheep-walks, and very little of the land could have been cultivated. Since that day it has been converted into one of the finest agricultural districts in England. No doubt in those days they adopted the plan of meeting at daybreak, and dragging up to their fox by following the line of his nightly rambles to where he lay down to digest his prey.

The boundaries at the middle of the nineteenth century were: on the north, the Humber; on the east, the North Sea; on the west, the Trent; and on the south a wavy line drawn from Gainsborough, by Springthorpe, Aisby, Willoughton, Snitterby, Bishop's Norton, Glentham, Toft Newton, Middle Rasen, Lissington, Legsby, Hainton, Brough-on-Bain, Welton, and Louth, and thence up the Louth Canal to Tetney Haven. Roughly speaking, the country was forty-five miles from east to west, and twenty-five miles from north to south. But since that time some of the country has been lent to the Burton and the South Wold, the former hunting the Kirton and Howsham countries on the west of the Great Central Railway from Lincoln to Grimsby, and east of the line as far as Claxby Wood, the eastern boundary being the High Street at Kirmond; while the latter come up to Kirmond, Binbrook, and North Ormsby. The agreements between Lord Yarborough and the masters of the Burton and South Wold were as follows:—

"MEMORANDUM.

"September, 1895.

"In consequence of Lord Yarborough having temporarily reduced his hunting days, it is hereby agreed between him and Mr. Wilson, the Master of the Burton Hounds, that during the season 1895–6 and afterwards the Burton Hounds shall hunt that part of the Brocklesby Country which adjoins the Burton Hunt, viz.:—all that Country lying west of the River Ancholme and the M.S. and L. Railway to Lincoln, bounded on the North by the Moortown Road, and on the West by the M.S. and L. Railway to Retford. Also that Claxby Wood shall be neutral to the Brocklesby and Burton Hunts.

"This arrangement to terminate any season on notice being given on either side, in the January previous, to that effect.

"That Linwoods, which are part of the Brocklesby Country, and have hitherto been made neutral by Lord Yarborough, at the request of the covert owners, between the Brocklesby and South Wold Hunts, shall continue to be hunted by the latter, but that the Burton Hounds shall have the privilege of drawing them whenever the Master finds they lie between any point to which his hounds have run and the Burton Country.

"This arrangement to terminate, like the former, on notice being given by Lord Yarborough to the Masters of the Burton and South Wold Hunts.

"Dated this 18th day of September, 1895.

"(Signed) YARBOROUGH.
THOMAS WILSON."

"MEMORANDUM.

"September 16th, 1895.

"In consequence of Lord Yarborough having temporarily reduced his hunting days, it is hereby agreed between him and Mr. Rawnsley, Master of the South Wold Hounds, that during the season 1895–6 and afterwards the South Wold Hounds shall hunt that part of the Brocklesby Country which adjoins the South Wold Hunt up to the Market Rasen and Louth Road *viâ* Binbrook as well as Grimble Wood.

"That this arrangement shall terminate any season on notice being given on either side, in the January previous, to that effect.

"That Linwoods, which are part of the Brocklesby Country, and have hitherto been made neutral by Lord Yarborough, at the request of the covert owners, between the Brocklesby and South Wold Hunts, shall continue to be hunted by the latter hounds, but that the Burton Hunt shall have the privilege of drawing them when the Master finds they lie between any point his hounds have run to and his own country.

"This arrangement to terminate, like the former, on notice being given by Lord Yarborough to the Masters of the South Wold and Burton Hounds.

"Dated this 16th day of September, 1895.

"(Signed) YARBOROUGH.
E. P. RAWNSLEY."

The north-west part of Lincolnshire is not hunted, and hounds now seldom get east of the Great Northern Railway from Grimsby to Louth, except round Weelsby and Humberston. Taking the north-west portion of the country that is hunted, first, namely, that part to the west of the railway from New Holland to Brocklesby and thence to Brigg, there is a capital piece of country below the wolds, between Barton and Thornton, a fair proportion grass, and good fencing, each hedge having a ditch to it, and both well trimmed. The Barrow Osiers is the best covert in that small but excellent strip of country. There is a nice bit of wold country between the railway and the road from Barton to Brigg, but west of that road and down to the river Ancholme it is poor hunting, the foxes being scarce and lacking in enterprise, and the fences thin, unguarded plashed hedges, while Elsham, the southern part, is perforated with rabbit-holes and largely given over to the long-tails. Barton Market-place, Bonby Lodge, Elsham village, and Melton Gallows are the chief fixtures in this extreme north-western portion of the country, but the meets are poorly attended except by residents in the neighbourhood. Ferriby Gorse, Horkstow Covert, Turton's Gorse, the Saxby, Bonby, and Worlaby hillsides, and the Elsham and Wrawby Moor Woods are the chief coverts.

The bit of wold country above referred to is productive of much better sport, and such coverts as Burnham Gorse, Wootton Gorse, Melton High Wood, Yarborough Camp, and Long Close Wood have often been the starting-points of excellent runs. Though mostly trim wold fences, there are here and there some wide ditches to be negotiated, and an animal that can spread himself when necessary is very desirable in that country. Well do I remember the occasion when the Badsworth Hounds came by invitation to Brocklesby Station and a large crowd turned out to meet them. They found in the little covert on the south side of Rye Hill junction and ran hard over Ulceby, the writer alone counting twenty-seven falls in nineteen minutes, and one wide ditch, that Will Dale, Captain Pretyman, and the writer were first to negotiate, quickly swallowed up half a score of riders.

Wootton Lawn, a breakfast meet for very many years, Burnham Beeches (another breakfast), Croxton Railway Bridge and Melton Railway Bridge, are the principal fixtures.

Probably the best bit of country within Lord Yarborough's dominions, and certainly the most popular, is that beautiful stretch of marsh land, all grass and open drains, that lies to the east of the railway from Brocklesby to New Holland, and north of the railway from Brocklesby to Grimsby. Here is the place to test the ability of man and horse, for the foxes are straight-necked, and hounds seldom go slow enough to allow the field to over-ride them ; indeed, it is frequently a matter of great difficulty to keep with them at all. A galloping horse, and one that can fly a wide place if necessary, or creep and cramp a deep-sided bottomless drain when required, is a *sine quâ non* if you wish to be in measurable distance of the flying pack, and a lucky man is he who owns an animal that does all that is asked of him with confidence and safety. Such a horse should not be parted with ; but if the owner must sell, let him not be afraid to open his mouth, for he has got a treasure. I said that, in the marshes, one had sometimes to fly a place and sometimes to cramp. A cool head, nerves of steel, and an ability to grasp the situation in a moment and arrive at an instantaneous decision of what is required, is the equipment of the man and horse who is to do thirty-five minutes without a check down the marshes. Some drains are too wide to fly from bank to bank, though narrow enough to cramp at the bottom ; attempt to fly these, and a gun-shot will most likely be the sequel to a broken back. Then, again, some must be flown; and unless you know what is coming beforehand, the rider must quickly tighten his hold of the reins, give a sudden pressure of the knees, which, if his steed knows his business, will mean a rapid increase of pace in the last two or three strides, no hesitation on the brink, and then the obstacle is negotiated safely enough. Let your horse hesitate or jump nervously, and he will probably spend an hour, two, perhaps even three, in its evil-smelling mud ere a team of horses and half a dozen labourers have pulled and dug the luckless beast out. Never go hunting in the Brocklesby marshes without a half-sovereign in your waistcoat pocket.

Some horses take naturally to the drains, while others —good enough fencers otherwise—never become safe drain-jumpers. Perhaps the first drain frightens them; they either get in badly, or have a narrow squeak; they lose their confidence, and are never reliable afterwards. Don't take such a horse into the marshes; keep him for the wolds or the vale. The writer once took a thoroughbred mare to a meet at Healing Manor, and the Master's first order was for Sutton Thorns. The mare had never been over a drain in her life, so there seemed to be considerable speculation as to the future proceedings. There first came a fast-run ring from Sutton Thorns on the Grimsby side and back again. The first drain was a small one, and the mare bucked over it. The next was also a small one, and it was jumped with more confidence. By the time we had negotiated about a dozen drains and returned to Sutton Thorns, I was satisfied that I had got a drain-jumper, and that, bar accident, I was "all right." We had thirty-five minutes down the marshes to Killingholme; the mare never once made a mistake, and I never rode a better drain-jumper. But it is rather a risky proceeding to take it for granted that your horse can jump drains. Better is it to spend a morning schooling in lines, picking out drains that can be jumped standing, and though not actually bad ones, those that will hold a horse a bit if he gets in; some with soft banks should be picked, too, to teach him to take off soon enough, and to allow sufficient margin for landing, so as to prevent slipping in backwards, and they should be sufficiently holding to teach a lesson by means of the struggle to get out. I know an unfortunate who, in a run from Sutton Thorns, went plump into the first or second drain he came to. His second horseman arrived on the other side, and leaving him to extricate No. 1, he jumped on the back of No. 2, and went straight into the next drain with him. No. 2 was got out in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, but No. 1 was in nearly three hours.

The late Mr. G. A. Carr had a cob that was a wonderful drain-jumper; he would creep down the banks and stand-jump them in marvellous fashion. But Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, of Healing Manor, generally has the best drain-jumpers in the Hunt—his huge, ungainly, ugly old horse Camel was a wonder—and it is unnecessary to say that Lord Yarborough invariably mounts his huntsman and whippers-in on the best of cattle.

The best marsh coverts in the strip of country under discussion are Goxhill Oxmarsh, Langmere Furze, Chase Hill, Burkinshaw's covert, Houlton's covert, Reeds Mere, Battery Marsh, Stallingborough Scrubb Close, and Sutton Thorns, and further inland, Thornton Gorse, Bygott's covert, Zincs, and Rye Hill. The marsh foxes generally keep to the marshes and seldom go inland. The meets are generally fixed for Goxhill Station, Thornton College, East Halton, Chase Hill, Immingham, Stallingborough Station, and Great Coates Station, and all are usually well attended by visitors from Yorkshire. The woodlands lie between Brocklesby Station on the north and Caistor on the south, and between the Barton street on the east and the railway from Barnetby to Lincoln on the west, and more perfect cub-hunting grounds could not be imagined. Wide, velvety rides, plenty of undergrowth, and an unlimited supply of foxes, and never a covert closed to hounds for the sake of the gun! What could a master of hounds want more! Provided the ground is not too hard, a start is made directly the corn is cut in the vicinity of the woodlands, generally about the last week in August, and then all proceeds merrily.

There are miles upon miles of woodland, and, except on the wolds, flanked by grass fields. Beginning near Brocklesby Station, they extend by way of Brocklesby, and Limber and Kirmington to Grasby Bottom, and thence to Caistor Gates, Pelham Pillar, Swallow Cross-roads, and Riby, and it is at meets in this neighbourhood that the greatest number put in an appearance. The marshes and the Bradley Vale are perhaps too exacting, the north-west not sufficiently productive of sport, and the south and south-east too hilly. Here there is unlimited grass, plenty of gates, very few fences to jump, and "coffee-housing" in its happiest form.

The following extract from a manuscript in Lord Yarborough's possession shows the extent of the woodlands, etc., at Brocklesby about 1850:—

Estimated quantity of land planted.			Estimated quantity of land taken up by rides.			Estimated quantity of fox-coverts.			Total quantity of land within the fences.			Length of fences.	Length of rides.
A.	R.	P.	A.	R.	P.	A.	R.	P.	A.	R.	P.	MILES.	MILES.
2851	1	19	427	0	28	113	3	11	3392	1	18	89	91½

Yet the Brocklesby on the whole is a most satisfactory and sporting country, for every kind of hunting-man is catered for. The fixtures in this district are generally at Brocklesby Hall, a breakfast meet, Hendale Lodge, Grasby Bottom, Bigby Bridge, Howsham Station, Pelham Pillar, Swallow Cross-roads, Riby Hall (breakfast), and Riby Cross-roads. Howsham Station perhaps lies outside the woodland district, and Poolthorn and Pepperdale, across the railway, are generally the first places to draw, but hounds always get to the woodlands sooner or later. There is a capital bit of country lying between the railway and the road from Caistor to Brigg, but it runs to poor sandy, rabbit-holed soil near the former town. Hounds do not often hunt the country west of the railway at Howsham Station, and between it and the Ancholme, Poolthorn, Pepperdale, and Howsham Barff being about the only coverts now drawn. In the woodland district the best coverts are the Newsham coverts and the Chase, Pond Close Wood, the Mausoleum Woods, Cottagers' Dale, the Hendale Woods, Brompton Dales, Foxdales, the Pillar Woods, the Swallow Top Woods,* Swallow Vale, Henholes, Irby Dales, and Riby Bratlands, always a stronghold of foxes. Below the wolds on the west are the Wilderness, Donkey Park, the Somerby Woods, and sundry osier-beds and spinnies. Near here was the starting-point of Johnny Osborne's wasting walk, when he had to get seven pounds off to ride Vedette at York. Clad in a heavy woollen suit, he started with his brother from the Ormsby Paddocks, near Caistor, in charge of six brood-mares and three foals. Gainsborough was their stopping-place the first night, Doncaster the second, Leeds the third, and they reached Middleham the next day.

Next to the marshes, the best bit of country is that lying east of the Barton street, south of the railway from Grimsby to Brocklesby, and west of the Great Northern line from Grimsby to Louth, the cream of it being the vale of Bradley; indeed, many think this fine stretch of country the best we have. The northern part fringes the marshes, and being below the wolds the fences consist of ditches and strong hedges, for the most part unplashed. Round Roxton Wood it is nearly all grass, but the country becomes more arable as Grimsby is approached, that round Stallingborough, Healing, and Great Coates being of a very sporting nature indeed. South of the road from Grimsby to Caistor, and in the triangle formed by that road and the one from Grimsby to Waltham and Ravendale, the Barton street being the base, lies the Bradley Vale, and he who would negotiate it safely in close attendance on the flying pack must be mounted on a bold free-going hunter, for the fences are strong and there is a wide, deep-cut ditch to each. Hounds always seem to run fast over this country; and it is certainly the most sporting little bit we have, as like a series of steeplechase fences, with the regulation open ditch, as possible. Most of this vale is arable, but there are strips of grass along the Laceby Brook, which starts from a spring at Welbeck, and, running through Laceby, eventually becomes the Freshney river.

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* New Close Woods.

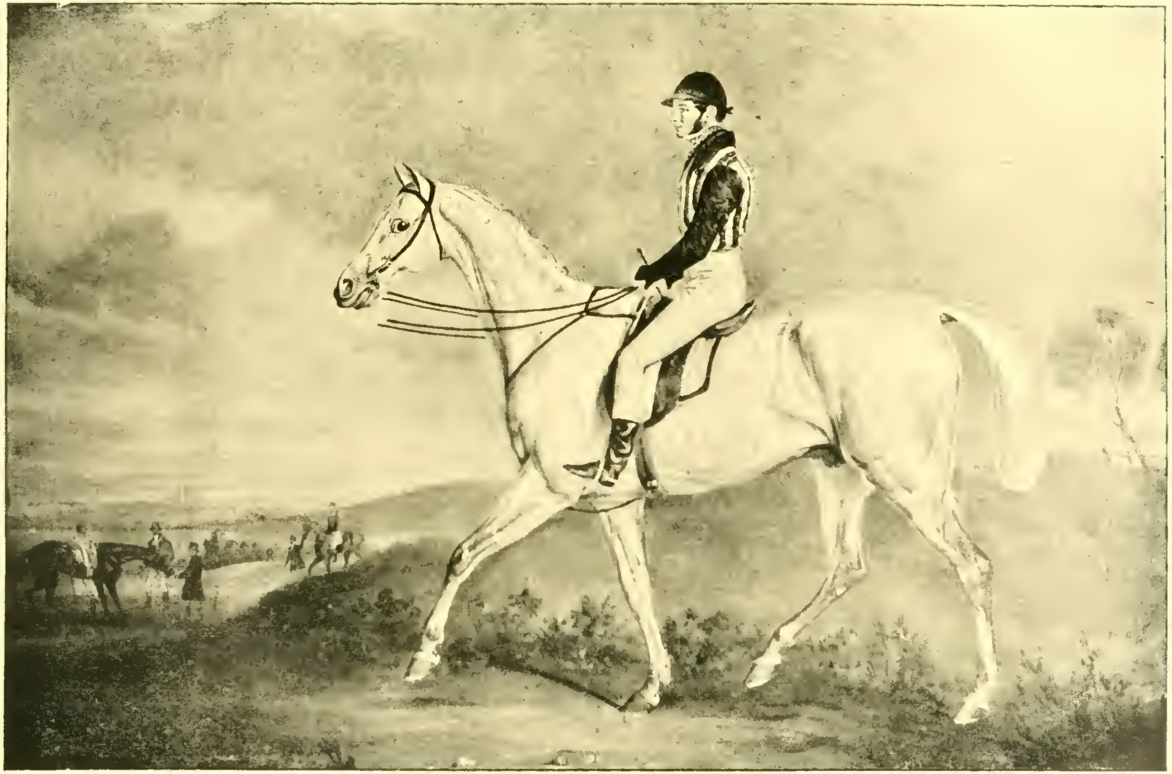
Another good hunting country lies between the Grimsby and Ravendale road and the Great Northern Railway, and extends from Scartho to the boundaries of the Hunt at Wyham, the Barton street, which skirts the wolds throughout, being the other boundary. This is very like the Bradley Vale, and there is perhaps more grass.

The best coverts in the country east of the Barton street are, beginning at the north, the Newsham Coverts, Thomas' Wood, Rough Pastures, and Roxton Wood, all of which may be considered part of the woodlands, to which the foxes generally cling, though occasionally a venturesome beast from the last-named covert will cross the railway into the marshes or make eastward towards Grimsby. Near Keelby are the Southwells and the Sprothorns, one of which always holds a litter; then come Hungerhills, Healing Wells, Healing Gorse, and Maud Hole, and the famous covert given by a late master of the Bicester, Drake's Gorse. The valley of the Freshney is fringed with small coverts, mostly osier beds, and always sure finds, and the Grimsby Osiers never fails to hold a fox, the refuse heaps around the fishing town being a great attraction to the vulpine race. All these coverts lie north of the Grimsby and Caistor road. Bradley Wood and Bradley Gears are the only coverts that feed the vale of Bradley, and no Hunt possesses better friends. Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe, of Scawby, owns these excellent coverts, though a very small portion belongs to Lord Heneage; they are always full of foxes, and none show better sport. It is no exaggeration to say that Bradley could provide one day a week through the season; the foxes are nearly always straight-necked ones, and a glance through the different runs given in this book will show how often it has been Bradley that the field has had to thank for a good run.

It was in a quick thing from Bradley Wood to Irby Holme that the prowess of the grey Peter Simple was discovered one foggy morning, and that is the general line the foxes take. Once over the Barton street and up the slopes of the wolds, you may get a ten-mile point without much trouble. In the southern part of this country east of the Barton street the chief coverts are Nainby's Gorse, a snug little spot given by the late Mr. Charles Nainby, of Barnoldby, one of the best sportsmen the Brocklesby country has produced, Ashby Cottagers' Plats, Fenby Wood, Grainsby Healing, Waithe Asholt, the Grainsby home coverts, and Hell Furze, many of them under the care of that good sportsman who owns them, Mr. G. Caton Haigh, and one need never despair of a good day's sport in that country. The chief fixtures are Newsham Lodge, Roxton Wood, Healing Manor, and Aylesby Manor (both breakfast meets), Aylesby Mill, Laceby Cross-roads, and Bradley Cross-roads in the northern part; Welbeck Hill, Barnoldby Cross-roads and Waltham Station in the centre; and Holton-le-Clay, Ravendale Cross-roads, Ashby-cum-Fenby, Hawerby Cross-roads, Cadeby, and Wyham in the south.

East of the Great Northern Railway hounds seldom go, except near Grimsby, there being too many unjumpable drains and no coverts as one gets nearer the sea. Peeks and the Weelsby coverts, where foxes are always well-preserved by Mr. T. Hewitt, invariably provide good sport, and a fast run from here over Humberstone to Tetney is as good as a man could wish for; hounds always go a smart pace over this line of country, and it certainly "takes a bit of doing."

The southern part of the country west of the Barton street and south of the woodlands is all wolds, the land being hilly and the fences plashed, and there are few ditches; an easy country to cross. The north-east corner



PETER SIMPLE.

is the best, and there is generally plenty of fun from Irby Holme or the Hatcliffe and Ravendale Coverts. Croxby Pond, too, usually holds plenty of foxes; but without doubt the best runs on the wolds in the past have come from Rothwell Gorse, that excellent square covert perched high upon the hills. Though difficult to get a fox away from sometimes, it seldom happens that there is not a good gallop to repay the patience and trouble. This covert is on the west side of the square, other coverts in the neighbourhood being Normanby Dales, the Smithfield Plantations, and the Stainton Plantations; and the Nettleton and Holton Woods, in the midst of a flat, stale, and unprofitable country, sandy and rabbit-holed, below the wolds on the west. Near Rothwell Gorse are Badger Hills, Cuxwold Asholt, and Normanby Dales; near Croxby Pond, Thorganby Gorse, the Swinhope Plantations, and Black Holt, and on the west side of the square, the Hatcliffe and Ravendale Coverts, Peterhills, Stock Furlong, Beesby Wood, the Wold Newton Valley, the Click 'Em Inn Coverts, and Wyham Gorse. The Wolds is the easiest part of the Brocklesby country to traverse, and a clever cob will show you all there is to be seen unless hounds go too fast; and when they do go fast up and down the hills it is often a job to see the way they go at all. One of the fastest and best runs the writer can remember was over the slopes of the wolds from Pelham Pillar on March 5th, 1900.

There is never a good scent on the high wolds when the country is dry, and the more rain, both there and in the marshes, the better hounds run.

People coming into the country to hunt will find Grimsby as good a centre as any, as they will then get the marshes and the best of the east side of the country within easy reach, and they can box to Habrough, Brocklesby, or Barnetby for the northern part of the country, or down the Great Northern line to Louth if they desire a day with the South Wold.

Brocklesby is about the centre of the Hunt, the woodland district, and Caistor also is quite close to the woodlands and the wolds. From Louth one can catch both the South Wold and the Brocklesby, and from Market Rasen the South Wold, the Burton, and the Brocklesby. People boxing from the north and west should come east of Brocklesby to Habrough, Stallingborough, Healing, Great Coates, or Grimsby for the best of the country, and to Brocklesby, Barnetby, and Howsham for the woodlands. The wolds are most of an hour's trot from a railway station on this side. On the Lincoln line the wolds are nearer, Holton-le-Moor, Moortown, and Barnetby bringing one within reasonable reach; and from Ludborough, North Thoresby, Holton-le-Clay, Waltham, and Grimsby on the Great Northern Railway, visitors from the South Wold country can get to some of the best meets of the Brocklesby on the east side.

Lincolnshire has always been famous for its horses, both for home-bred ones and those purchased young and converted into hunters or steeplechase horses. This is what the "Druid" says in "Post and the Paddock"—

> "The great nurseries of English hunters are the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, more especially on the Wolds, and the whole of Lincolnshire and Shropshire. The Lincolnshire hunters are still first rate, but they are bred in fewer numbers than they were in Dick Burton's hunting prime, owing principally to the improved system of cultivation, which has caused much second-rate grass land to be ploughed up. Hence the number of brood mares is rather limited, and the farmers have to resort to Howden Fair, which is the largest market in the world for unmade hunters and carriage-horses. Scarcely any of them are tied in rows, but they are generally ridden or led about the town, whose long High Street is for four or five days one surging sea of animal life. Hosts of Lincolnshire farmers may be found there each September, picking up four-year-old hunters, at prices which ranged from £80 to £100, but now more generally from £100 to £120. The hunting dealers also attend, not to buy, but to glean information about promising horses; they learn where they go to, and occasionally, if they take a very strong fancy, purchase a contingent interest in some of them. The new owners aim at keeping them at least a year, but seldom more than two, and they frequently find them a temporary stablemate at the great Lincoln Fair each April. The latter are expected to produce a profit of twenty-eight to twenty-five per cent. for their three months' strong keep up to Horncastle, or else they hardly realize their new owners' sole idea of 'paying for August.'"

Then again :—

> "The Yarborough, South Wold, and Burton Hunts," says Mr. Dixon, "are

the great public schools, where the heads, hands, and heels of a legion of hard-riding Dicks are ever at work for five months of the year, in transforming the raw one hundred guinea Howdenite into the finished two hundred guinea candidate for Horncastle. It is, however, to the dealers in this as in every other country that they have to look for purchasers, as hunting men will scarcely ever buy from farmers, however well they may ride, and have to pay a handsome sum extra for their whim. Horncastle Fair has long been the great Lincolnshire carnival of horseflesh, and far the largest in England for made hunters. Sporting foreigners are *pénétrés* with its fame, and rush to see it and the sales of blood yearlings at Doncaster, with as much energy as their agriculturists demand to be led to 'de beetroot' the instant they set foot from one of Ben Revett's chaises, on their Tiptree shrine. We have it, in fact, on 'Scribbe's' authority, that an elderly German baron, not very long since, assured his English visitor, when they had drunk to the death and memory of their last wild boar, that if now he could only visit Horncastle Fair, he would die happy! Dealers and foreigners begin to be rife in its neighbourhood, about the 5th of August, and there are still some lingerers on the 21st. Baron Rothschild's agent rarely comes, but purchases young horses, at all prices from £40 to £300, out of the best stables in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire."

Not many young hunters are brought into North Lincolnshire now for "making," and fewer still are bred. Mr. A. J. Brown, of Audleby and Doncaster, has by far the best lot, the whole practically Irish bred, and he is one of the biggest hunter-dealers in England. He has won a great number of prizes in the principal show rings in England, and his stables at Audleby, where the raw material is turned into the finished hunter, are always worth a visit. Mr. G. Marris, of Kirmington, and Mr. W. Wood, of Habrough, have generally some useful animals to dispose of, and there are, of course, others to be picked up, now here and now there, throughout the Hunt.

In days gone by no names were better known "as breeders of embryo Clinkers and Clashers" than those of Welfit of Louth, Fowler of Kirton Grange, Greetham of Stanifield Hall, the Slaters of Commeringham and North Carlton, Bartholomew of Goltho, Nainby of Barnoldby, and Chambers of Reasby Hall.

The Pelhams, too, were always noted for their breed of horses, and years ago the blood of Bay Barb and Brocklesby Betty was something to be proud of in any part of England. About the beginning of the century Lord Yarborough bought a Sir Peter mare, a sister to Hermione, from Lord

Grosvenor. He used to send his mares to Lord Fitzwilliam's and Lord Egremont's best horses, and a Driver mare was one of the best they have had in the Brocklesby stables. Old Driver, the "old, old hat" of Lord Palmerston's Tiverton speech, stood at Lord Egremont's stud farm between York and Beverley. Quicksilver, a small blood-like horse, was the first noted sire that Lord Yarborough had, and his stock were all chestnuts with duck-noses—wide nostrils—and the proverbial "skin like a mouse," and they were as good to tell as if they were labelled. At one time the country was full of his stock, and later on with Sir Malagigi's, but they were all funny-tempered ones. This latter horse came from Holderness, and was very loosely built, and his owner used to say that a season in North Lincolnshire was worth four hundred guineas in two-guinea fees. Nailer was one of the best of Quicksilver's stock that old Will Smith ever rode; but a reference to that horse is made in the chapter which deals with that fine old huntsman. Ploughboy, a son of Hippomenes, one of Will Smith's favourite horses, was bred by Mr. Richardson, of Limber, and he carried the huntsman some eight seasons. A Devising mare, whose Eclipse sire had been imported into Lincolnshire by Lord Yarborough, had the honour of throwing to Pilgrim, the mare of Mr. Frank Isles's on which Mr. Tom Brooks won his historic steeplechase against Mr. Field Nicholson in 1821.

It used to be said that a Leicestershire hack was a pretty good hunter for other countries, and the same may be said of the farmer's hack of the Lincolnshire Wolds. His master, farming anything from three hundred to fifteen hundred acres, has no time to lose crawling about on a half-bred cart mare; the farm has to be visited before hunting, and the market towns lie wide for a five-mile-an-hour jog-trot to suit. It used to be the fashion on the wolds, and is still in many cases, to ride round farming at a good pace, and to fly the fences if the gates are at the wrong end of the fields.

THE HOUNDS.

If one were to drive from the now important town of Grimsby, along the Barton street towards Brocklesby, one's eye would be caught by the glimpse of a picturesque red-bricked Manor House nestling in the trees, a quaint old church hard by, and a few old-world cottages in the background. It is the first village we pass after emerging from the twisting thoroughfares of Laceby, and it is worthy of more than a passing glance, if not for its own good looks, most certainly for its associations. Mark it well, for it is one of the cradles of the historic Brocklesby pack; that square church tower was the winning-post of the first recorded steeplechase in Lincolnshire, and beneath its shadow Mr. John Thornton conducted the record sale of the late Mr. William Torr's celebrated shorthorns.

The parish of Aylesby belongs to the Drakes, the direct descendants of the Tyrwhitts; in fact, they are now known as the Tyrwhitt-Drakes, and a few remarks concerning them must be made in order to show their intimate connection with the Brocklesby pack. It is from Mr. Robert Vyner's "Notititia Venatica" that I learn that somewhere about 1590 the Tyrwhitts were lords of the Kettleby manor, and lived in a baronial hall, complete with moat and drawbridge, near Bigby, now a little village nestling at the foot of the Wolds on the high-road from Caistor to Brigg. Some remains of this hall were to be seen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These Tyrwhitts, in the reign of Edward II., intermarried with the Skipwiths, whether the Yorkshire or Lincolnshire branch I cannot say; but the numerous family of Skipworths in North Lincolnshire to-day are, I know, the descendants of the Yorkshire family. Not far from Bigby, on the opposite side of the Barnetby valley, lived the Ross family at Melton Ross, between which family and the Tyrwhitts there was a feud ; and the two families coming into collision while out hunting in 1603, went for each other with such right goodwill that a great many were killed on both sides. James I. was returning from a visit to Scotland at the time, and hearing of the affray, he turned aside to erect a gallows near the scene of the combat, threatening to hang the next person who, without royal authority, ventured to appeal to arms.* The Rosses are no more a power in Lincolnshire, but the name of Skipworth is still a familiar one in agricultural circles ; and the Tyrwhitts, who, as I said before, took the name of Drake, though better known in Bicester territory, have still no little to do with Brocklesby hunting. As lord of the manor of Aylesby, Lord Yarborough finds a good sportsman in the present Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, a very important item in fox-hunting, and one of our choicest coverts, Drake's Gorse to wit, was given to the Hunt by his father, the late Master of the Bicester. Mr. G. P. Tyrwhitt-Drake, too, who is now doing so much for the Scawby estate, is also one of the best men to hounds with the Brocklesby, and a keen all-round sportsman. At Aylesby Manor, at one time occupied by the late Mr. William Torr, of shorthorn and Leicester sheep celebrity, and now the home of that good sportsman and once famous steeplechase rider, Mr. Robert Walker, the walls of some old buildings once known as the kennels still stand, and there, two hundred years ago, was kennelled Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's pack of hounds. Lord Yarborough has, or had, in his possession the original memorandum which practically fixes the beginning of the Brocklesby pack. It is dated April 20th, 1713, and states that it is agreed "between Sir John Tyrwhitt, Charles Pelham, Esq., and Robert Vyner, Esq., that the fox-hounds now kept by the said Sir John Tyrwhitt and Mr. Pelham shall be joined in one pack, and the three have a joint interest in the said hounds for five years, each for one-third of a year." It was also agreed that the establishment should consist of sixteen couples of hounds, three horses, and a huntsman and a boy, so apparently they only hunted one or two days a week. From this we may conclude that Mr. Pelham had a pack of hounds somewhere about 1700.

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* Melton Gallows is still a regular fixture with Lord Yarborough's Hounds, and the old gallows is still standing.

Colonel Cook, in his most interesting book, "Observations on Fox-hunting and the Management of Hounds," which was published in 1826, says—

> "Lord Yarborough's Hounds have been kept in a straight line since 1700 *certain;* but they *think considerably longer* (more than one hundred and twenty years). The present Smith, Lord Yarborough's huntsman, his father and his grandfather, have hunted the hounds in succession *from generation to generation.* The father of the present Smith hunted them fifty-five years without interruption."

The italics are Colonel Cook's, and "the present Smith" the first Will Smith, who carried the Brocklesby horn from 1816 till his fatal accident, in 1845.

Yet another authority, Mr. Robert Vyner, in his "Notititia Venatica," published in 1849, refers to the good work done by the Brocklesby at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. He says—

> "Hound-breeding was, *at that period,* as scientifically pursued as sheep-breeding, and the successful perseverance of Mr. Meynell and the first Lord Yarborough will ever be deserving of the warmest gratitude from true sportsmen, for lighting up as they did what might be justly termed *the dawn of science in the chase.*"

Mr. Vyner also adds, whilst referring to the Brocklesby as the first of a list of old packs—

> "The original stocks, from which the most fashionable sorts are descended, are from the pack of the Earl of Yarborough (the family of Pelham having possessed hounds of the same breed for nearly two centuries)."

A very remarkable fact is that the pedigree of each occupant of the Brocklesby benches can be traced back to 1746 without a break, and the kennel list for that year lies before me as I write. In that year I find six and a half couples were sired by Ringwood, one couple by Pedler, three couples by the Duke of Grafton's Bellman, three couples by the Duke of Richmond's Ringwood, and two couples by Lord Althorp's Streamer. This hound also sired two couples of puppies the following year, Ringwood being responsible for the other twenty-two couples. This Ringwood must not be confused with the Ringwood of 1788, whose picture was painted by Stubbs in 1792. It is very evident, however, that he was a favourite hound with the first Tom Smith, for he was again used the next year (1748), four couples being by him. Bumper has four and a half couples to his name, Topper one and a half couples, Frater six couples, and the Duke of Grafton's Tarquin one bitch. Frater, Captain, Conqueror, and Bluecap divided the twenty couples of puppies between them in 1749, and the following year the twenty-two and a half couples were sired by Bluecap, Frater, and the Duke of Grafton's Singer and Stroker. Bluecap also had eleven couples in 1751, and an own brother Billy one and a half couples. These two hounds were by Bumper out of Dolly, and were whelped on July 28th, 1748. Trickster and Drayman and the Duke of Grafton's Carver also sired strong litters. Bluecap had five couples by him in 1752, and other hounds were sired by Drunkard, a son of Bumper and Beauty, " a harrier," as she is described in the hound-list for 1748, and by Trickster and Conqueror.

In 1752 there seems to have been an exchange of hounds with Mr. Osbaldeston of Hurmanby (father of " Squire " Osbaldeston), for it is recorded in the hound-book that two whelps by Drunkard out of Peggy were sent to Beverley, and there came back in exchange two puppies by Lifter out of Racket, Racket being by the Duke of Grafton's Screamer.

There also arrived a puppy by Trickster out of Lord Monson's Tidings.

Two puppies by Bluecap and Trickster out of Mr. Darley's Favourite and Damsel came to Brocklesby in 1753; and in 1854 puppies by Bluecap and Trickster respectively out of Mr. Nowell's Tawdry and Barberry, by Conqueror out of Mr. Nowell's Venus, and by Bluecap out of Sir R. Wynn's Blossom.

Bluecap's brother Billy sired most of the youngsters in 1753, Drunkard, Dabster, Drayman, Lifter, and Conqueror also being represented.

In 1754 one finds the names of the puppy-walkers opposite the names of the hounds, and among them are such well-known Brocklesby names as Hill, Sutton, Walker, "widow" Brooks, Empson, Grabourn, Atkinson, Hare, John Brooks, Nicholson, Tomlinson, Chambers, Holgate, and Byron.

Royal and Drunkard were the principal sires that year, but Britain, Trickster, and Mr. Nowell's Tippler were also represented.

Frater, Pompey, and Sir Robert Wynn's Merryman were responsible for a small entry in 1755, and the first mention of Belvoir blood comes the following year, when, on March 27th, Lovely whelped a litter of four couples to Lord Granby's Dexter, and the same number of Racket's puppies were by that sire also. Smith also got puppies by Drunkard out of Mr. Chaworth's Jewel, and Bluecap out of Lord Downe's daughter of Chanter in 1755; and the following year he got a couple of puppies respectively by Furrier out of Mr. Chaworth's Countess, and by Bumper out of Mr. Chaworth's Jillion. Driver, Furrier, Jumper, Bumper, and Major also had puppies in the 1756 entry.

The 1757 hound-list is in a different handwriting, probably that of young Tom Smith, though he did not succeed his father till 1761, and it remains the same for many years. Lord Granby's Sportsman sired four and a half couples of puppies in the entry this year, the others being by Frater and Jumper.

Frater, Phaeton, Furrier, Jerker, and Pompey were the principal sires in 1758, and there was also a litter by Jerker out of Mr. Chaworth's Tibby, while Lord Granby's Danger sired the greatest number the following year, though Frater, Jerker, and Bumper also contributed.

The celebrated Rattler was first used in 1760, seven couples of puppies by him being put forward. Rattler was bred in 1752, being by Drunkard out of Cleanly, Drunkard being by Bumper out of Beauty, "the harrier," and Cleanly by Furrier out of Comely. The following note concerning Rattler appears in the hound-list, evidently added by the first Will Smith at a later period :—

> "Rattler was a very famous hound in the late Mr. Pelham's and my grandfather's time. He had a painting of him, very badly executed, and which hung many years in our kitchen. In 1834 I had a sketch of his likeness, but an altered picture, taken by G. Newmarsh, merely to keep up a memorandum of him. My father said the original was taken by a common house painter.—W. Smith."

Twinkler, Lifter, and Phaeton were also used in 1760. Rattler sired seven and a half couples the next year, Phaeton, Twinkler, Bumper, and Jockey being the other sires. This was the second Tom Smith's first year as huntsman.

Twinkler, Nathan, and Bumper were the chief sires in 1762, but Rachel had a good litter by Lord Granby's Comrade, he being by Dexter out of Famous by Frater.

The first Lord Yarborough became Master in 1763, and his influence on fox-hunting may be gauged by the following note from "Notititia Venatica."

> "The most extensive breeders of hounds," says Mr. Vyner, "who may be said to have done any fundamental good to the various packs of the present day, were the first Lord Yarborough, the Duke of Rutland (grandfather of the present Duke, 1849), the Duke of Beaufort (do., do.), Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Osbaldeston, and we must also add the late Mr. Foljambe; but, all the same, his pack was descended in a great part from Mr. Osbaldeston's, grafted on Lord Scarborough's pack. The Yarboroughs or Brocklesby, the Beauforts and the Belvoir, are still flourishing intact, of course with divers crosses in their veins; so are the Fitzwilliams, and long may they deserve their well-established renown."

Rockwood, a son of Rattler, was the chief sire in 1763, but three Belvoir hounds were used, Viper, Factor, and Lusty; and the following year Rockwood was again to the front, Lord Granby's Lusty and Banger also siring puppies. It was this year that distemper first broke out in the Brocklesby kennels and carried off thirteen couples of hounds. The malady is supposed to have come from

Russia. Rockwood is again the chief sire in 1765, and Blossom had a litter of puppies by the then nine-years-old Twinkler.

Merryman and Jerker were the chief sires for the next two years, and then in 1768 comes the first mention of Mr. Meynell's blood, his Ruler being the sire of three litters of puppies, as was also Lord Granby's Fairplay. A hound called Marquis has also several litters to his credit, but I cannot find his name in the hound-lists, and probably the name of a hound had been changed. Trickster and Mr. Mundy's Driver sired the greatest number of the 1769 entry, and the former, together with Tickler, seemed to have been most used in 1770. Wonder, by Trickster out of Tattler, the hound painted by Stubbs in the picture of the two Tom Smiths in 1776, was whelped this year.

Mr. Smith's Royal sired three litters in 1771, Belvoir Dabster two, and Belvoir Trimmer one; while Jumper was the home-bred hound most used. Mr. Mundy's Regent and Rifler, and Belvoir Bowler, were used in 1772, when nineteen litters of puppies were bred, mostly by home-bred sires; and Buster, a son of Mr. Mundy's Driver and Connylass, sired most in the 1773 entry.

There were twenty litters in 1774, three being by Lord Thanet's Grappler and Trojan, one by Mr. Barry's* Richmond, and others by the home-bred Driver, Luther, and Bustler, while the 1775 entry were by Lord Thanet's Trojan, Grappler, and Framp, and by Bluecap, Luther, and others from the home benches.

During the next few years breeding was more extensively carried on than before, and for five successive years there were over twenty litters each year, the chief sires being Mr. Meynell's Mounter, Glider, and Grappler; Lord Fitzwilliam's Boxer and Ranger; Mr. Mundy's Stormer; Lord Thanet's Finder and Fairplay; Lord Granby's Monarch, Matchem, and Buster; Lord Gainsborough's Matchem; Mr. Noel's Bloomer; Mr. Meynell's Ganymede; Mr. Cope's Flasher, and the home-bred Bowman, Luther,

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* Mr. J. Smith Barry, the Master of the S. Cheshire from 1763 to 1784.

Driver, Wonder, Tuner, and Trojan among others. Mr. Meynell's Grappler was extensively used in 1776, as was his Ganymede, by Glider out of Garland, a daughter of Grappler, in 1780, evidently a favourite strain of blood. Lord Fitzwilliam's Ranger was by Lord Spencer's Royster out of Trifle, Royster being by Mr. Noel's Pillager, and Trifle by Lord Thanet's Tarquin out of Angry.

Then followed, in 1781, Mr. Noel's Collier (1775), by Captain out of Jewel, a sister to Jupiter, Captain being by Lord Townsend's Clinker out of Nancy; Mr. Noel's Cryer (1771), by Lord Granby's Royal—a son of Mr. Meynell's Royal out of Rally, by Rebel out of Barbara; and Mr. Noel's Bloomer (1773), by Bacchus out of Cruel; she by Lord Townsend's Clinker out of Diamond, and Bacchus, by Tarquin out of Brilliant. Lord Monson's Broker was used in 1782, and a glance at his and the pedigrees of hounds from other kennels used about that time will show how it was one or two particular strains of blood were sought after, notably Mr. Meynell's Glider and Grappler blood. Broker was by Lord Fitzwilliam's Boxer out of Gaily, Gaily being by Mr. Meynell's Glider out of Lord Ludlow's Beauty, and she by Turpin out of Buxom. Turpin was by Mr. Askham's Sparkler out of Lord Townsend's Tawny.

Another of Mr. Noel's hounds was used the same year, Tracer, by Bouncer out of Veney, Veney being by Dolphin out of Venus, and Bouncer by Bedlam—a son of Bluster—out of Rose. Cryer (1779), Dashwood (1780), and Tartar (1776) were the chief home-bred sires about this time. Lord Monson's Regal, Victor, and Hymen were used in 1785, as well as Lord Egremont's Jasper. Lord Egremont hunted a pack of hounds from Petworth, about sixteen miles from Goodwood. Lord Monson's Regal was also extensively used the following year, also his Bellman, and the Duke of Grafton's Voucher, who sired one litter that year and five in 1787. Mr. Meynell's Gayman was responsible for four litters in 1787.

Home-bred sires were chiefly used in 1788, in which year the celebrated Ringwood, whose portrait was painted by Stubbs in 1792, was whelped. Ringwood was by Neptune out of Vestal, Neptune being by Tartar (by Luther out of Crafty) out of Sukey (by Hannibal out of Tattler, Hannibal being a grandson of Mr. Meynell's Grappler). Vestal was by Glider out of Coquette, Glider being by Mr. Meynell's Glider out of Hasty, a daughter of the much-used Bowman, and Coquette by Mr. Noel's Collier, before mentioned, out of Sukey, the dam of Neptune, thus showing in what repute the blood of Mr. Meynell's Grappler and Glider was held by Tom Smith. Redrose, the dam of Ranter (1790), was own sister to Ringwood, and this family of Neptune and Vestal were the ancestors of the choicest strains in the Brocklesby kennels.

PEDIGREE OF RINGWOOD, 1788.

Ringwood, 1788	Neptune, 1785	Tartar, 1776	Luther, 1772	Jumper, 1767
				Bounty, 1769
			Crafty, 1771	Jumper, 1767
				Bounty, 1769
		Sukey, 1781	Hannibal, 1779	Tuner, 1776
				Gossip, 1772
			Tattler, 1775	Lord Thanet's Trojan
				Miss (?)
	Vestal, 1785	Glider, 1780	Mr. Meynell's Glider	
			Hasty, 1774	Mr. Barry's Richmond
				Truelove, 1772
		Coquette, 1783	Mr. Noel's Collier	
			Sukey, 1781	Hannibal, 1779
				Tattler, 1775

Lord Monson's Dashwood and Dancer were the only outside sires introduced in 1789, and Neptune, whose first venture was the great Ringwood, Redrose, etc., litter, was most extensively used for the next six years, his son, Ringwood, who began in 1791, carrying on the strain till 1795, by which time Ranter was in full swing. Neptune seems to have done in his day what Rallywood did for the Brocklesby and Belvoir kennels years afterwards, and he must certainly be looked upon as one of the most important hounds bred at Brocklesby. Another famous hound about this time was Dover, whose first litter out of

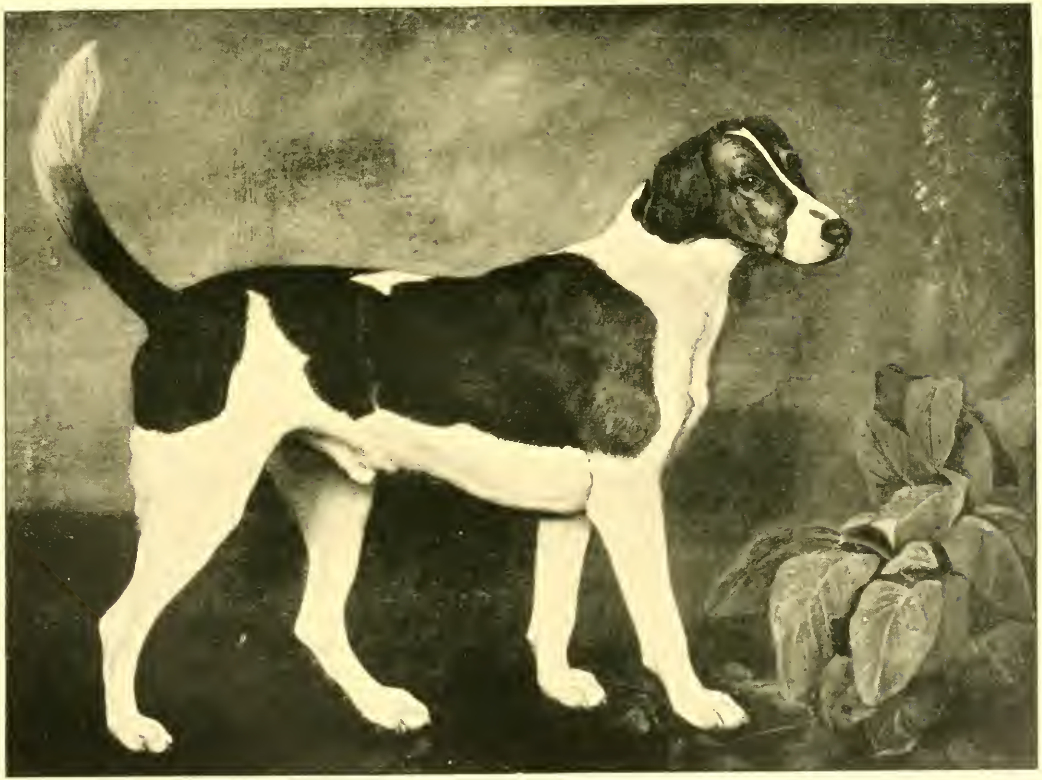
Redrose in 1790 included the great Ranter. Dover, who was originally registered Dexter, was by Driver out of Whimsey, Driver being by Charger out of Airy, and Whimsey by Tartar out of Singwell, the former being a son of Luther, and the latter a daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam's Ranger and Molly, who, through Truelove, goes back to Lord Granby's Vonter. Dover sired litters in each of the next four years, but was not used as extensively as was Ringwood and his own son Ranter. One of the best strains in the Badminton kennels comes from Ranter, for the celebrated bitch Gladsome, entered by Philip Payne in 1811, goes back through Royster and Vernon's Ranter to him; and thus it was that Mr. Codrington used to declare that his Colliers had the rarest blood in England in their veins. Lord Fitzwilliam's Captain and Dexter, Lord Monson's Conqueror, and the Duke of Grafton's Bellman were used in 1790, Conqueror and another hound from the same kennels, Tartar, as well as Mr. Wrightson's Wonder, being also used the following year.

PEDIGREE OF RANTER, 1790.

Ranter, 1790	Dover, 1786	Driver, 1780	Charger, 1778	Driver, 1771
				Tattler, 1775
			Airy, 1777	Lord Granby's Monarch
				Bridget, 1775
		Whimsey, 1780	Tartar, 1776	Luther, 1772
				Crafty, 1771
			Singwell, 1779	Lord Fitzwilliam's Ranger
				Molly, 1777
	Redrose, 1788	Neptune, 1785	Tartar, 1776	Luther, 1772
				Crafty, 1771
			Sukey, 1781	Hannibal, 1779
				Tattler, 1775
		Vestal, 1785	Glider, 1780	Mr. Meynell's Glider
				Hasty, 1774
			Coquette, 1783	Mr. Noel's Collier
				Sukey, 1781

Will Smith speaks of Ranter as follows: "A very famous hound stallion. His blood has always been considered as stout, or stouter, than any other in England, particularly by Mr. Meynell and J. Evans, of Burton."

Then came Mr. Wrightson's Banger, Lord Monson's Warrior, Trouncer, and Masher, Lord Fitzwilliam's Hedger



"RINGWOOD" (1788).

and Danger, Mr. Meynell's Splendour, Stormer, Guardian, and Gayman, Sir W. Lowther's Masher and Danger, and the Duke of Grafton's Gamester; Ringwood and Ranter, as before mentioned, being the chief sires from the home benches. Redrose only bred one other litter besides the one that included Ranter, and this one by Lord Monson's Conqueror, Crimson being the only noteworthy hound, as an exceedingly good brood bitch.

The first mention of Mr. Foljambe's blood comes in 1797, in which year Sir W. Lowther's Masher also sired three litters, and his Gilder another. Mr. Meynell's Gilder, Lord Monson's Stranger, and the home-bred Dashwood, Ranter, Royal, Bloomer, Clincher, Crasher, and Fleecer were also used. Ranter, Nuby, and Luther were also the chief home-bred sires in the following year, Mr. Meynell's Gayman and Sparkler, Sir W. Lowther's Galliard, Lord Fitzwilliam's Archer and Lord Monson's Regal introducing outside blood. Ranter continued to leave his mark in the kennel, and was used till he was twelve years of age. Lord Fitzwilliam's and Lord Monson's blood was still popular, and in 1801 Sir G. Heathcote's Ruler was responsible for two litters. Home-bred sires were mostly used for several years at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but Lord Fitzwilliam's Truant takes credit for siring Trimmer, a famous hound out of Flourish. Trimmer was a very celebrated hound, and turned out a good stallion. He was a big, plain dog, and a wonderful finder of a fox, and possessing a good nose, was particularly good on a cold scent. Lord Fitzwilliam's Truant was by Traitor out of Lightfoot, Traitor being by the Duke of Bedford's Traitor out of Blowsy, and Lightfoot by Juggler out of Riot. The Belvoir Boaster was used in 1805, as were Lord Monson's Neptune, Mr. Meynell's Hotspur and Sutton, Mr. Ward's Piper and Jailor, and the Duke of Leeds's Trusty. Tarquin, a noted stallion, was whelped this year, he being by Wildair out of Graceful, Wildair by Ranter out of Ringwood's daughter Music, and Graceful by Lord Monson's Gimcrack out of Dido, another daughter of Ranter. The first Osbaldeston cross came in 1809 with Wonder; Mr. Robert Vyner in "Notititia Venatica" says that there was a lot of Brocklesby blood in Mr. Osbaldeston's pack. The before-mentioned Trimmer sired the most noted of his progeny the same year. This was Marplot, a good hound in every respect and a particularly good finder, and he afterwards left his mark in the kennel as a sire. Next came a dash of Belvoir and Lord Lonsdale's blood, though home-bred sires were most in favour, and 1812 Mr. Osbaldeston's Trickster and Tarquin each sired a litter. The former was by the Duke of Rutland's Topper out of Rarity, and the latter by Trickster out of Duchess. Tarquin was used again two years later, as was Joker from the same kennel, and the Belvoir Jericho; and the hounds most frequently "mentioned in despatches" in 1814 were Reveller, Mercury, Marplot, and Rattler as being good on a cold scent, and Prattler, Rattler, Charmer, Valiant, and Monarch, the latter two youngsters, put in some good work at Wootton and Ulceby on October 22nd, Rattler being by far the most frequent name to come in for special mention. The Duke of Rutland's Singer, Mr. Osbaldeston's Joker and Tarquin, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Alured were used in 1815, Tom Smith's last year in office, though Marplot and Guider sired most of the puppies that year, and Wakeful, a daughter of the great Trimmer, came in for most frequent mention in the diaries.

The first Will Smith took over the hounds from his father in 1816, the pack then consisting of eighty-five and a half couples, of which twenty-three and a half were youngsters; and Marplot, Wildboy, Guider, Glider, and Lord Lonsdale's Lexicon and Noble sired most of the puppies whelped during his first year of office. These last two sires were respectively by Sir T. Mostyn's Lucifer and Lexicon.

The hounds to come in for most frequent mention for good work that season were Gallant, Dolphin, Fountain, Blissful, Mopsey, Wildair, Blowsy, Bravery, Tory, Tuner, Lusty, Marquis, Miner, and Royster—Blowsy particularly distinguishing herself on several occasions. The Duke of Grafton's Roderick was used in 1817, he having Monarch, a very good hound by Arbiter out of Mopsey, for two years in exchange. Roderick was by Rampant out of Syren, Rampant being by Rector, Rector by Regent, and Regent by a former Rampant. Syren was by Lord Lonsdale's Spider out of his Hasty. Mr. Osbaldeston's Chanter and Tarquin were used 1817, also Mr. Walker's Comrade and Cypher. Tarquin was by Trickster out of Duchess, and Cypher by Lord Foley's Regent out of his Chastity, Regent being by Lord Southampton's Render out of Ruin. Comrade was also bred by Lord Foley, being by his Chaser out of Crazy. Mr. Walker was hunting the Lincoln country this year.

Then came Mr. Smith's Collier by Mr. Chaworth's Collier out of his Rival, and Danger and Shiner from Lord Fitzwilliam's kennels; Mr. Saville's Ajax and Fearnaught, the latter by Lord Middleton's Furrier out of Flourish; the Belvoir Abelard, by Archer (by Boaster out of Madcap) out of Sanguine (by Lord Sefton's Saladin); Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder, by Wonder out of Diligent, Wonder being by Brocklesby Wildair, and Diligent by Dancer out of Primrose; and Mr. Saville's Rallywood. This last was a very good hound by Mr. Osbaldeston's Joker out of Rarity, she being by Danger out of Racket. Rallywood was also used in 1819, Lord Lasselles's Tomboy being the only sire from other kennels that year. Next year the Duke of Rutland's Saladin and Ruler, Mr. Osbaldeston's Sailor and Vanquisher, and Mr. Ward's Lazarus were represented in the entry. Ruler was by Racer out of Frantic; Vanquisher by Lord Vernon's Vigilant out of his Stella by Mr. Heron's Nectar out of Stella; and Sailor by Jason out of Skilful, Jason by Joker out of Troublesome, and Troublesome by Belvoir Topper out of Rarity. In 1820 and 1821 we find Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter, by Dromo out of Norah, and Thwackam, by Trulliber out of Tempest; Mr. Saville's Champion, by Chanter out of Skilful; and

Sir Richard Sutton's Lucifer, by Mr. Smith's Collier, before mentioned, out of Lofty, who was by Sir T. Mostyn's Dashwood out of Gaylass.

Then come Mr. Foljambe's Jailor, by Mr. Saville's Jailor out of Bluebell, Mr. Saville's Jailor being by Lord Lonsdale's Jailor out of Harmony, who was by the Duke of Rutland's Gauger; and Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor (by Vanquisher out of Bedlam) and Comus. Drayman, one of Drowsy's puppies, by Mr. Foljambe's Jailor, went this year to Mr. Foljambe in exchange for his Brilliant, who was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor out of Vanity; and the following year, 1823, Lord Harewood's Gallant was the only outside blood introduced.

Mr. Foljambe's Royal was used in 1824; he was bred by Lord Lonsdale by his Roderick out of Courtly, and Sir Richard Sutton's Rattler and Grumbler, the latter being by Mr. Heron's Bangor out of Ghastly, were used in the same year; also Belvoir Chimer, who was given to Will Smith by Goosey in 1827. This good hound was by Fearnaught out of Cloe, she being by Lord Fitzwilliam's Arthur out of Columbine. Arthur was own brother to Alured, who sired some wonderfully good hounds in the Brocklesby kennels.

In 1824 Smith got a number of hounds from Sir Tatton Sykes's kennels near Malton, Carter giving him one couple, he buying one couple and exchanging another couple with Mr. Lyon, who had secured three couples. Carter particularly wished Smith to get Wishful and Reveller, the former being a wonderfully clever bitch by Wellington out of Fallacy, who went back to Brocklesby Ferryman, and Lord Monson's Rally, the dam of his good hound Regent, and the latter being by Forester out of Random, and full of the best blood from Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Middleton's, and Mr. Corbett's kennels. Reveller's dam Random was a daughter of Regent, one of the cleverest hounds Will Smith ever saw. Monarch, by Fairplay out of Vanity, went to Lord Fitzwilliam's in 1826, and his lordship was very fond of his stock and descendants.

The stallion hounds used during the next ten years included Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau and Jason; Sir Tatton Sykes's Woodman, a descendant of Brocklesby Ferryman; the South Wold Statesman, who was a grandson of Mr. Osbaldeston's Tarquin; the Belvoir Plunder, Contest, and Craftsman, the first by Mr. Osbaldeston's Pontiff, and the other two by his Chorister; Mr. Meynell's Nathan; Lord Harewood's Twister and Pillager; Sir Richard Sutton's Watchman, whose sire, Mr. Chute's (Hampshire) Larkspur, was of the Duke of Richmond's best blood; the Belvoir Roderick, who was by the Badminton Roderick; Lord Lonsdale's Charon, in whose veins ran Lord Fitzwilliam's and Mr. Osbaldeston's best strains; and Mr. Foljambe's Piper, who, being by Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper, goes back to Lord Scarborough's best sort.

Sanguine, a bitch who had a litter of puppies by the South Wold Statesman, had been given by Smith to Mr. George Pelham when he hunted that country, and he brought her back to Brocklesby when he gave the country up; and in 1826 there was a litter by Reveller out of Lord Harewood's Midnight, whose sire Rubens was by Brocklesby Bowman out of a daughter of Mr. Chaworth's Rifler; another of Lord Harewood's bitches, Graceful, of Lord Fitzwilliam's, Sir Bellingham Graham's, and Mr. Ward's best strains, had a litter by Rector the same year. Sir Tatton Sykes's Brilliant, chiefly of Lord Middleton's blood, who was given Smith by Carter in 1828, was too lame to hunt, having been ridden over, but he sired a good litter of puppies out of Flourish.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Rambler and Prodigal, who were used in 1829, came of Lord Lonsdale's and Lord Vernon's strains, and Sir Tatton Sykes's Richmond came from Lord Middleton's kennels, and of the same blood as Sir Tatton Sykes's Brilliant.

Owing to the ravages of distemper in 1829, Lord Yarborough had to appeal to his brother masters of hounds for assistance, and so obtained twenty-two and a half couples of hounds from the best kennels of the day, many of them being stallion hounds of some note. From Sir Richard Sutton came Sifter, Archer, and Trywell, the former being by Mr. Smith's Splendour out of the Badsworth Lavish, through his sire going back to Lord Lonsdale's Jailor and Mr. Chaworth's Royster, and through his dam, who was by Lord Foley's Regent, to Lord Southampton's Render. Archer was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister, and Trywell by Mr. Osbaldeston's Tarquin.

Mr. Foljambe sent Pastime and Prosody, by his Piper out of Graceful; Wildfire, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder out of Riot, who was by Mr. Smith's Rubens; Marplot, by Gauger out of Milliner, and Aimwell, by Bluecap out of Actress.

Sir Tatton Sykes likewise sent two and a half couples, consisting of Monarch, by Bluecap, a good hound and a sire of some repute; Prizer, by Lord Darlington's Benedict, himself a stallion hound, while his sire was used at Eddlethorpe till ten years of age. Coaster was by Forester, and Trueman, who was renamed Fleecer, was by Lord Middleton's Roman out of Famous, a bitch Smith thought rather highly of. Her sire was Lord Middleton's Matcham, and her dam was by Lord Yarborough's Ferryman, whose dam Famous was the dam of the celebrated Trimmer. Dashwood was by Lord Middleton's Denmark, but being a shirker in covert he was soon drafted.

Lord Hawke, the Master of the Badsworth, contributed Collier and Monarch, the former going back through his dam to Lord Fitzwilliam's Jovial and Lord Yarborough's Wildboy, and through his sire to Sir Richard Sutton's Cerberus, the Duke of Grafton's Labyrinth and Lord Althorp's Cerberus, a big fine hound that Mr. T. A. Smith had a very high opinion of. Monarch, with some excellent strains from Mr. Osbaldeston's, Lord Lonsdale's, and Sir Richard Sutton's kennels in his veins, lacked stoutness, and was soon drafted. He was descended from a famous bitch called Matchless, by Lord Middleton's Loyal out of Mr. Fox's Melody, who was bought by Sir Richard Sutton from Mr. Digby Legard.

From Belvoir came Wonder, by Lord Middleton's Warrior out of Rally, a daughter of Mr. Saville's Rallywood, and Capital, by Duster out of Clamorous, of Belvoir, and Lord Lonsdale's strains.

Mr. Hanbury, the Master of the Puckeridge, sent two and a half couples, namely, Comical, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Gayman; Jovial, an excellent sire, by Lord Yarborough's Jailor out of his Celia; Medlar, by the Puckeridge Medlar; Tomboy, by Lord Yarborough's Tomboy out of his Troublesome; and Prodigal, by Mr. Oxenden's Tomboy.

Mr. Villebois and Mr. Newman each contributed two couples, and Lord Harewood one and a half couples. Lord Lonsdale's two and a half couples were all by his own sires, but Lord Fitzwilliam's Chorister, Cantwell, and Rebel were respectively by Lord Middleton's Constant, Sir Richard Sutton's Chancellor, and Lord Lonsdale's Reveller.

Mr. Osbaldeston's contribution was Ruler, by Rasselas; Governess, by Vanquisher; and Rosalind, a very good bitch indeed, by Vaulter out of Ruin, a daughter of Lord Lonsdale's Roderick, and on her dam's side a descendant of Mr. Osbaldeston's Trickster, who was the sire of his noted hound Tarquin.

But the greatest acquisition was the far-famed Furrier, who was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and went to Mr. Osbaldeston in a draft on account of his crooked fore legs. Mr. Osbaldeston would never let any one stand in front of him to look at him. Furrier was by Belvoir Saladin out of Fallacy, Fallacy being by Lord Lonsdale's Wonder out of Frantic, who was by the Duke of Beaufort's Cardinal out of Lord Yarborough's Doxey. Saladin was by Sultan out of Golden. As a stallion Furrier played a most important part in the fox-hound world, and his stock were the best of workers, and as stout as could be. Mr. Osbaldeston gave him to Lord Yarborough in November, 1829, and he was allowed to run about the kennels till he was, unfortunately, scalded with a pail of broth, after which he ceased to get puppies, though he warded bitches. Furrier's sister Frantic also went to Brocklesby, going first to John Walker, at the South Wold in a draft, where she had a litter to Brocklesby Minister. A very useful gift was Proctor from Sir Tatton Sykes's kennels in 1830, who, by Lord Middleton's Denmark out of Sir Tatton Sykes's Abigail, went back on his sire's side to the great Brocklesby Ranter of 1790. The same year Smith exchanged some bitches with Mr. Foljambe, the two and a half couples that came to Brocklesby being by Random, Sir Tatton Sykes's Driver, and Sir Richard Sutton's Rocket and Watchman.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier was used in 1830 and 1831, and was the sire of five litters of puppies, the other outside blood coming with Sir Tatton Sykes's Prizer and Monarch, and the Badsworth Sifter, Mr. Muster's Saladin, and Lord Harewood's Pilgrim. Pilgrim afterwards went to Mr. Wemyss in Fifeshire. Of Jailor, a son of Sir Tatton Sykes's Monarch, the "Druid" says—

> "None of them could carry a scent like him through the steam of a hundred horses on the road; and on one occasion he took it half a mile along the top of a sod wall at Croxby Warren, with the pack on both sides, and his great bushy tan stern waving like a banner, till 'the Brocklesby boys' were in raptures."

Old Will Smith used to say that he always went to Sir Tatton for ribs.

The home-bred Furrier, Reveller, and Glancer were the favourites about that time.

In 1831 one comes across the following footnote to the hound-list—

> "Lord Middleton—who has this spring given up his hounds, which he sold to Sir Richard Sutton—offered Lord Yarborough two litters of whelps, and when he sent for them he gave us eleven and a half couples of puppies (a cartload), and offered us all he had, and what we did not have they killed. Therefore the whelps from his lordship's bitches are bred by him. We gave him Grappler for a stallion hound last year. Several of these puppies were afflicted with kennel lameness, and out with their elbows and stifles. I killed four couples which I thought not worth sending out, and we did not keep a single hound. They had been very much neglected at Wollaton kennels, and going out bad ones to quarters, they came in the same."

In 1832 Lord Yarborough got a young bitch called Patience from Lord Lonsdale. She was by his Prowler out of his Garnet, and going back through Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Monson's, and Mr. Osbaldeston's blood to Brocklesby Wildair. Tomboy, a hound of Mr. Osbaldeston's, used in 1833, was by his Rocket out of Truelove, Truelove being by Tarquin, who was a son of Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated old Tarquin. This famous hound was buried in the court of the Quorn kennels, the following epitaph being raised in his memory—

"TO THE MEMORY OF TARQUIN,
Who died A.D. 1818.

"Beneath this stone my favourite foxhound lies;
Stop, all ye sportsmen, here, and wipe your eyes.
Tho' not the only favourite of the pack,
From him no false alarm, or in his duty slack."

Lord Middleton's Marplot, used the same year, was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, being by Lord Middleton's Denmark out of Termagant. Lord Middleton's Limmer was also bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, being by Lord Middleton's Chanter out of Random, and through his sire a descendant of Colonel Cook's Racer, one of the best. The South Wold Woldsman was bred by Mr. Foljambe, being by Brocklesby Woldsman out of his Harmony.

That year, too, Lord Yarborough gave Sir Richard Sutton the four dog hounds, Bowler, Platoff, Random, and Voucher, for his three bitches, Comedy, Nosegay, and Primrose, the former being by Belvoir Chanter out of Dainty, and going back to Badminton strains, the latter by Brocklesby Chaser out of Proserpine, who came of Belvoir stock, while Nosegay was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Tomboy out of Needful, she being by Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher out of Nimble. Druid, who was whelped in 1825, was the home-bred sire most frequently used about that time.

Three more hounds came to Brocklesby in 1834—two, Cryer and Jealousy, being given by the Rev. G. Watson to Lord Yarborough, and the other, Charity, given by Mr.

Watson to Mr. G. Pelham, who sent her to Brocklesby. Cryer was bred by the Duke of Beaufort, being by Pychley Comrade out of Rampish, and a descendant of the Badminton Justice, old Will Long's favourite strain. Jealousy was bred by Mr. Watson, and was by the Badminton Rallywood out of Mr. Clutton Brock's Joyful. Charity was also bred by Mr. Watson, being by Badminton Rector (a brother of Rallywood) out of Mr. Brock's Charity.

Will never liked either Jealousy or Charity, as they were "too fond of racing."

Mr. Watson, who was Vicar of Caistor, and had great hopes of being able to keep a pack of hounds one day, kept a few brood bitches, and bred Mr. Brock's entry of 1834. Mr. Brock was then Master of the Worcestershire, his kennels being at Worcester, and W. Carter was his huntsman.

Cryer was a big powerful hound, with lots of bone, and standing on short legs; but he was, unfortunately, lame.

Ranter was lent to Lord Yarborough by Mr. Foljambe in 1834, and was used that year. He was a good sort of hound, but rather short in the neck. He was by Mr. Osbaldeston's famous Furrier out of his Ruin, a daughter of Lord Lonsdale's Roderick. Belvoir Wonder, by Wildman out of Comfort, and Sir Tatton Sykes's Splendour, by Mr. Hill's Alfred out of Lord Middleton's Darling, also sired puppies.

The Duke of Rutland's Regent, a very fine hound with a lot of bone, was extensively used in 1835 and 1836; he was by Rover out of Clamorous, Rover being by Lord Lonsdale's Roderick, and Clamorous by Chanter out of Lord Fitzwilliam's strains.

In 1836 Lord Yarborough had the Badsworth Tickler given him. He was then seven years of age, but a sporting-looking dog, and very gay and active for his years, though a little lame in his stifle. Richards, the Badsworth huntsman, gave him a very good character, and said he was a wonderful finder. Smith afterwards gave him to

Shirley, Sir Richard Sutton's huntsman, who liked him; but Foster, Mr. Foljambe's huntsman, crabbed him unmercifully. He was by Carnival out of Tulip, Carnival being by Sir Richard Sutton's Chorister out of Felony, a daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam's Fairplay, and Tulip, by Sir Richard Sutton's Cerberus out of Tigress, who was by Sir Bellingham Graham's Ravager. Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, who was by old Furrier out of Vengeful, was used in 1836, as was Mr. Foljambe's Clasher, by the Belvoir Chanter out of Frolic, and his Abelard, who being by Belvoir Comus out of Abigail, goes back on his sire's side to Fleecer, who was brother to Fallacy, the dam of Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier.

A very useful hound called Plunder was put forward this year, and he afterwards proved of great service in the Heythrop kennels, where Jem Hills used him to correct the short head and neck and wide chest of the Dorimont and Nectar blood. Ganymede, who was used in 1836 both at Brocklesby and Milton, was the sire of the latter's Goldfinch, whose son Hermit by Hector made a great name for himself at Badminton. A Badminton hound much used at Milton, Feudal by name, was a grandson of Brocklesby Bluecap.

In 1837 Lord Yarborough exchanged Filigree, a beautiful bitch, and Harriet for Sir Richard Sutton's Wildair, who was by his Woldsman out of Mr. Osbaldeston's Filigree, a daughter of old Furrier. Wildair sired one litter of puppies at Brocklesby, and Sir Richard's Chanticleer was also used. He was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter out of Charming, both of which Sir Richard had obtained from Lord Middleton, who in turn had purchased them with Mr. Muster's hounds.

Smith lost nine couples of puppies by distemper this year.

Will Smith sent a very useful hound to Will Danby at the York and Ainsty this year, in Trimbush, by Badsworth Tickler out of Virgin, one of the Osbaldeston's Vanquisher stock. The "Druid" says—

> "To be in Will's (Danby's) society, and not learn about Trimbush, would be drawing him blank indeed. . . . Will Smith sent him to the Ainsty with a broken arm and a beautiful pedigree of five and twenty years; but he never greatly distinguished himself till he worked it out about half a mile down a road near Shipton-on-Ouse, which the hares were crossing every instant, while the rest could hardly feather on the grass. Both Mr. Lloyd and Will thought he was taking it too far; and the former had just said, 'Will! it's a band on a stallion,' when he 'went through the hedge like a gun,' and killed him soon after. Tom Carter was a great admirer of his, and sent several bitches to him. Some of his grand-daughters, with their long, dark-coloured heads, are still to be found in the Hurworth."

Sir Richard Sutton's Ringwood, the grandsire of the great Rallywood, was used in 1838, he being by Mr. Osbaldeston's Fencer, who was a son of old Furrier and Chorister's daughter Vicious, and out of Relish, who was by Lord Middleton's Trusty. Rosebud, the dam of Rallywood, was also whelped this year, she being by Rector out of Frolic. Basilisk, the sire of Rallywood, was by Sir Richard Sutton's Ringwood out of Brajela, who was entered in 1832.

In 1839 Lord Yarborough decided to reduce the size of his hounds to twenty-three inches, the bitches not to be below twenty-one inches, and in consequence Duncan, Flagrant, Sifter, Prompter, and Vanquisher, who were too big, and Factious, who was too small, were exchanged for three couples of Sir Richard Sutton's. These were: Fearnaught, who was by Belvoir Rocket (a brother to Rasselas, and so a grandson of Brocklesby Woldsman) out of Rosy, who was by Sir Tatton Sykes's Barrister out of Rachel, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Rutland; Foiler, who was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Fencer out of Riot, a daughter of Lord Yarborough's Grappler and Lord Middleton's Racket; Hotspur, by Hector (by Belvoir Hector out of Brocklesby Woodbine) out of Darling, by Mr. Muster's Dancer; Brusher, by Barrister out of Remnant, Remnant being by Brocklesby Reveller out of Frantic, who goes back to Brocklesby Dreadnaught, and Barrister by Mr. Osbaldeston's Sportsman; Lexicon, a son of Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, who was used at Brocklesby, and Lightning, by Sir Tatton Sykes's Lounger, Vanquisher being by old Furrier; and Virgin, who was by Lord Lonsdale's Jester, out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Virgin, Jester, who was bred by Lord Yarborough, being by Fairplay out of Jezebel, and Virgin by Sir Richard Sutton's Vagrant out of Sprightly.*

Lord Fitzwilliam's Fairplay, above mentioned, and Shiner, Lord Lonsdale's Lasher and Saracen, the Vine Falstaff, who was at Sir Tatton Sykes's kennels, the Cheshire Benedict, and Sir Richard's Furrier, were the sires from other packs used that year. Furrier was a gift to Lord Yarborough, and was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Flagrant out of Sir Tatton Sykes's Blossom, Flagrant being by Furrier out of Rosy, and so own brother to Foiler, and Blossom by Barrister out of Darling, going back to Lord Monson's Rally.

Gladsome, a fine powerful bitch, was obtained from Mr. Hodgson in exchange for Chorister and Dainty. Gladsome was bred by Mr. Foljambe, being by Lord Yarborough's Ganymede out of Mr. Foljambe's Starlight, who goes back through Belvoir Clasper (brother to Clinker) and Craftsman to Saladin, which Shaw and Goosey considered their best strain.

Another gift was Bonny Lass, from Bamford, Lord Harewood's huntsman. She was a good-looking bitch, with no end of bone, and very strongly put together, and being by Primer out of Bonny Lass, had the blood of Sir Tatton Sykes's Proctor and Sir Bellingham Graham's Charon in her veins.

Mr. Foljambe's Prompter, who sired litters in 1840, was by Mr. Hodson's Valiant (bred by Sir Tatton Sykes) out of Proserpine, and in the following year the Cheshire Benedict, who had been used in 1839, had two litters to his credit. This hound was bred in 1833 and was by Galliard out of Bounty, with strains of Lord Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Meynell's, and Shropshire blood in his veins.

Another good hound who was the sire of puppies in

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* Fearnaught, Hotspur, and Lexicon were sent out to Captain D. Pelham at Gibraltar.

1839 was Sir Tatton Sykes's Furrier, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Flagrant.

Lord Fitzwilliam sent a very good bitch called Fairy to Brocklesby in 1840, Sebright having a very high opinion of her. Unfortunately she killed all her puppies when she whelped, and as she was then eight years of age, was not bred from again. She was by Flasher out of Sprightly, and goes back to Mr. Corbett's Trojan strain.

A good-looking hound from Lord Segrave's kennels was Desperate, Henry Ayris, the huntsman, considering him a good worker and a good stallion ; but Will thought him a bit too free of tongue. He was by Woldsman out of Delicate, a grand-daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Duncan.

Another good hound used in 1841 was Mr. Foljambe's Harold, who, being by Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter—Furrier's son by Ruin—out of Harpy, goes back to another fine strain of blood on the dam's side, for her sire Herald throws back to the Belvoir Saladin, and her dam Julia to the Beaufort Jason. Dashwood, a hound that was used with very great success by the Bramham Moor, was also used in 1841 ; he was by Druid out of Fair Maid, one of old Quorn Furrier's last litter. There were at one time twenty-five couples of Dashwoods, principally bitches, in the Bramham Moor kennels.

That year stallion hounds went out as follows :—Sportsman to Lord Dacre, Dealer to Lord Mostyn, Wrangler to the Cheshire, while Royal went to Lord Fitzwilliam, Saladin coming to Brocklesby in exchange.

A note in the hound-list tells us that Thornton College Covert was planted in 1818, Badger Hills was resown in 1821, and that Sir Richard Sutton's covert, Great Coates, was sown in the same year, and Yarborough Camp the following.

By the way, there must have been a tremendous number of foxes in the Brocklesby country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for we read in " Notititia Venatica " that—

"In the Earl of Yarborough's country, which is far too extensive for one pack of hounds to hunt regularly and impartially, the foxes are so numerous that the whippers-in and earth-stoppers were at one time frequently employed during the frost and snow in digging and destroying them in places which are ill-calculated for sport."

Besides the Cheshire Benedict, other sires used in 1841 were the Duke of Rutland's Barrister, Lord Segrave's Desperate, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Match 'em.

Will Smith's favourite, Ranter, the very last hound he cheered, and the last hound he thought of, was bred this year. He was by Prodigal out of Rosebud.

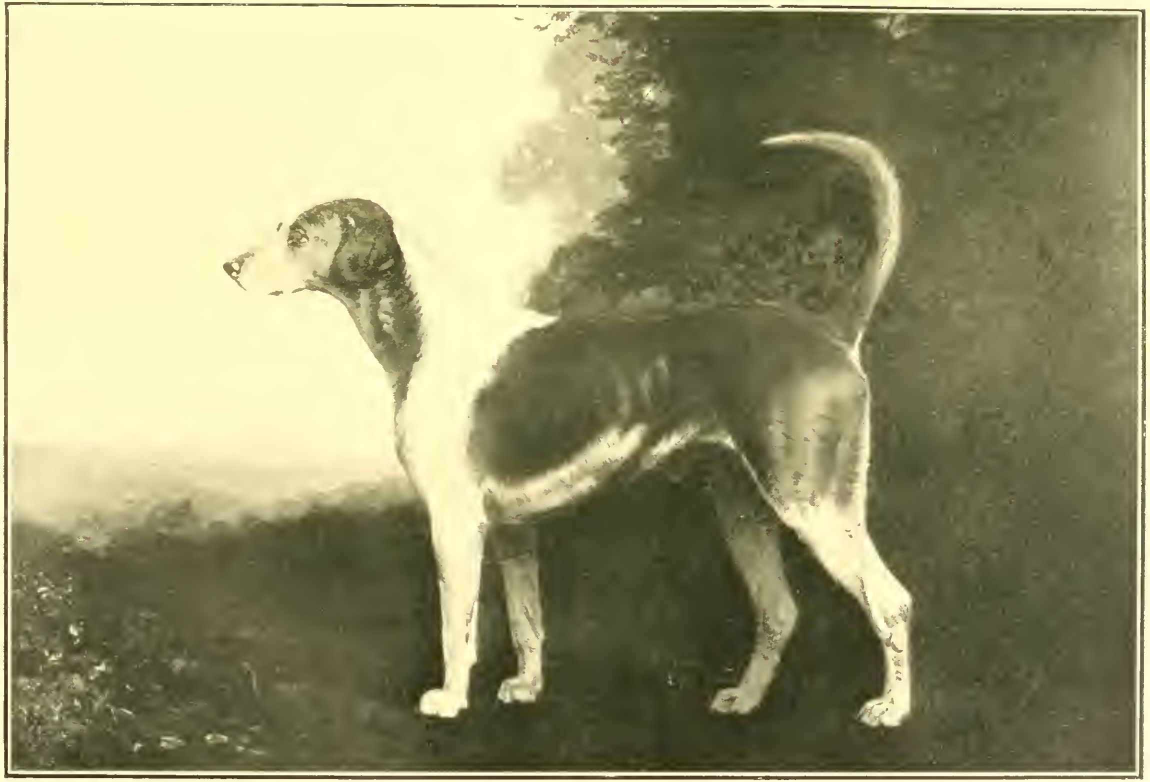
In spite of the last dying injunction of the old huntsman, Ranter was hardly used at all. Bellman, Minister, and Monarch were entered in 1847, and Noble in 1851, and that is the sum-total of his progeny, and he died in a strange kennel. Bellman was used in 1852 and 1853, and Noble in 1853, and for many years after, begetting a grand race of fox-hounds, the most famous being the family of Grove Harkaways, who are descended from Hymen, a young dog hound who went to Grove in exchange for a young bitch. Hymen was by Nelson, entered in 1861, who was by Nettler, entered in 1854, who was a son of the Noble of 1851. To the Grove Harkaways we owe the Harlequin of 1890, a rare worker, a perfect tiger at a fox, and a sire of good fox-hounds. Unfortunately he could not get puppies with any certainty, or there would be more of his strain in the kennel to-day. A favourite hound in the Badminton kennels to-day is Nelson, a direct descendant of old Ranter, the value of whose blood Will Smith foresaw and impressed upon his son. Why he was not more used it is difficult to understand, for he was a splendid worker and a good-looking fox-hound. Ranter was used with great success in Lord Fitzhardinge's kennels.

Lord Lonsdale's Limner and Senator sired puppies in the 1843 entry, as did Mr. Foljambe's Harbinger and Sir Richard Sutton's Damper; but the 1843 entry will be celebrated for the fact that it contained the famous Rallywood, "the hound that made the Belvoir." Rallywood, whose portrait, painted by Ferneley, hangs at Brocklesby, at Belvoir, and at Cottesbrook Rectory, was by Basilisk out of Rosebud, and his pedigree is here given.

PEDIGREE OF RALLYWOOD, 1842.

Rallywood, 1842	Basilisk, 1838	Sir R. Sutton's Ringwood	Mr. Osbaldeston's Fencer	Furrier, 1820	
				Vicious dam of Chorister	
			Sir R. Sutton's Relish		
		Brajila, 1832	Chacer, 1828	Lord Lonsdale's Charon	
				Wilful, 1826	
			Blossom, 1827	Bertram, 1823	
				Mindful, 1821	
	Rosebud, 1838	Rector, 1831	Pilot, 1828		
			Rarity, 1829	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rambler	
				Careful, 1825	
		Frolic, 1834	Watchman, 1831	Sir R. Sutton's Watchman	
				Rosebud, 1829	
			Fallacy, 1830	Fairplay, 1821	Trimbush, 1812
					Flourish, 1819
				Wanton, 1827	Bertram, 1823
					Whimsey, 1825

There can be no finer picture of this fox-hound than that painted by the "Druid" in "Silk and Scarlet," for it is that of Will Goodall, who coveted his prize so long before he came possessed of it. This is what the "Druid" says of probably the most famous fox-hound ever whelped:—"Yarborough Rallywood, who has virtually made the Belvoir kennel what it now is, never ran to head, but always got to the end of great runs. He was very long and low, the exact image of the Ringwood that Stubbs painted for Brocklesby, and with somewhat round quarters, which made him rather the harrier, and although good twenty-three, he was mean to those who like a big hound. In fact, he was quite a *multum in parvo*, and Will thus summed up his merits in the last sentence of the last letter he ever wrote us: "He was the lowest dog I ever saw in my life, with the largest fore-rib, combined with a beautiful neck and



"RALLYWOOD" (1842).

From a painting by J. Ferneley.

shoulders, and a pleasing intelligent countenance." Old Will Smith wanted the Belvoir Grappler, and said, "I'll give you anything in the kennel for him;" and Will selected Rallywood in spite of his broken thigh. This exchange was never made, owing to Smith's untimely death, and Grappler died at Belvoir; but the negotiations were renewed with young Will Smith, and he sent Rallywood, by whom he had at one time about fourteen couples of working hounds, and got Trouncer in exchange, and then Raglan by Rustic, whom he liked no better. Will was so fond of his prize, when he at last got hold of it, that fifty-three couples of his puppies, from ten couples of "the very best stuff" in the kennel, was sent out in the second season. He came to Belvoir in 1851, at nine years old, and was worked a whole season, and when he died, in 1853, he was found a fitting necropolis in the centre of a flower plot, in Will's garden, and a red-currant tree now blooms over his remains. Clinker and Chaser were the first of his get, and raced in their eighth season like greyhounds. Rallywood, Sailor, and Lucifer have been the last great immediate descendants of him, and Comely and Clara, by Lucifer from Cautious by Craftsman, were two of John Walker's "dearies"; but Comely lost her foot by a stub, in cub-hunting, and it mortified and dropped off, and they only saved her to have one litter by Yarborough Nettler. Lucifer was a tremendous runner all his time, and especially remarkable as a puppy, and before he ever came in from quarters he would regularly appear at the meet, and run with the hounds. He was quartered at Hose, and on one occasion he was going with his master to Melton Market, when he espied the Duke's second horseman, and on second thoughts went with him to Piper Hole. They found at Clawson Thorns, and had an excellent run with a kill, and Lucifer well up. Just as they were going to draw again, he took right off with a hare, and they lost him, till they had hunted their next fox nearly up to Lord Harboro's park, when he was seen racing to meet them, among hosts of hares. The pack were stopped, as usual, at this point; and when he had taken a turn at a deer, in Croxton Park, coming back, he had his supper at Belvoir, and was sent home.

This was also the habit of his brother Lictor when he was at walk at Clawson. He would sometimes join Will, and then a day or two after, by way of a change, he would be seen remarkably busy with Sir Richard Sutton's. He once joined the Quorn at Holwell Mouth, and they killed their fox in the woods, close to Belvoir Castle. Sir Richard and Lord Rosslyn had arranged to take the draft that season, and the former was so pleased with Lictor's work, that he said to Jack Morgan: "Get off, Jack, and see if he's straight; if he is I'll have him, if I get first pick." Jack shook his head after the inspection, and said: "He'll never come to Quorn, Sir Richard;" and so it proved, as Will Goodall worked him six seasons, and then Lord Henry's, Sir Watkin's, and Mr. Davenport's kennels used him. It was always said that he carried the scent across some dry fallows that day, near Clawson Thorns, and Will never failed to point him out to Jack, when he came to the kennel, with, "There, my lad, that's the dog that killed your fox for you. You won't have him; I'll keep him to show me the road into some of your country."

Never was there a more luckless trio than Rosebud's three sons, Rallywood, Rocket, and Royster. Rallywood had his thigh broken; Rocket, a good-looking dog, but curiously marked, was kicked and killed in Grimsby Field, and Royster fell down a chalk-pit in Irby Dales.

Will Goodall's opinion of Rallywood, as given in his hunting journal, is interesting reading—

> "This is a most beautiful little short-legged dog, exceedingly light of bone, but with beautiful legs and feet. I got him from Brocklesby in exchange for Raglan in 1850. This dog was considered by the late W. Smith to be one of the best bred hounds in the Brocklesby kennels. Rosebud, his dam, worked until she was ten years old; she was never known to do anything wrong. They are perfection in their work, and everlasting."

Mr. Foljambe's Saladin, Albion, and Sparkler were responsible for hounds in the 1844 entry, and Her Majesty's Satellite, Lord Lonsdale's Senator, and Lord Dacre's Hector were also used. Satellite was also used the next year, as were the Duke of Buccleuch's Sailor, Mr. Meynell's Edgar, Lord Harewood's Jovial, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Roman. Basilisk sired one hound in the entry, and the following year (which saw the first of Rallywood's stock entered to fox-hunting) also saw some of his stock in the field. Lord Fitzwilliam's Roman sired four and a half couples of this entry, and was the only sire used from other kennels.

Rallywood again figured as a sire of some of the 1847 entry—the Ranter of 1842 sired a couple, and there was a fine litter of two and a half couples by Basilisk out of Rosebud, the parents of the great Rallywood. Lord Henry Bentinck's Foiler and Comus, and Mr. Foljambe's Royal, were also represented. Ruler, who was first used in 1846, was a great stud hound in his time. He was bred by Mr. Foljambe, being by his Albion out of his Rosamond, was a rich yellow pie in colour, and the pick of the entry.

Flasher, a son of the Druid of 1834, and Rallywood divided the entry of 1848, Contest and Mr. Foljambe's Albion being the only other sires, the former siring one and the latter two couples; Flasher and Rallywood were again the chief sires in 1849, though Lord Fitzwilliam's Hermit and Lord Bentinck's Tomboy were also represented. Ruler, above mentioned, and Rallywood were responsible for most of the 1850 entry, the Belvoir Falstaff being the only foreign sire; and the following year Rallywood had no fewer than six couples entered, the Ranter of 1842 having one solitary representative, while Mr. Foljambe's Render and Foiler also sired puppies. Reveller, by Basilisk out of Rosebud, and so a brother to Rallywood, had puppies in the 1852 entry, Lord Henry Bentinck's, Sir Richard Sutton's, and Mr. Foljambe's kennels also providing sires; Reveller also had stock in the following year, as did Ranter's son Bellman, Lord Fitzwilliam's

Feudal and Hero, the Cheshire Vagrant and Mr. Foljambe's Royster bringing in blood from other kennels. Bellman and Noble, another son of Ranter, were well represented in the 1854 entry, and other sires used were Sir T. Sykes's Carver, the Cheshire Plunder, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Comrade. Will Smith's favourite hounds about 1855 were Abelard, Fairplay, Bangor, Noble, Sportsman, Rockwood, and Pleader.

Lord Fitzwilliam's Feudal was the sire of a grand litter of four couples entered in 1855, Noble had a couple of puppies to perpetuate the famous Ranter blood, and the Cheshire Vagrant and the Duke of Beaufort's Rufus were also represented. Rufus was descended from Brocklesby Ganymede, the sire of Fitzwilliam Goldfinch, and he was a great favourite with Will Goodall at Belvoir. The Badmintons kennels had some of their Flyer blood in the entry of the following year, Feudal was again to the front, Rallywood's son Rockwood sent two and a half couples, Lord Southampton's Aimwell had three representatives, and Mr. Assheton Smith's Bobadil had a puppy put forward from his Levity. Basilisk and Bondsman (bred in 1856), by Bangor out of Amazon, were two good working hounds when Nimrod Long went to Brocklesby in 1864, and Governess, by Belvoir Guider out of Rosamond, was also a hard runner, while Nailor was both a hard runner and very stout. Lord Scarborough's Finder, the Belvoir Guider, Lord Fitzwilliam's Harbinger and Hardwick, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Crier, had puppies in the same entry. There were also four good hounds by Pleader out of Violet, Vigilant, Victim, Volatile, and Vestris, exceptionally good in their work. Sir R. Sutton's Potentate and the Belvoir Wildair also sired hounds in the 1857 entry. Ranter's blood was represented through Noble in the entry of the following year, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Charon and Lord Scarborough's Cruiser and Racer also had puppies put forward. There was a good two and a half couple entered by the Rufford Helpmate out of Skilful in 1859, Helpmate being a good line hunter and

Harbinger a very hard runner, and there was another very good litter by Villager out of Frolic, the latter one of the big good litter by Lord Fitzwilliam's Feudal out of Remnant. Royalty, a son of Ruler and Orphan, was also a wonderfully good dog entered this year. Lord Henry Bentinck's Challenger, the Belvoir Comus, and the South Wold Barrister, also sired hounds in the entry. In 1860 there were two good bitches put forward by Mr. Foljambe's Finder out of Promise; and a son of Gambler (by Belvoir Guider) and Fury, who had Badminton blood in her veins, Gallant by name, was also a very hard runner and very stout. Lexicon was another good hound entered this year, and Vaulter, by Villager out of Brajela, proved an exceptionally good hound in his work, and a notable stallion, being used with the utmost success by the home and many other kennels. A glance at the hound-lists will show what Vaulter has done for the Brocklesby kennels. Mr. Foljambe's Finder and Sportsman, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Charon and Clasper, and Nettler, a grandson of Ranter, also sired puppies. Amazon was a good bitch by Norman out of Actress put forward in 1861, and there were four good all-round fox-hounds entered the same year in Legacy, Lapwing, Lavish, and Latimer, by Leveller out of Restless. There were also another good three couples by Ranter's grandson Nettler out of Governess, entered the same year, and they were all good fox-hounds; Nimrod, one of the number, eventually went to the Puckeridge as a stallion hound, and Nelson, another, was largely used both at home and in many other kennels. The blood of Mr. Foljambe's, Sir W. Wynn's, the Duke of Rutland's, and Lord Henry Bentinck's kennels was also represented that year. The Duke of Beaufort's Finder was the sire of Abigail, entered in 1862; she had a peculiar tongue, but was a wonderful drawer and a very good hand at finding a fox. Freeman, by Sir W. Wynn's Romeo, had a wonderful nose, and was a very hard runner, and another fine hound entered at the same time was Grecian, a son of Gambler and Venus, the latter one of that fine Villager–

Frolic litter. Grecian was a very handsome fox-hound, with a good neck and shoulders and perfect legs and feet; he came to an untimely end through getting hung up in some iron fencing at Newsham, and was a great loss to the kennel. Pillager, of the same year, was a good line hunter on a cold scent, and other sires of the 1862 entry were Belvoir Fairplay, Pytchley Helicon, Grove Nathan, and Lord Middleton's Warrener. The 1863 entry contained many good fox-hounds, the most notable being Bachelor and Benedict, two sons of the Vaulter of 1860 and Barmaid; Nestor, by Belvoir Lexicon out of Nightshade, and a litter by Royalty out of Charity, of which Random was the chief. Bachelor and Benedict were real huntsman's friends, being particularly good on a road, hard runners, and able to turn with their fox on the coldest scenting day, while Nestor was but little superior to his five brothers and sisters put forward at the same time, all of which were wonderfully good workers. The Royalty - Charity litter was a very good one indeed, as they should be with such strains of blood in their veins. Random was perhaps the pick of the bunch, had the best of feet and legs, and was a winner at the Yorkshire Hound Show. He was a hard runner, very fierce at a fox, and he proved a fashionable and successful sire.

The chief sires of the 1864 entry were the home-bred Vaulter, and Norman, a great grandson of Ranter, Mr. Garth's Chaser, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Dorimont. The best hounds in the entry were Falstaff by Nathan, another great grandson of Ranter; Governor, General, and Grafton, three grand working dogs by Vaulter out of Governess; and Villager, another son of Vaulter from Nightshade. Vanguard, by Leveller, was also a capital fox-hound, and a tiger at a fox—indeed, it was a difficulty to take a fox from him when killed.

Hazard, Hector, Harriet, and Harpy were the pick of the 1865 entry. They were by Harbinger out of Nelly, Harbinger being by the Rufford Helpmate out of Skilful, one of Lord Henry Bentinck's breeding. Nelly was one of that good litter by Belvoir Lexicon out of Nightshade, put forward in 1863. The principal sires of this entry were Vaulter, Nathan, Nelson (yet another descendant of Ranter), Harbinger, Freeman (with Sir Watkin's blood in his veins), and Lord Henry Bentinck's Regulus and Foreman. This was the first entry of Nimrod Long's own breeding, and fourteen couples were put forward.

The pick of the entry next year was Gaiety, a beautiful bitch by Mr. Scratton's Gimcrack out of Famous. Though not a hard runner, she was a good line hunter and a reliable fox-hound; she turned out a most valuable matron, and was the mother of some of the best hounds bred in Long's time. She was never beaten at the Yorkshire Hound Show. Gimcrack was a favourite of Long's when with Mr. Scratton, and was beautifully bred on both sides, being by Belvoir Guider out of Mr. Fitzwilliam's Regia, a daughter of Milton Ottoman, who was by Brocklesby Orator, of the celebrated Orpheus line, which goes back to Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter on one side, and Mr. Foljambe's Albion on the other. Famous, the dam of Gaiety, was descended from Ranter. Gaylad, by Gallant out of Courtly; Vanguard, by Hannibal out of Venus, one of the good Villager – Frolic litter; and Whimsey, Wanton, and Welcome, three capital bitches by Belvoir Wrangler out of Artful, were also noteworthy members of the 1866 entry. Vanguard was a tiger at a fox, and a hard-working hound.

Vaulter was still represented the following year, and other sires were Sir W. Wynn's Chaser and Mr. Fitzwilliam's Forester, while Nelson carried on the favourite strain of old Will Smith. Four couple of his puppies were put forward the next year, and Hymen, the progenitor of the famous Grove Harkaways, was the pick of them. He was a very good working hound, and did yeoman service at Grove when he went there in exchange for a young bitch. There were also three good dogs by Belvoir Senator out of Abigail, Albion, Actor, and Agent by name; and Bentinck by Bachelor out of Harpy, was a hard runner and a good fox-hound. Handsome, Hecuba, Heroine, and Helen, by Harbinger out of Flourish, and so descended from Rufford Helpmate, were four excellent hounds, and there was also a very good-looking and good-working fox-hound by Pillager out of Woodbine, Proctor by name. He had the best of legs and feet. Vigilant, Vamper, and Venom were by that valuable sire Vaulter out of Nelly (one of the Belvoir Lexicon – Nightshade litter), and wonderfully good in their work. Venom picked up a thorn after a memorable day, and three of her toes rotted off, but she was kept as a brood bitch, and proved an excellent matron.

The Belvoir Contest, Stormer, Senator, and Rubicon had a lot to do with the 1869 entry; Pillager, by Belvoir Fairplay, Random, the pick of that fine Royalty – Charity litter, and Villager, a son of Vaulter, being the other chief sires. The Pillager – Nosegay litter, consisting of Nailor, Nettle, Novice, and Necklace, were as good working as good looking, and Wrangler, a son of Villager and Welcome, had both bone and quality to recommend him, as well as fine hunting qualities. Rampart, Rasper, and Royal were by Random out of Fury by the Duke of Beaufort's Finder, and were all good fox-hounds. Royal was particularly smart, and his great bone and quality enabled him to win at the Yorkshire Hound Show; he is one of the hounds shown in the Hunt picture.

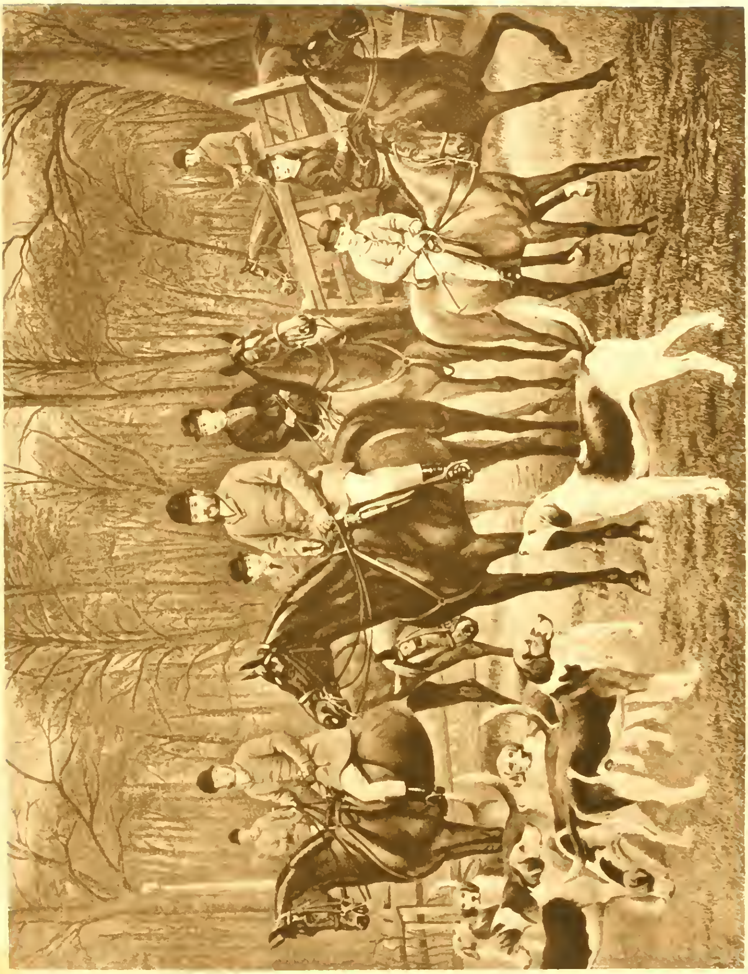
Ambrose and Aider, who eventually turned out such great stallion hounds, were entered in 1870, being by Belvoir Senator out of Adamant, who goes back through Nathan, her sire, to Ranter of 1842; they were both excellent workers, and so were Blazer, Brusher, and Brutus —especially the last—the sons of Bachelor and Flourish, the latter a valuable matron in the kennel. Here is another instance of the excellence of Vaulter's stock. The Holderness Farmer and Lincoln, the Duke of Grafton's Danger and Senator, and the Cotswold Barrister, also sired members of the entry. Random still continued to sire good fox-hounds, and mated with such a bitch as Gaiety he was

PLATE X.

Hunting Group, by C. Lutzens.

Presentation picture painted in 1874.

Portrait of 3rd Earl of Yarborough and his wife and children—viz. Lord Worsley, Lady Gertrude Anderson-Pelham, and Hon. Victor Anderson-Pelham.



bound to beget good stock if there is anything in heredity. In the 1871 entry there were no fewer than nine couples of his puppies, but those from Gaiety were the best. They were all bitches, Gipsy, Gaudy, Garland, Gertrude, and Glory—very hard runners, very stout, and very fierce with a fox. Yet his three and a half couples from Venom, a daughter of Vaulter, ran them close, and there have never been a better-looking, better-working litter than Raglan, Rutland, Royster, Ranger, Rocket, Ringlet, and Racket. Wamba, by Random out of Whimsey, by Belvoir Wrangler, was another good hound entered in 1871. He was a good worker, and afterwards went to the Marquis of Waterford's kennels, where he was largely used, and proved a good stallion hound. The Belvoir Fairplay, Ruler, and Senator were also used this year.

Random sired some more good working puppies of Vanquish's in 1872, and Cottesmore Seaman, a son of Grove Furrier, had some puppies from Sempstress put forward the same year. Ambrose began his career as a stallion hound the same year. His first litter from Harpy were a very smart lot, Ardent, Actress, Artful, and Alice by name, and they had both great power and quality. His brother Aider sired a good litter of Gaiety's, three and a half being put forward, all of which were hard runners and very stout, though Glider was the best looking, with perfect feet and legs. Actor, by Brutus out of Affable, entered the same year, proved a good fox-hound and a good sire of fox-hounds. On his sire's side he goes back to the Vaulter of 1860, and inherited much of that hound's character. Flamer, by Nailor out of Fatima, was also a determined, hard-working fox-hound. Alfred, Active, and Agnes were three good hounds, by Ambrose out of Garland, entered in 1874, and Lord Middleton's Songster, a son of Belvoir Senator, and Belvoir Rallywood, Warrior, and Woodman also sired good hounds, of which Woodman, by the last named out of Mr. Fitzwilliam's Onyx, was the best. In the following year a splendid litter of Gaiety's by Ambrose were put forward, Aimwell, Armlet, Ajax, Abbess, Artless, and Aspen by name; and Herald, a son of the Belvoir Senator, sired a good litter from Sempstress, who was by Burton Saladin. A nice two couples from Novice by Belvoir Saffron were also put forward, and Holderness Farmer, by the Duke of Rutland's Falstaff, was also represented.

There was a good working lot of two and a half couples by Belvoir Why-not out of Vocal entered in 1876, and Aider sired a hard-running fox-hound in Vamper, out of Virgin, a daughter of Random. Ambrose, the Belvoir Drummer, Saffron, and Warrior, the Grove Reginald (a son of Belvoir Rubicon), Mr. Lane-Fox's Racer, and Lord Coventry's Ranger, were also registered. The latter goes back through Grove Dreadnaught to Mr. Foljambe's old sort. Banker, by Brutus out of Actress, and Grafton, by Glider out of Novice, were hard runners put forward in 1877; and the best of the last entry bred by Nimrod Long were Agnes's puppies by Brutus, who invariably sired good hounds, and the two couple by Ambrose out of Virgin, Vender, Venus, Vanish, and Vestris by name.

Ambrose was also the sire of Vestris's good litter entered in 1879; Lictor, a son of Proctor and Linnet, also being strongly represented, while Lord Coventry's Rambler sired a good litter of Guilty's.

Acton and Ajax, by Actor out of Stately, put forward in 1880, were both good dogs, and both afterwards became stallion hounds; Hostile had a litter by Ambrose; and there were good hounds by Lord Coventry's Rambler (who goes back through Lord Fitzhardinge's Collier to the Comrade line, so dear to Lord Henry Bentinck). Belvoir Fallible, Milton Reveller, Ringwood, and Rhymer, and Holderness Lexicon.

The pick of the fourteen couples put forward in 1881 was Dainty's litter by the famous Belvoir Weathergage, one of the most successful of modern sires. Will Dale speaks most highly of him, and is the first to acknowledge the benefit the Brocklesby pack derived from his blood. Frank Gillard considered Weathergage, who comes of the

Grove Druid blood through Lord Middleton's Druid, the best hound he ever hunted. He was directly descended in the male line from Brocklesby, through his sire Warrior, son of Wonder, son of Chanticleer, son of Chaser, who was by Lord Yarborough's Rallywood. Weathergage, Wellington, Welladay, Winifred, and Witchcraft were the names of this fine litter, and all were as good fox-hounds as need be. Weathergage was a splendid all-round hound, was used as a sire, and afterwards went to Mr. John Watson in Ireland, and did no little good in the Meath kennels. Wellington was also used, and both Winifred and Witchcraft were good bitches, the former being the dam of that splendid litter by Milton Solomon, of which mention will be made later. The Belvoir Napier and Mr. Chaplin's Woldsman, the latter being by Warrior, a son of Burton Dorimont, and goes back through Lord Henry Bentinck's Roderick to Woldsman, were also well represented in the 1881 entry.

Flasher, by Blankney Woldsman, bred this year, was used by the Atherstone, the Rufford, and by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

The Belvoir Weathergage also sired a good litter from Destitute entered the following year, of which Weatherwise, Warbler, and Wildfire were put forward. Warbler was a very good dog, and very fierce with a fox; he was used, and sired some useful hounds. Wildfire was a very brilliant bitch, and very handsome, but she unfortunately was lamed in the shoulder, and was given to the Rev. Cecil Legard in 1888. But Tapster was the pick of the 1882 entry, an exceedingly fine-looking dog by Mr. Chaplin's Tapster out of Rantipole, who, through her dam Ardent, goes back through Ambrose to the Ranter of 1842.

Thatcher took a great fancy to Tapster, who left his mark in Mr. Lonsdale's pack. Tapster sired Warwickshire Trueman, the winner of the cup for the best hound at Peterborough in 1887. He was a bloodlike hound, with good neck and shoulders, and a good colour, but he carried very little flesh. He was very stout, and showed to advantage with an afternoon fox.

Blankney Tapster was by Belvoir Why-not, who was by Senator. Tapster had the best of feet and legs, and a good neck and shoulders; he stood twenty-four inches, and was used as a sire with great success. Alpine, an excellent bitch by Alfred out of Bonny Lass, was entered the same year. She had a peculiar note, and one morning in cub-hunting, after her death, the same note was heard in covert, and it was found that she had bequeathed it to her daughter Audible.

Another good bitch of the same year as Alpine was Discord, by Milton Ringwood out of Dainty; she was a very hard drawing bitch and very good at finding a fox. Milton Reveller and Royal, by Rubicon, sons of Belvoir Rubicon, also had representatives in the entry.

Labourer, a very plain dog, but brilliant in chase, entered in 1883, was by Mr. Fenwick's Dreadnaught out of Lively.

The entry for 1884 was full of plums. Belvoir Weathergage was responsible for Denmark, a son of Destitute, the dam of Weatherwise, Warbler, and Wildfire, entered in 1882; and a good hound Denmark proved, with a wonderful tongue. He went to the Badsworth in 1887. Friendly, by Furrier out of Silvern, was a nice bitch, and bred some excellent hounds; and Gaoler, Goosecap, and Golden, by Mr. Chaplin's Grasper out of Lively, were quite a good lot, Gaoler working in perfect style, and never making a mistake. The same may be said of Lutist, a son of Roman and Liberty, who, Dale says, " never did wrong." Rubicon, Rajah, Racket, and Redpole were by Lord Middleton's Raglan out of Restless, and capital fox-hounds. Rubicon was a good honest sort of hound, patient and persevering, and he got some excellent stock; and Rajah, likewise a hard worker, eventually went to the Duhallow and did a lot of good. Rubicon was beautifully balanced on the best of limbs, and was a sharp, intelligent hound, standing twenty-three and a half inches. He was very good at finding a fox, and very stout, inheriting all the best qualities of Brocklesby Random, his great-grandfather, of whom Nimrod Long thought so much.

The Holderness Sambo sired a number of the 1884 and 1885 entries; on his dam's side he was descended from Burton Sorcerer, a hound much used at Brocklesby.

Rosabel and Rosebud were two good bitches by Belvoir Founder out of Rosamond; and Shiner, by Milton Solomon out of Fervent, was, to quote Will Dale, "a veritable wonder in work, a true huntsman's friend." He was a good-looking hound, but somewhat light of bone.

The 1885 entry was George Ash's last, and the most successful sire was Holderness Sambo, who sired eight and a half couples, and all good hounds. Alpine's litter by him included Audible, whose peculiar note, inherited from her dam, has been referred to already, and she was a most excellent bitch, good in the field, and the mother of famous fox-hounds. Another good bitch by Sambo was Lawless out of Levity; and Syphax and Samson were two good dogs from Streamlet, by the same sire. Lord Middleton's Boaster and Resolute, a daughter of the Milton Reveller, were the parents of Baffler, a good little dog with a cheery tongue; Dashwood was a hard runner by Lord Lonsdale's Dreadnaught out of Rantipole; and Fairmaid, Fanciful, and Flourish were three excellent bitches by Belvoir Fencer out of Restless. A good dog all round was Newsman, and a successful sire, and his sister Nicety was just as good a bitch; they were by Milton Nigel out of Lufra, who goes back to Ranter through her sire Alfred. Newsman was a long, low hound of rich Belvoir tan, full of quality, with lots of bone and very evenly made. His sire, Milton Nigel, was by Nettler, a son of Carlow and Island Nettler, who in turn was by Brocklesby Norman.

The chief sires of the first entry of Dale's own breeding were Lord Portsmouth's Fireking (who was by Villager, a son of the great Blankney Vanquisher) and Sailor, the Belvoir Glancer, Lord Fitzwilliam's Saladin, and the home-bred

Tapster and Weathergage. Glancer sired the three handsome bitches Frisky, Fretful, and Faithful; and among Tapster's puppies was Tuneful, a very good, hard-working bitch, who unfortunately died in whelp. Wrangler and Weaver, the sons of Weathergage and Resolute, were both capital hounds, and both were used. Their sire was by Belvoir Weathergage and their dam by Milton Reveller.

The 1887 entry is notable for the fact that it contained the wonderful Milton Solomon – Winifred litter. Winifred, who was by Belvoir Weathergage out of Dainty, and sister to Weathergage, could not whelp, so her puppies were cut out of her and put to a foster-mother. They all, Smoker, Splendour, Spangle, Skilful, Skylark, and Sonnet, proved most valuable to the kennel, and the best of foxhounds in every way; Smoker and Splendour became excellent sires, and both Smoker and Spangle won at Peterborough.

Milton Solomon was a well-marked hound by Somerset out of Stylish by Wrangler, a son of Gambler, whose sire Gambler was by Brocklesby Gambler. This famous litter thus comes back to its own source through both sire and dam. Spangle was the best bitch seen at Peterborough for years. Sonnet had the most beautiful shoulders and reach, and was built on the lines of an Oaks winner. She was a whole tan, and perhaps a bit better than her sister Speedwell. Sonnet was very fast.

Tapster, Warbler, Denmark, and Shiner were to the fore as sires of the 1888 entry, the former getting a good litter from Friendly, of which Factor and Finder (a hound with plenty of good straight bone) were the most notable; the former became a sire of considerable repute. Tapster sired seven couples out of the sixteen and a half put forward this year. Rattle, a good dog out of Racket, was also by Tapster; and Trimbush, Talisman, Tulip, and Timely—the latter the two best bitches of the year, and walked by Mr. H. E. Davy, Croxby Hall—were by the same sire out of that sterling bitch with the curious note, Audible. Albert and Resolute were the parents of a good

"ACROBAT" (1890). "HARLEQUIN" (1890).

JIM SMITH,

Huntsman to the Earl of Yarborough's Hounds.

bitch called Actress, and Denmark was the sire of a good litter from Gadfly. Singer, a nice cheery dog, was by Shiner out of Frailty, and Warbler and Fairmaid were responsible for three couples of excellent fox-hounds put forward that year. Warlike, one of this litter, was a very brilliant hound, and showed a lot of quality; he was considerably used as a sire. There were two nice bitches entered in 1888, by Autocrat out of Witchcraft, that deserve notice, Waspish and Wafer by name. The latter was the best hound of the two, though a trifle free of tongue.

The Gaoler–Audible litter was the best of the 1889 entry, and all did well. The bitches were the best that year; and Laundress, by Albert out of Lawless; Needful, Niobe, and Nimble, by Newsman out of Faithful; Rally, Rapid, and Ruthless, by Lord Willoughby de Broke's Harper out of Racket; and Trifle, a wonderfully good bitch by Tapster out of Rosebud, were a credit to any kennel. Warwickshire Harper was the champion at Peterborough, and considered by many to be the best of Milton Somerset's descendants. Quorn Warrior, who, through his sire Render, goes back to Brocklesby Random, sired a nice bitch called Welcome that was entered in 1889.

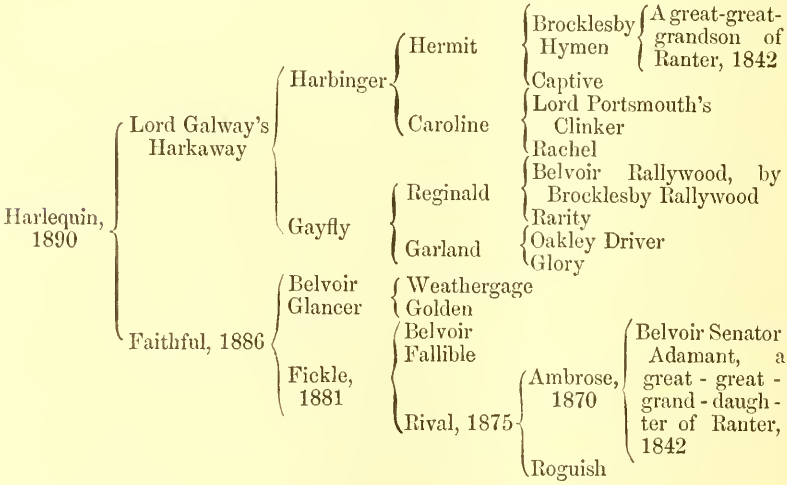
Belvoir Grappler and Audible were responsible for four couple of excellent hounds entered in 1890, of which Acrobat was the most distinguished. What he did for the Brocklesby kennel is modern history, and he was used with the greatest success all over England. Grappler comes of the great Belvoir Senator line through his sire Fencer. His dam, Gratitude, was the dam of Gambler.

PEDIGREE OF ACROBAT, 1890.

Acrobat, 1890
- Belvoir Grappler
  - Belvoir Fencer
    - Brusher
      - Saffron, by Senator
      - Blooming
    - Furious
      - Fallible
      - Diligent
  - Gratitude
    - Gallant
    - Snowdrop
- Audible, 1885
  - Holderness Sambo
    - Rutland
    - Saucepan
  - Alpine, 1882
    - Alfred, 1874, by Ambrose, 1870, by Belvoir Senator
    - Bonny Lass, 1878, by Brutus, 1870

Harlequin and Heedless were by Lord Galway's Harkaway out of Faithful, and so of that splendid strain of blood, before mentioned, for which the Grove must thank the Brocklesby Hymen of 1868. Harlequin was a splendid fox-hound in every way, a hard worker, a hard driver, and a perfect tiger at a fox. Many a time has the writer seen him held by the second whipper-in while Dale broke up his fox; it was the only possible way to keep him off the tattered brown jacket. As a stallion hound, Harlequin was somewhat of a failure, as he so seldom got puppies. Those he did get were, like himself, perfect fox-hounds and very fierce at a fox. His sister Heedless was also a wonderfully good hound, and a most valuable brood bitch, in that she whelped that fine litter to Acrobat in 1893, of which Harper was the pick. Lord Willoughby de Broke's Stentor, and the home-bred Newsman and Smoker, also sired hounds in the 1890 entry. The former brings in the old Burton blood, for Stentor was by Bramham Sailor, a son of Blankney Sailor, whose sire Burton Saladin was of Lord Henry Bentinck's favourite strain.

PEDIGREE OF HARLEQUIN, 1890.



- Harlequin, 1890
  - Lord Galway's Harkaway
    - Harbinger
      - Hermit
        - Brocklesby Hymen
          - A great-great-grandson of Ranter, 1842
        - Captive
      - Caroline
        - Lord Portsmouth's Clinker
        - Rachel
    - Gayfly
      - Reginald
        - Belvoir Rallywood, by Brocklesby Rallywood
        - Rarity
      - Garland
        - Oakley Driver
        - Glory
  - Faithful, 1886
    - Belvoir Glancer
      - Weathergage
      - Golden
    - Fickle, 1881
      - Belvoir Fallible
      - Rival, 1875
        - Ambrose, 1870
          - Belvoir Senator
          - Adamant, a great-great-grand-daughter of Ranter, 1842
        - Roguish

Smoker was to the fore in the 1891 entry, and his litter from Redrose was a wonderfully good one, three and a half couples being put forward. Streamer was a good fox-hound, and was used with considerable effect, and so was Sparkler, while Scandal, Sylvia, Safety, Singwell, and Sprightly were not only good working hounds, but proved valuable matrons in the kennel. The Grafton Duster and Skilful were the parents of a good fox-hound and a valuable brood bitch in Stately, and both Fortune and Fearless, the first a daughter of Warlike and Frailty, and the second a daughter of Smoker and Faithful, both had litters in 1895. Dexter, by the Grafton Woldsman out of Dagmar, put forward in 1891, also turned out an excellent sire.

The Belvoir Pirate and Spangle, one of that grand litter by Milton Solomon and Winifred that Dale had to bring into the world at the cost of the dam's life, were responsible for a good three and a half couples put forward in 1892, of which Parody proved the pick, as a reliable line-hunter and a good brood bitch. Grateful, by Drummer out of Gratitude, also did good service as a matron, and there were many other good working hounds put forward the same year.

Acrobat's first puppies were entered in 1893, the best being the members of Heedless' litter, Hymen, Hamlet, Harper, Hazard, Hostile, and Hasty, the blending of the two strains proving the greatest success. Acrobat, as before mentioned, was by Belvoir Grappler out of Audible, who goes back through her dam, the good bitch with the curious note, Alpine, through Ambrose to Ranter, while Heedless, who also goes back through Grove Harkaway and Brocklesby Hymen to Ranter on her sire's side, has a touch of the Ambrose blood, and is descended from that splendid Belvoir Lexicon and Nightshade litter of 1863 on that of her dam. Harper proved a splendid fox-hound and a wonderful stallion. As will presently be seen, he sired some first-class hounds in the Brocklesby kennels, and he has left his mark in other packs as well. There are some of his stock in the Duke of Beaufort's kennels at Badminton—Hasty, Harpy, Haughty, Handmaid, Hazel, and Wafer, fine, rich tan hounds, with both bone and quality, of which Dale is particularly proud. Unfortunately, he was practically buried in the Blackmoor Vale kennels, and had no opportunity of making the name in the fox-hound world he undoubtedly would have done if given the chance.

Agnes, by Acrobat out of Trifle, and Dulcet, by Belvoir Dryden out of Redrose, proved good bitches, and Smoker had two useful daughters in Spinster and Sportive, the former being out of Vocal and the latter out of Festive. Spiteful, by Burton Rallywood out of Spangle, another of the Milton Solomon – Winifred litter, proved a valuable matron when mated with Harper.

Acrobat was again the sire of Sonnet's good puppies put forward in 1894, of which Spartan and Stylish were the best. Spartan was a good working hound, and sired some good puppies, while Stylish was a veritable wonder. She was a little tan bitch, with nothing particular about her, yet no pack ever had a more valuable hound. Equally good in covert or the chase, patient and reliable on a cold scent, very fast, as stout as they make 'em, and with unlimited drive and dash, Stylish was one of the best fox-hounds ever cheered by huntsman. She inherited all the good qualities of her sire's race, and her dam was one of the Milton Solomon – Winifred litter. And this little bitch could breed great strapping fox-hounds, too, and a splendid lot of puppies by Warwickshire Sailor, all a rich tan, with bushy sterns, and all workers, were put forward in 1898. Stylish came to an untimely end through picking up a piece of poisoned meat in Langmere Furze. The covert had been closed to bramblers on account of the damage done. Her loss was an irreparable one. Saladin, by Streamer out of Laundress, was entered in 1894, and was used with considerable success, and Sempstress and Sybil, his sisters, and Rosy, by Factor out of Rapid, were hard runners and good brood bitches.

Factor, Acrobat, and Streamer had a lot to do with the 1895 entry, and Harlequin also had a couple put forward from Safety. Lord Willoughby de Broke's Wildboy also sired hounds from Sprightly, Sonnet, and Trifle. Wildboy was by Pytchley Prompter out of Wary, a grand-daughter of Belvoir Weathergage. Fearnaught, by Streamer out of Fashion, and Flambeau, by Factor out of Fearless, were the winning dog hounds at the Puppy Show that year, the winning bitches being Frolic, sister to Flambeau, and Honesty, one of Harlequin's puppies. Frolic was the dam of the winning dog hound in 1897, and Stately, by Factor out of Scandal, became the dam of good fox-hounds. Remedy, Sunshine, Watchful, Nonsuch, Redwing, Rushlight, and Welladay all proved good working hounds and brood bitches.

It was this year that Lord Yarborough, being compelled to reduce his establishment, decided to sell his dog-pack to Lord Lonsdale, twenty couples of entered hounds and six couples of unentered taking up their quarters in the Quorn kennels. Lord Yarborough was to have the use of any stud-hounds he required, and Harlequin and Acrobat eventually returned to Brocklesby. Lord Lonsdale sold the pack afterwards to Mr. Merthyr Guest, the Master of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, and at that gentleman's sale the hounds of Brocklesby blood made by far the highest prices.

The dog hounds entered in 1896 went to the Bedale kennel, Herald, by Harlequin out of Sprightly, and Hengist, by Harper out of Spiteful, being the winning hounds of the year. Herald was the sire of Random, Rustler, Rosebud, and Rapid, put forward in 1898. The winning bitches were Hopeful and Abbess, the former, a splendid fox-hound and a good matron, being by Harper out of Spiteful, and the latter by Acrobat out of Fearless. Harlequin and Agnes also had a valuable bitch in Abigail, a rare worker, as fierce at a fox as her sire, and the dam of good puppies. Abbess's sister Adelaide was also a good bitch, and Handmaid, a sister of Hengist and Hopeful, was another. Handsome and Hornet, two daughters of Harper and Fortune, put forward in 1896, were both hard runners.

The eight couples of dog hounds entered in 1897 were lent to Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, the Master of the South Wold, and Mr. C. B. E. Wright, the acting Master of the Fitzwilliam, Flinger, the winner, by Sparkler out of Frolic, going to Mr. Rawnsley, and Dragon, by Spartan out of Dulcet, the next best, to Mr. Wright. Spanker, by Harper out of Stately, proved a splendid hound when he returned with the rest to Brocklesby the following year, and Lord Yarborough once more set to work to build up a dog pack. Stoutness, by Blankney Striver out of Sempstress, was the winning bitch in 1897, but she was not nearly such a good huntress as her sister Sensible. Darling, by Spartan out of Dulcet, and sister to Dragon, was second, and her sister Dewdrop was another good bitch. Fairy was the fastest hound in the pack, and after she was steadied from hares, became a capital hound. Heroine, a plain little bitch, was more than useful, and Susan and Sanguine, sisters to Stoutness, have done good work. The 1897 entry was the last of Dale's breeding.

Jim Smith's first entry was put forward in 1898, Acrobat being well to the front as a sire of the best; he sired the winning dog hound Ambrose, and the winning bitch Whimsey. Herald and Relish were the parents of Random and Reveller, two capital fox-hounds; the former has already proved a success as a sire, but his career has come to an abrupt ending, his back having been injured by a thruster from Grimsby. The Warwickshire Sailor – Stylish litter are all good honest fox-hounds.

The Warwickshire was in the main responsible for the 1899 entry, Tancred, Nailer, Tuscan, Fireman, Sailor, and Tarquin all siring hounds in the entry. Harlequin was the only home-bred sire to be represented, and there were also hounds put forward by Holderness Blazer, Belvoir Harlequin, and Belvoir Vanquisher. Tarquin, by Warwickshire Talisman out of Rosy, was the winning dog hound at the Puppy Show, and he should make a good sire,*

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* Both he and his brother Tuscan have proved to be capital workers in the field.

" RANDOM " (1899).

" TARQUIN " (1899).

while the second-prize dog, Wrangler, and his sister Winifred, the winning bitch, are both good-looking hounds, and work well; indeed, there cannot be a better fox-hound in his work than Wrangler. Havoc, the second-prize bitch, and Harebell, her sister, have started well, and Valiant and Valesman, Admiral and Airy, Harvester and Harkaway, Newsman, Tuscan, and Trouncer, are a bit more than useful.

Warwickshire was again to the front with the last entry of the nineteenth century, Foreman siring the winning dog hound, Foreman, and Fireman the second-prize hound, Finder; but the home-bred Random was responsible for the winning bitch, Justice, who unfortunately died of distemper in the cub-hunting season. With few exceptions the whole of the young hounds entered well, and Lord Yarborough now has a pack of which he may well be proud, and which reflects the utmost credit on his young huntsman, Jim Smith.

The leading sires in the kennel at the present time are Wrangler, the brothers Tuscan and Tarquin, Foreman and Trimbush. Wrangler, a grand fox-hound, has, it will be seen, some of the best Warwickshire blood in his veins, and, through his grand-dam, goes back to the wonderful Milton Solomon – Winifred litter; Tuscan and Tarquin could not be better bred; and Foreman on his dam's side comes of the Milton Solomon – Winifred strain, as well as of Lord Galway's Harkaway blood. Trimbush is a good-looking and hard-working young hound, that should make a name for himself both in field and kennel, and each one of these is capital in the field.

PEDIGREE OF TRIMBUSH.

Trimbush, 1901	Warwickshire Tuscan, 1897	Talisman, 1893	Grafton Gambler, 1888
			Trusty, 1887
		Heedful, 1895	Warlock, 1891
			Heroine, 1891
	Speedwell, 1898	Warwickshire Sailor, 1893	Holderness Gaffer, 1889
			Sally, 1889
		Stylish, 1894	Acrobat, 1890
			Sonnet, 1887

PEDIGREE OF TUSCAN AND TARQUIN.

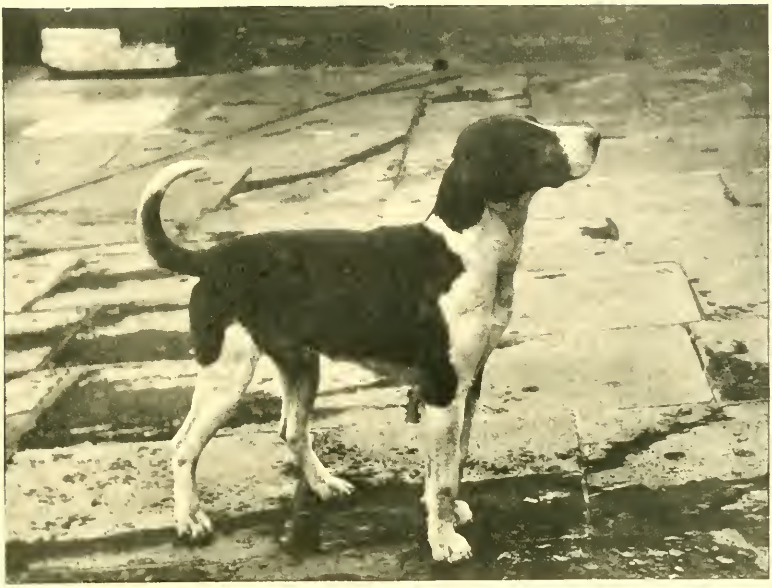
Tarquin and Tuscan, 1899	Warwickshire Talisman, 1893	Grafton Gambler, 1888	Belvoir Gambler, 1884
			Dashaway, 1887
		Trusty, 1887	Brocklesby Tapster, 1882
			Roundelay, 1879
	Rosy, 1894	Factor, 1888	Tapster, 1882
			Friendly, 1884
		Rapid, 1889	Warwickshire Harper, 1885
			Racket, 1884

PEDIGREE OF FOREMAN.

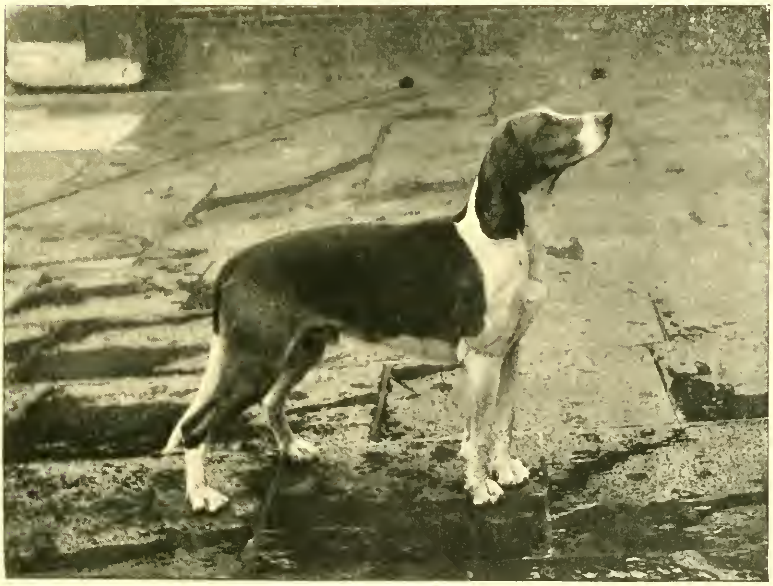
Foreman, 1900	Warwickshire Foreman, 1893	Fifer, 1886	Ravager, 1880
			Fragrant, 1880
		Proxy, 1888	Rufford, 1881
			Petulant, 1886
	Hopeful, 1896	Harper, 1893	Acrobat, 1890
			Heedless, 1889
		Spiteful, 1893	Burton Rallywood, 1885
			Spangle, 1887

PEDIGREE OF WRANGLER.

Wrangler, 1899	Warwickshire Sailor, 1893	Holderness Gaffer, 1889	Belvoir Gameboy, 1884
			Abigail, 1886
		Sally, 1889	Stentor, 1885
			Adamant
	Watchful, 1895	Warwickshire Wildboy, 1889	Pytchley Prompter
			Wary, 1886
		Sonnet, 1887	Milton Solomon, 1881
			Winifred



"TUSCAN" (1899).



"WRANGLER" (1899).

nose of Yarborough" was proverbial; and they had a look of wisdom that did not belie their character. In 1756 we find that Belvoir Dexter was the sire of a litter of puppies at Brocklesby, and during the latter half of the century one discovers that no little Brocklesby blood was introduced into the Belvoir kennels. And speaking of each pack at that time having its distinctive type, it may be of interest to note that the Badminton hound of those days, strains of which pack were introduced into both kennels, was marked by a square, sensible head, a rough coarse coat, and heavy shoulders. There is a record at Belvoir of the purchase of two stallion hounds, Vigo and Rattler, from Mr. Pelham in 1760, and the Brocklesby is the only pack that has had more influence in the Belvoir kennels than Lord Fitzwilliam's, to whose blood both packs are considerably indebted for more than useful strains.

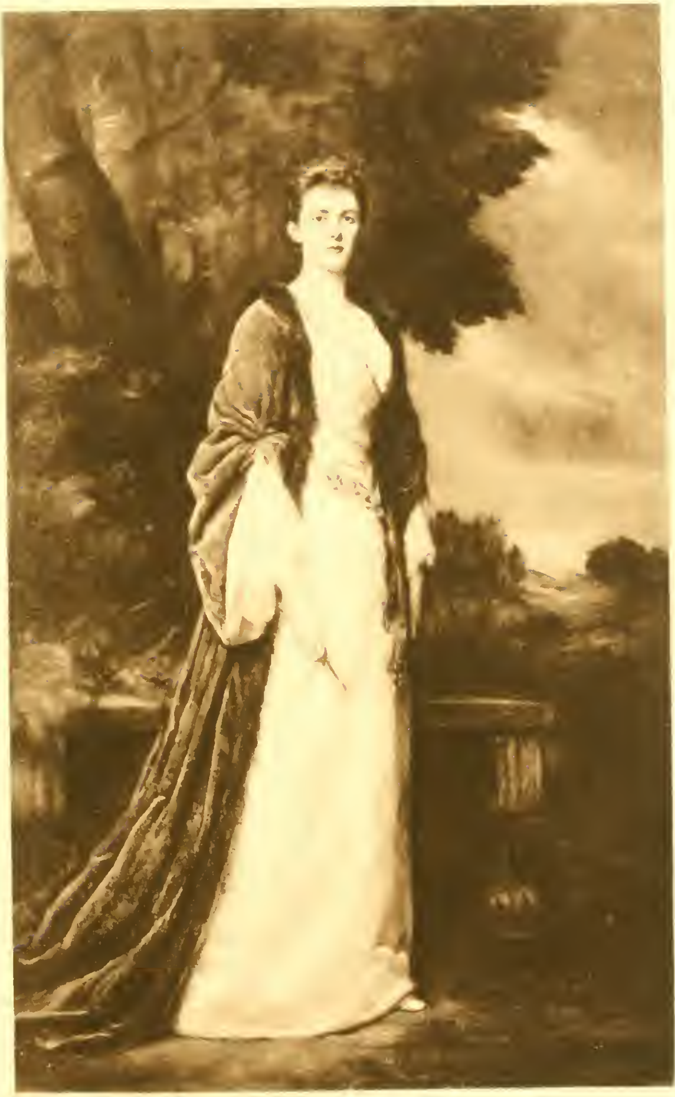
At the end of the eighteenth century the Belvoir had fallen considerably from their high estate, showing neither the quality nor the sport that they had previously, and it was to the hounds of Lord Monson, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Badminton, and the Brocklesby that the Duke of Rutland turned to remedy the defects in his kennels. But the year 1825 marks the commencement of the close connection between Belvoir and Brocklesby, a memorable year, and fraught with great results. Will Smith, of Brocklesby, and Goosey, of Belvoir, were then in their prime, and undoubtedly the best houndmen of the day, though Smith was probably the best huntsman of the two in the field, and in their time there was a considerable exchange of sires. Both packs, when they went to other kennels, only used hounds that had Brocklesby and Belvoir blood in their veins, with the result that they have been raised to an undisputed pre-eminence among the packs of the United Kingdom. The Brocklesby are noted for their size, substance, nose, and tongue, while the Belvoir have their unrivalled quality, and the feet and legs that have become a proverb. The aim of both huntsmen was to bring together the nose of Yarborough

PLATE XI.

The Countess of Yarborough,
Hon. Marcia Lane Fox,
Daughter of 12th Lord Conyers.

Baroness Conyers in her own right since 1888.

Portrait by Ellis Roberts.



and the race of Rutland; with what good results is seen to-day.

The celebrated Quorn Furrier, who has left a good strain of blood at Brocklesby—the Rallywood, to wit—went to Mr. Osbaldeston in a Belvoir draft, he being by Belvoir Saladin, a hound that Newman used very much. "The Squire" was very fond of Furrier, and once had twenty couples of his blood out at a Kirby Gate meet. The "Druid" says, "He was a very black and white hound, very stout and a hard runner, but not a very great line hunter."

The Belvoir used Mr. Osbaldeston's blood considerably, and no doubt it gave them drive and dash; but they were obliged to turn to Brocklesby in order to counteract the muteness which was at that time the great fault of the Quorn pack. Will Goodall had to do the same in order to neutralize the muteness of Sir Thomas Mostyn's Lexicon, using Badminton as well as Brocklesby blood for this purpose.

Mr. Heron's pack from Cheshire introduced a lot of rich colour into the Duke of Rutland's pack, but not to the same extent as when Brocklesby Rallywood began a new era for the Belvoir.

Will Goodall's first entry at Belvoir in 1843 was twenty-two couples of home-bred ones, but the next year he went to Brocklesby, and in 1845 to Sir Richard Sutton. Goodall also turned to his old master, Mr. Drake of Bicester, whose pack, originally Sir Thomas Mostyn's, had been very greatly improved by the introduction of Brocklesby blood, and by degrees quite wiped out the muteness which had been such a marked feature originally. To show to what a pitch of excellence these hounds reached, and in what estimation they were held, it might be mentioned that at Mr. Drake's sale four couples made two hundred and twenty guineas. This Mr. Drake was a direct descendant of the Drakes of Aylesby and the Tyrwhitts of Bigby, and one of the family, Sir John Tyrwhitt, was part-owner of the united Brocklesby pack in 1714.

Probably the most important event in the history of the Belvoir, as far as the introduction of outside blood is concerned, and certainly the great hit in Goodall's career, was the acquisition of Rallywood. Rallywood was descended from the before-mentioned Furrier, and Will Smith had fourteen couples of working hounds by him when he sent him to Belvoir. What he has done for the fox-hounds is writ large not only in the annals of Brocklesby and Belvoir, but in those of nearly every kennel of note in the kingdom; for there are few first-rate packs that cannot boast descendants of this famous hound. If a stranger to any pack happens to note a hard-working hound of a rich black and tan and white colour, throwing a melodious tongue the day through, and trotting home at night with his stern up, it may be safe to hazard the guess that he has in his veins some of the bluest of fox-hound blood; in fact, that he can boast of the great Rallywood as an ancestor. His son, the Belvoir Rallywood (1853), was the apple of Will Goodall's eye. In the "History of the Belvoir," by Mr. T. F. Dale, he is thus described—

> "No hound could beat him for pace in a morning scurry when the best of Melton were racing behind the pack, no hound could hunt more stoutly for an afternoon fox. His pluck and his constitution were wonderful. He was twenty-three inches in height and his colour was a rich black, tan, and white. His head was a marvel of intelligence and character. His neck was clean, and well set on good shoulders. Not even Lord Forester could find that he was not straight, and his back and loins were magnificent in their grace and strength. His thighs looked like galloping, and he stood on perfect feet. He combined in himself all the best working lines of fox-hound blood, the Belvoir, Badminton, Brocklesby, Monson, Osbaldeston and the Grove."

Rallywood begot two other famous sons at Belvoir in 1851, namely Clinker and Chaser, and the great Belvoir Weathergage goes back through Warrior, Wonder, and Chanticleer to the latter of these two.

Jem Cooper, who was Goodall's successor, and carried the Belvoir horn for eighteen years, was also a great admirer of the Brocklesby, where he had whipped-in for three seasons. Lord Yarborough lent Nathan to Cooper in

1862 in return for the use of Lexicon the previous year, and three and a half couples of puppies by him were put forward.

The Belvoir historian says that that pack owes its excellence really to four sources, viz. Brocklesby Rallywood, Badminton Champion, Lord Sefton's Sultan, and Mr. Drake's Duster. Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier, as was said before, was bred at Belvoir.

The standard in Goosey's time was twenty-four inches for dogs, and twenty-three for bitches, and in Goodall's twenty-three and twenty-two inches respectively.

This is Will Dale's appreciation of Belvoir blood—

"I always maintained that no two packs hit together so well as Belvoir and Brocklesby, or showed such a family likeness. Rallywood's descendants, however remote, always showed signs of their descent. The Weathergage strain proved successful at Brocklesby, also Fencer. I think that Weathergage was one of the most wonderful sires that ever existed; his offspring were always good workers, and the same of his son Gambler." Speaking further of Rallywood, he says, "I could trace his good qualities in the hounds I used years afterwards, showing clearly how hounds strain back."

The following list of Brocklesby sires used at Belvoir, up to 1875, will show the influence Lord Yarborough's hounds have had on that pack:—

UNDER NEWMAN.

Year.	Sire.	Produce entered.
1798	Dashwood	4 couples.

UNDER SHAW.

1813	Rover	1 „
1814	Marplot	½ „

UNDER GOOSEY.

1820	Woldsman	½ „
1824	Minister	½ „
„	Woldsman	1 „
1826	Finder (out of his Trifle)	½ „

UNDER GOOSEY (*continued*).

Year.	Sire.	Produce entered.	
1827	Jailor	1½	couples.
,,	Reveller	3	,,
1829	Fairplay (out of his Notable)	½	,,
,,	Reveller (out of his Careful)	½	,,
1831	Chaser	1	,,
,,	Chanticleer (out of Lord Lonsdale's Careful)	½	,,
1832	Druid	½	,,
,,	Furrier	½	,,
,,	Chaser	½	,,
1834	Chaser (out of his Careful)	½	,,

UNDER GOODALL.

1843	Basilisk	½	,,
,,	Plunder	½	,,
1850	Rallywood	2½	,,
1851	,,	6½	,,
1852	,,	5	,,
1853	Bellman	½	,,
,,	Rallywood	3	,,

UNDER COOPER.

1857	Sportsman	½	,,
,,	Noble	1	,,
1859	Rallywood	1	,,
1862	Nathan	3½	,,
1863	Norman	1½	,,
,,	Nimrod	1	,,
1865	Vaulter	1	,,
1875	Rocket	½	,,

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONY.

My work is complete, and a pleasant task it has been, though by no means an easy one; and now, in conclusion, it may not be inappropriate to devote a brief chapter to the opinions of a few masters of hounds and huntsmen on the value of the Brocklesby blood—opinions which, coming from the men they do, must have weight in the fox-hunting world.

In a letter I received from his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to whom I am indebted for some enjoyable days with the Badminton, he says that most people who have studied hound breeding know that the Brocklesby hounds have always borne a very high character for work and stoutness. A few years ago he used Acrobat with great success, and quite recently some very good hounds by Harper, both in looks and work, were entered at Badminton. Several of these I saw when last at Badminton, and particularly liked the three sisters Hasty, Harpy, and Haughty, the latter a winner at Peterborough. Many of the favourite sires now at Badminton throw back to Brocklesby blood, and Nelson, I know, is a direct descendant of Will Smith's old Ranter of 1842.

The letter from Mr. J. L. Cooper, kennel huntsman to Lord Willoughby de Broke, at the time when the Warwickshire were doing such great things, both in their own county and on the Peterborough flags, and now huntsman to the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), may be given as it stands; and it will be seen in what esteem Mr. Cooper, whose father hunted the pack with which the Brocklesby was so intimately connected in the past—the Belvoir—thinks of the blood.

"The Kennels, Cirencester,
"August 26th, 1901.

"Sir,

"I thank you for the compliment of wishing to quote my opinion of the Brocklesby hounds. Speaking from memory, and having no reference at hand, I believe they are the oldest and best-established pack in England, and from which have sprung many other kennels of fox-hounds of high repute. If I had the time, and the Hound List for reference, I do not think I should have any difficulty in tracing every individual kennel of note of the present day, and many that are now disestablished (including the late Lord Waterford's), back to their main source—the Brocklesby. Taking principally packs with which I have been connected—the Belvoir, to start, in early days, had drafts from the Brocklesby of that day, and later, it is a byword among all well-informed huntsmen, the great lift Brocklesby did for Belvoir when Will Smith let Will Goodall have handsome little Brocklesby Rallywood. My father whipped-in to the Brocklesby from 1849 to 1852, and knew this blood well, and always told me to stick to it, as no hounds could find and chase a fox in better form. I have always been told by Mr. T. Smith, huntsman of the Bramham Moor, that the celebrated black and tan of Belvoir was inherited from Brocklesby sires. The Duke of Buccleuch's also had much good service in their kennel from Brocklesby, and the Warwickshire were benefited by several sires, but chiefly by Tapster (1882), the sire of Trusty, the dam of Talisman and grand-dam of Tancred. Acrobat also did well for the Warwickshire and many other kennels. In this kennel—Lord Bathurst's—Brocklesby Acrobat and Foreman have both done well. Their Harper was undoubtedly a most excellent sire; he unfortunately got buried alive to a great extent by going into Mr. Guest's possession. Since the re-establishment of the dog pack at Brocklesby, they have been fortunate in having very good entries, and to a great extent of late years the Brocklesby hounds have improved in their one standing weakness—weak below the knee. Tarquin and Wrangler, of 1899 entry, are two very fine hounds indeed, and few equal the fire and drive of Wrangler on the line of a fox. The entry of 1900 was perhaps the very best put forward in any kennel, of both dog hounds and bitches. The beautiful Foreman, with such power, and quick, graceful, easy movement; the lovely Finder; and Satellite, though small, is a picture of fox-hound strength and beauty; Rubicon, of the same entry, a grand hound, but a trifle tall. The bitches of the same entry are remarkable for their superlative quality, in necks and shoulders, well-sprung ribs, powerful loins, and grand bone and substance throughout. I fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, have a passionate love for the Brocklesby pack, and firm belief in their excellent working qualities. The past huntsmen have been noted good men, sticklers for drive and cry; and the same remark applies to the present huntsman, Jim Smith, who is the strongest advocate for nose, drive, and cry, with close hunting qualities, that I know at the present time, amongst all huntsmen. On the face of this, I have this year dipped largely into Lord Yarborough's blood, and shall continue to do so as long as I am able. Compare the breeding of Wrangler, Foreman, Satellite, and Finder, and where is there stouter, hard-running blood to be found in any one kennel? The rapid strides this kennel has advanced of late years is remarkable, and I venture to predict that it is well on the way to become the premier kennel of England for sire hounds; that is, for all admirers of close-hunting qualities, with dash and drive and cry, accomplished by hounds that are handsome, stout, and bold.

"I hope my feeble efforts to express to you my admiration for this grand pack of fox-hounds may be of some service.

"Yours truly,
"J. L. COOPER."

The veteran huntsman of the Bramham Moor, Mr. Tom Smith, writes that in his opinion the Brocklesby blood was always most valuable for stoutness and good noses. The Bramham Moor, he says, "trace back to a lot of Brocklesby sires, and I have always found them particularly stout and fond of hunting a fox. There is no doubt the Brocklesby hounds are as stout and hard runners, with as good noses, as ever, as they are full of the best blood in England."

Mr. Frank Bartlett, Lord Fitzwilliam's huntsman, remarks in his letter to me that he has always considered the Brocklesby hounds a good, hard-driving pack. While remarking that Lord Fitzwilliam had a preference for Milton blood, he adds that a capital litter by Brocklesby Streamer was put forward in 1896, which did a lot of good in the Wentworth hounds. One dog in particular—Monarch—he speaks most highly of; he was used very freely by Mr. Bartlett and in other kennels with most satisfactory results.

Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton, the Master of the Badsworth, says that the old Brocklesby blood was invaluable, and that the several drafts he has had have been excellent in their work, with fine constitutions; and Lord Galway's huntsman, Mr. S. Morgan, observes that half of their pack goes back to Brocklesby Hymen, who was got in exchange from Brocklesby by his father in 1868. The Harkaway blood, which is so valued, and of which there is a lot in the Belvoir kennels, comes of this Hymen strain, through Hermit and Harbinger, who was the sire of Harkaway, all of which were noted for their nose and courage. Harkaway was the sire of Brocklesby Harlequin, a wonderful hound in the field and a great sire; unfortunately he was not a very sure getter.

Mr. T. Wilson, the Master of the Burton, writes me that he "always admired the big dog hounds of the old pack. It was a treat to see them flying their fences; they were very good at that." "The present dog pack," says Mr. Wilson, "I also admire, and think them very creditable for the short time they have been in existence. They are, according to present ideas, a more workmanlike size; but I must confess I liked the old ones best, they did go in such dog-hound style. Good feet have always, in my idea, been the best point in the pack; also sound constitution and good tongue; anyhow, those are the qualities I have found in the blood I got to start with, through a bitch I bought from Mr. Harding Cox, called Gadfly. She was by Brocklesby Leveller (1879), and ran well in her eighth season, and her stock are hard and of a good tan colour. I have a lot of them, and I don't remember any of them putting a toe down; and they seldom bother with a hare after they have killed a fox, though some of them have done well at hares at walk. Bonny Lass, by Brocklesby Albert (1884), I bought at the same time; she was just as good, and the same except in colour. She was nearly black, and the third generation are also black. I could not part with the sort, so have always used a black dog, so as not to be tempted to mix the blood. Lord Yarborough has given me a few pups at different times, and they have nearly always turned out well."

Mr. George Whitemore, huntsman to the Atherstone, says that the Brocklesby hounds all look like catching foxes. They are full of quality, of a nice size, and have no lumber about them. He says he liked Random, Tuscan, Valiant, Valesman, Wrangler, and Danger best.

The testimony of Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, the popular Master of the South Wold, is as follows:—

"Girsby Manor, Lincoln, August 26th, 1901.

"DEAR COLLINS,

"As nearly the whole of the South Wold pack is descended from Brocklesby hounds, and all the best I have bred have been full of the blood, I can naturally speak in the highest terms of their nose, tongue, and stoutness. In 1884 Lord Yarborough gave me a bitch called Freedom (1881), by Blankney

Woldsman – Fervent. Her litter by Belvoir Weathergage was the making of my pack, nearly every hound of which goes back to her. It has been a famous strain for working qualities. In more recent years Factor got me some famous good hounds, and I look forward to Wrangler in the present pack perpetuating his masterful power of drive and tongue; he is the quickest to get up to the lead, if by any chance having a bad start, that I ever saw, and throws his tongue to some purpose when he gets there. Just been out for first morning; four and a half hours' good work, and got hold of him.

"Yours very truly,
"E. P. Rawnsley."

The opinion of the Rev. Cecil Legard on fox-hound subjects is always worth listening to. In one of his chatty letters to the writer he says that Brocklesby may claim credit in the Warwickshire kennel, as Hasty * (1877) was the dam of Lord Willoughby de Broke's Archibald, the father of his pack. Lord Willoughby de Broke has bred (by his excellent judgment) a magnificent pack of hounds; as has also Sir Herbert Langham here (the Pytchley), the latter (Sir Herbert) having made his pack from Lord Henry Bentinck's (which were originally full of Brocklesby blood) when Lord Lonsdale brought them into this country.

In another letter Mr. Legard says—

"It may interest you that old Captain Skipworth told me he had often heard Sir Richard Sutton (when hunting the Burton country) say that 'he always went to his friend Lord Yarborough *for nose*.' And I remember poor Lord Waterford telling me, that of the various *unentered* hounds that he was getting from England each year (when he was hunting his own Curraghmore country) he always found those from Brocklesby were most free from *vice*, and 'required no breaking from riot.' My own experience of them was, that they were *absolutely untiring*."

Mr. Legard mentioned what Brocklesby had done for the Warwickshire. This is what the present Master of the fine pack which his father, Lord Willoughby de Broke, took such pains and such pleasure in getting together and hunting, says of the blood—

"Kineton, Warwickshire,
"October 19th, 1901.

"Dear Mr. Collins,

"Please forgive my delay in fulfilling my promise to write, which I trust has caused you no inconvenience.

---

* Hasty is mentioned in the Hon. R. G. Verney's letter.

"The Brocklesby sires do not appear in the Warwickshire Hound Lists before 1840, with the exception of Wildboy, Cypher, and Gambler, who were sires of draft hounds obtained from the Brocklesby Pack by Mr. Fellowes in 1827, and by Mr. Granville in 1837. In 1838 my grandfather succeeded Mr. Granville in the Mastership of the Warwickshire, and in 1840 and 1841 entered hounds sired by the Brocklesby Furrier and Ringwood. He subsequently used Druid in 1842, Herald in 1850, Bellman in 1853, Regulus in 1854, and Hercules in 1855; while Mr. Lucy, the next Master, availed himself of the services of Hector in 1856, and of Blucher in 1864; but I cannot trace the descent of the above down to the present day.

"My father took the Warwickshire Hounds in 1876, and in the following year acquired a draft from the Brocklesby, in which was a bitch by Alfred called Hasty, her dam Hasty, by Bachelor from Harmony, having been entered at Brocklesby in 1871. This Hasty was mated with the Warwickshire Archibald by Quorn Alfred from Rival by Lord Coventry's Rambler; this union proved a fortunate one. An alliance of their daughter Handsome with the Milton Solomon producing Harper, who was entered in 1885, and became one of the most famous fox-hounds ever bred by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who says he never cheered a better.

"Standing twenty-three inches, he was symmetrically formed, with fine quality of muscle, and was destined to prove a great success as a stallion hound, his endurance, tongue, and drive being repeated in his numerous descendants in the Warwickshire and other kennels. Of these perhaps the best known is his son Hermit from Ruthless by Furley, entered at Kineton in 1889, who, though lacking the extra turn of speed possessed by his sire, inherited all his sterling qualities, which, coupled with his symmetry, caused him to appear constantly on the list of many hound breeders. Of late years Acrobat was in 1893 mated with Traitress by Furley, with the result that Alfred and Alice appear in the Warwickshire entry of 1894. Alice is the dam of Gauger, now in his third season, who has some promising stock at quarters. My father is not well enough to write, but hopes this letter may be sufficient for your purpose.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. G. Verney."

May I, in conclusion, quote the opinions of two old and celebrated Brocklesby huntsmen?

Mr. Nimrod Long writes from Berkeley that he always had the very highest opinion of Brocklesby blood, not only after he went there, in 1864, but before that time; and he thinks that the combination of Belvoir and Brocklesby blood could not be surpassed. He considers that when he left Brocklesby, in the spring of 1877, that there was no pack in England to beat it, in proof of which he points to the sport they showed, the popularity of the stallion hounds in other kennels, and the many first and champion prizes taken by the Brocklesby hounds at the Yorkshire Hound Shows for several years previous

"NIMROD JUNIOR."

to 1877, which are in the possession of the present Earl of Yarborough at Brocklesby Hall.

This is what cheery Will Dale says:

"The Kennels, Badminton, S.O., Glos.,
"August 27th, 1901.

"Dear Sir,

"I always found the Brocklesby blood noted for nose and stoutness, and I always endeavoured to stick to the lines that I was sure had been proved so. It can easily be seen how I guarded against anything that had been considered in any way deficient in work or shown any signs of slackness. The old strains I thought most of were the Brutus and Bachelor blood, and anything that I could trace to Random and Venom and that went to Ranter.

"My father speaks of a noted bitch that he kept for a great many years; her name was Margery, she was by Pontiff, 1830, dam Mindful, 1837 (? 1835, G. E. C.) She was a draft to the Vine, and my father kept her and took her with him to Lord Kintore's in Scotland, and then, when that nobleman gave up and my father came to hunt the Surrey Union in 1847, he brought her, and she killed him a fox on the first cub-hunting morning, when she was fourteen. They had a hard morning and were beaten, and father heard the old bitch baying. He had taken her out, being close at home, and there she had a cub under some faggots, much to father's delight, and of course they soon killed him. My father was only talking about this the other day.

"You will know that the Brocklesby had certainly gone back when I went to them in 1884, and were also in a bad state of lameness. Mr. J. M. Richardson can tell you this.

"The Milton Solomon and Belvoir Weathergage did us a lot of good. I always thought Belvoir and Brocklesby hit together better than any other two, and with a combination of Lord Henry Bentinck's, it would be hard to beat, of course by working out the best strains, which I was fairly successful with.

"I was glad to see Mr. Richardson here, and I hope he was pleased with what he saw. We have made an excellent start. Had such a ripping morning yesterday, ran hard for sixty-five minutes, and killed; another thirty-five minutes, and ditto. Had some capital scents; been out thirteen times, and killed eleven and a half brace.

"Yours truly,
"Will Dale."

THE BROCKLESBY TENANTRY.

I HAVE dedicated this book to the tenant farmers of the Brocklesby Hunt, and I think it will not be inappropriate if my last words have reference to them as well.

This is what Mr. Delmé Radcliffe has to say about the Brocklesby tenant farmers in "Notititia Venatica":

"I am informed, on the indisputable authority of an intimate friend, who was well acquainted with the late Lord Yarborough, that his lordship was in the constant habit of making compensation to all the farmers of the country over which he hunted who could lay claim to any injury done to their crops. After a very wet season, he sent for one farmer in particular, the proprietor of a field by the side of a favourite covert, to which, owing to the scarcity of foxes in other parts of the Hunt, they had been obliged to have constant recourse. At the end of the season this field was literally destroyed, to all appearance —not a vestige of a blade of wheat being visible, and the soil resembling that of a muddy lane. "I have sent for you," said Lord Yarborough to the farmer, "to offer you the fair value of the wheat field, which was so trampled upon last season, that I fear you must have been wholly disappointed of your harvest." "On no account, my lord," replied this true specimen of an English farmer, "upon no account can I consent to take a farthing of remuneration. So far from the disappointment, for which I was prepared, never in any previous year have I had so good a crop as has been reaped this harvest in that very field, which at the close of the hunting season looked truly unpromising enough."

Mr. Cavil Lowish tells me of a similar occurrence in the Holderness country under the *régime* of the late Mr. James Hall. Mr. Lowish's father and another man each had fields of wheat adjoining a very favourite covert, and the field belonging to the latter was cut up to such a degree, that it looked as if there would be no crop to harvest at all. However, no claim was put forward, so Mr. Hall sent a cheque for £25, stating that he felt sure that the field must have suffered considerably. But this honest Yorkshireman returned the cheque, and said that that particular field of wheat had been the best crop on the farm. So delighted was Mr. Hall, a grand old sportsman, and a most just and generous man, that he sent both Mr. Lowish and his neighbour not £25 each, but £50. No wonder fox-hunting flourished in those days, and that landlords and the fox-hunting gentry were on such excellent terms with the tenant farmers.

Doctor Buckland, Dean of Westminster, and father of the well-known naturalist, used to visit at Brocklesby in the time of the first earl, and he once remarked to Lord Yarborough—"Your tenants are of very high character; where do you get them from?" "Get them!" replied his host, proudly, "get them! I don't get them, I breed them." And so it was, many of the families having been on the estate when the Pelhams came to Brocklesby, while at the time of the first earl there were many who dated their holdings from even before that time.

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MEETS OF THE BROCKLESBY HOUNDS

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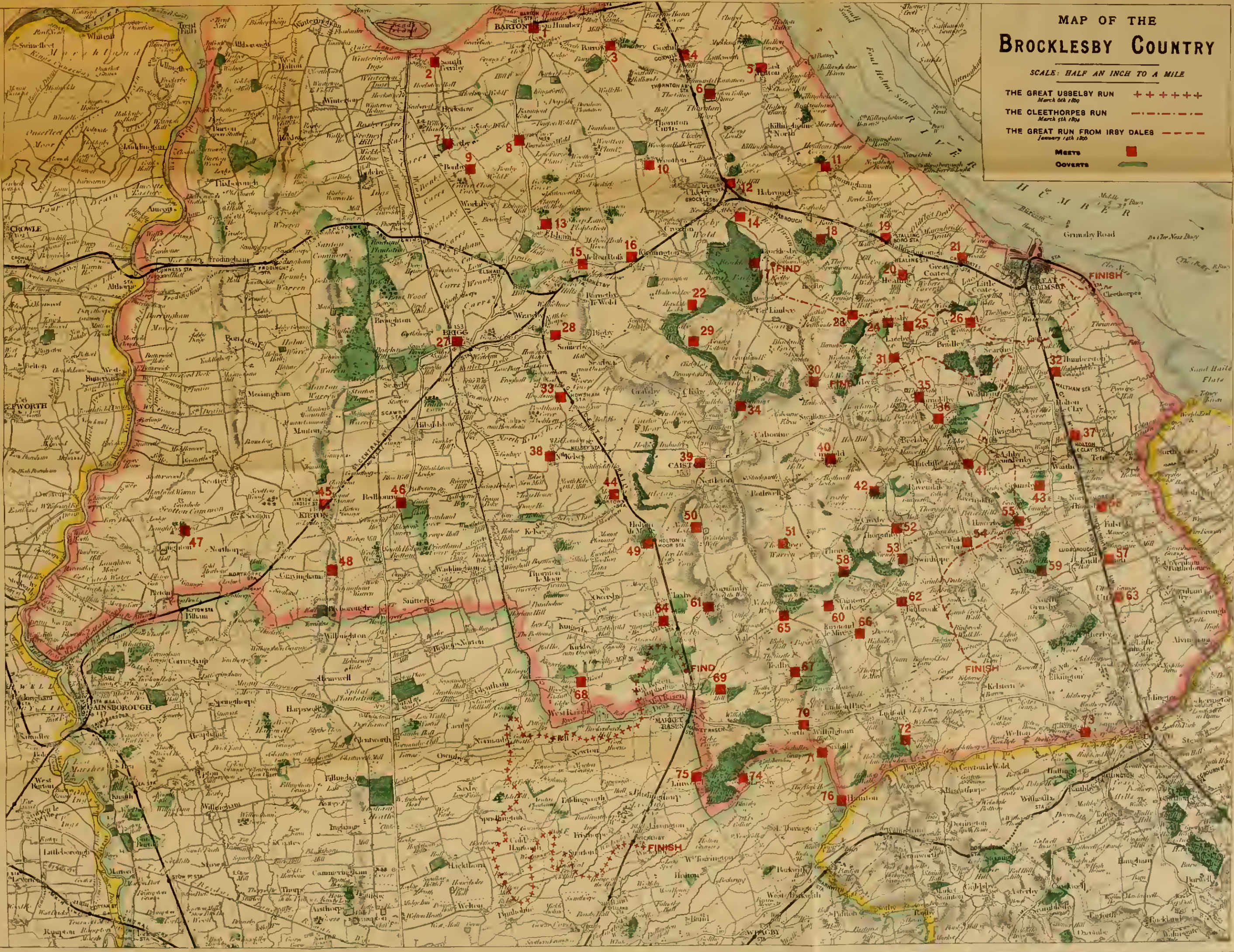

MAP OF THE BROCKLESBY COUNTRY

SCALE: HALF AN INCH TO A MILE

THE GREAT USSELBY RUN *March 6th 1869* + + + + + +
THE CLEETHORPES RUN *March 5th 1894* — · — · — · —
THE GREAT RUN FROM IRBY DALES *January 14th 1886* — — — —
Meets 🟥
Coverts 🟩

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